



Robert Lewis.

Dr. Hill (Sir Geo. Hill)

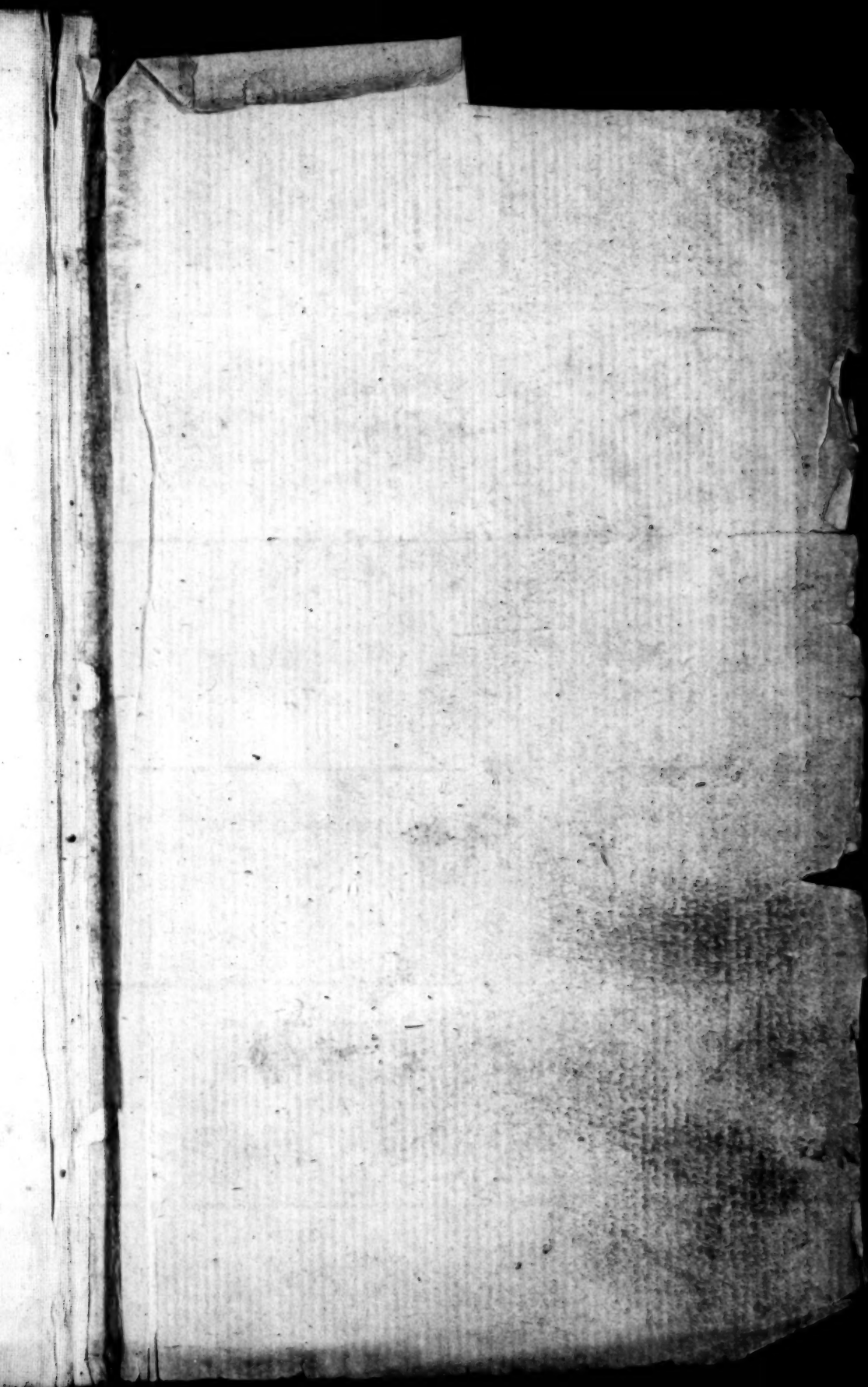
*See an Act of this Book in
M. R. 3 Ser, I, pp. 232 & 236*



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THE
HISTORY

OF A

Woman of QUALITY:

OR, THE

ADVENTURES

OF

LADY FRAIL. K

By an IMPARTIAL HAND.



L O N D O N:

Printed for M. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Pat-
ter-noster Row*, and G. WOODFALL, at
the *King's Arms*, the Corner of *Craig's-
Court, Charing-Cross*. 1751.

THE
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OF A

WOMAN OF QUALITY:

OR, THE
ADVANCEMENT
OF

LADY A. L.



BY MRS. H. H. H.

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Printed for M. Cooper, at the Office in Pa-
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the King's Arms, the Corner of Chancery
Lane, Chancery-Lane. 1751.

P R E F A C E.

IT is a pretty general Curiosity before one enters on the reading a Book, to be inquisitive about who is its Author, and with what Intent it was written: The first is a Matter of mere Curiosity, and it seems in Justice to be wholly in the Author's Choice, whether he will or will not comply with it: The other is a Circumstance every one who pays him the Compliment of bestowing so much Time upon his Work as is necessary to the reading it, has a Right to be informed of.

Nothing is more true, than that Vice under however favourable Circumstances it may come in View, is in its own Nature odious and detestable; and that Virtue on the other Hand, whatever Thorns may be in its Way, is amiable. To argue with Justice against the former, we should allow it all its Appearances of Merit: Its Consequences will assuredly still declare it as a Thing that ought to be avoided: Let us not judge of the Play till the falling of the Curtain; and we shall always see that the Promises Vice makes of Happiness are false ones.

With this View the Author of the following History proposes it to the World; nor can he be uneasy about the Success of it, in regard to Strangers, when he remembers that it was written for the Service of a Daughter.

As the Romans used, in order to inspire their Children with a Love of Sobriety, to

expose Persons in the Height of what are called drunken Joys before them, he has, to plant an Odium of Vice, in the most rational Way, in the Mind, exposed Licentiousness to View, in what its very Votaries must call its gayest Robe.

He has drawn for this honest Purpose a Woman furnished by Nature with Qualifications superior to those of almost any of her Sex: formed for being happy in herself, and for giving Happiness to others; but who from the sole unhappy Principle, that Vice was an amiable Thing, finds the Way to Wretchedness and Infamy, in a Degree that no Woman less guilty could have reach'd them.

Examples of this Kind are permitted but for this Purpose: They are to the rational Mind the most striking of all Lessons of Morality; and they ought to be put to the Use which Nature solely has permitted them for; to be hung up in terrorem, and preserved

*from Oblivion, as Objects for the
Hand of Scorn*

To point its slowly moving Finger at.

*Such is the sole Purpose with which
these Memoirs have been penned: may
their Success be, not what the Execu-
tion, but what the Intent deserves!*



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THE
ADVENTURES
OF
LADY FRAIL.

BOOK the FIRST.

Adventures at Bath.

CHAPTER I.

*The Father's Motives for bringing the
Lady to Bath.*

IN the Year one thousand seven hundred and — but Good-nature commands us to forbear the rest, the Bloom of what has now long been the celebrated Lady *Frail*, appeared in the midst of a crowded Season at *Bath*: Her Age barely seventeen ; her Business that

B

of

of most of her Sex at that Age there, Marriage : She had been sufficiently informed of the Merit of her Person, and the Addition of a declared very considerable Fortune, gave her better Ground for the Hope of marrying to Advantage, than most People have who set out with the same Assurance of it.

Her Face was unexceptionable; her Person well formed and elegant ; her Deportment such as ten thousand Females of Distinction since have thought a proper one to model their own upon.

Her Father, under whose Conduct she visited this Scene of Delight, was able to make her a Match for almost any body, and he took Care to make every body believe he was willing to do so ; by professedly declaring he wanted to marry her, and that he was ready to do more than a prudent Father would, to give her an Opportunity of making the great Step into Life such as should set her upon a good Footing in it.

The Lady was not without her Schemes, nor was the Father without his ; the Husband was to be the Dupe to both, though neither was acquainted with the Resolutions of the other : She had

had been long weary of the Restraint under which she had lived with a Parent, and had determined to find in a Husband a Superior whom she might command at Pleasure.

The Father had a Connection with a Lady he was not married to, and in favour of whose Children he intended the Fortune he so freely promised this Daughter. His Scheme was the engaging somebody in an Amour with her, the Consequence of which should be a Marriage without his Knowledge, and an Irreconcilableness to this, was to be the Pretence for his disinheriting her.

The Lady who can command Lovers needs not fear the Sovereignty over a Husband who loves her ; our Heroine knew that both these Consequences must necessarily attend her marrying ; and the devoted Husband was soon selected from the Crowd of Admirers that attended her, with her tacit Assent, and with the open Approbation of the Father.

This intended Husband was no less remarkable a Man than the well known C——t O*** ; a Man in regard to whom the Consequence of being universally known is his being universally
B 2 esteemed :

esteemed : He visited her openly ; declared himself her Lover in Form ; and partly the Respect to his avowed Intentions, partly the Dread of the Resentment of a Man of known Courage, kept every body else at a Distance.

Our Heroine, whose darling Passion was universal Admiration, could but ill brook the receiving it only from one ; they were fifty times on the Brink of quarrelling about it, and ten times as often her Precipitancy threw her into the Way of Occasions of his breaking with her. An honest Passion for her could alone have enabled him to support the Provocations of this Kind which she daily gave him even while she received him kindly : and as nothing but the Expectations of the Event of their Marriage could have induced her to bear the present Distance of the rest of her Lovers ; so nothing but the same Prospect, viewed in a different Light, could have made him support it under the Freedoms she allowed them. She considered herself as on the Verge of a State in which she might throw off this Restraint for ever ; and he supposed her entering on a Scene of Life, in which
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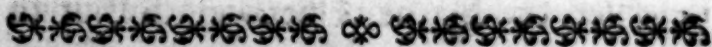
the very Pleasure of being admired by others would be at an End.

How differently do different People conclude from the same Premises? And how absolutely does what we take for the Determination of our Reason depend upon our Passions!

If our Heroine had a Passion which deserved the Name of Second to that of Love, in her Disposition, it was a Fondness for Play: If she had at this time had somewhat less Inclination to it, the Necessity of something to do, when her great Joy was denied her, would have thrown her into it: She wanted, however, no such additional Incentive to it; and *Bath* was, of all the World, the Place where a Woman might be indulged in it with most Freedom and with least Censure.

The Captain continued his Visits; the Lady received him more than civilly, and the Father, while he told him how considerably he intended to bestow upon his Daughter, yet received his Intentions of marrying her as an Honour intended to her. Captain O * * * was one of the last Men in the World one would have picked out to make a Dupe of; but the

Lady thought every Thing possible to her ; and though she absolutely loved him in her Heart, yet she questioned not her Power of discharging that Passion as soon as it should be troublesome ; and of making him readily stoop to whatever she should destine him to.



CHAPTER II.

She loses at Play, and falls into a very unexpected Perplexity.

SUCH was the Footing Things had stood sometime on in the Family, when the Lady's Play had been unsuccessful ; and though no body regarded it while she won, yet no sooner Hundreds were seen to be lost, but it was whispered that she must be ruined, and that her Father would not support her. Her ill Luck at Play would, at any other time, have determined her at varying the Passion ; but old Faces were not striking to her, and as every body looked on her to be much the same as married to the Captain, no body gave her an Opportunity of trying

ing how firm her Constancy was by attacking it.

She was half indolently half out of Humour leaning over the Table at the Rooms one Evening, when a new Face presented itself: A young Fellow of a fine Figure, and extremely polite Address, made her a Bet, and as he won it, he observed that her Eyes were full upon him, and that her Face was covered with Crimson, as she observed him. He did not recollect that he knew her, but he was not long in determining that he soon would do so: He knew nothing of her Name, her Family, or her Connections, or if he had, when the World shall be informed that he was no other than the Person lately celebrated under the Name of Mr. *Loveill*, they will not need to be told that the Knowledge of them would have been of no Consequence to him.

He watched every Glance of her Eyes, and soon convinced her that his own had no Business but the gazing on her: A thousand expressive Looks called her Angel and Deity as she turned hers toward him, and as many half Sighs breathed with no other Intent but that she might observe he took Pains to smother them,

told her she had made a Conquest of one who despaired of her, and therefore though he adored her, would be at some Pains that she should not know it.

Discernment was a favourite Attribute of our fair Divinity ; she gloried in seeing what she thought her Captive tried to hide, and little imagined that she had met with a Man whom a Quarter of an Hour had let into enough of her Character, to see that she had Foibles which she mistook for Qualifications, and which it would be easy for him to employ against her to his own Advantage.

A Number of Attacks of this kind had been made with excellent Success, and the Lover was glorying in the Approaches he had made toward an Acquaintance, when *Love* who sat laughing at his Plots on an artificial Rose that shaded somewhat too much of her more rosy Neck * rendered them all useless in
a Mo-

* Critics who are acquainted with the Colour of Lady *Frail's* Neck will be in dispute about the Propriety of this Epithet. We are apt to suspect it is indeed the first time it has been used in our own Language ; but *Francis* will assure us that the *Romans*, and *Lawson* will swear to us that the *Greeks*, were fond of it. It has been
questi-

a Moment, by an Occurrence truly his own, and truly worthy his exerting in the Cause of such a Votary. Our Heroine had played with ill Success for several Evenings before ; but this was destined for a Stroke she had not pre-

B 5

pared

questioned, indeed, whether those who have employed it so elegantly, meant to express the Smell or the Colour of the Rose by it ; and this is no inconsiderable Instance of the Genius of our Critics in admiring what they professedly do not understand. We shall allow that there appears simply no Impossibility in *Horace's* having alluded to the Smell of the Rose in his Praise of the *Cervix Rosea* of *Telephus* ; but where *Virgil* says *Rosea Cervice refulsit*, it is pretty plain that he alludes to Colour. The ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἑως, or *Rosy-finger'd Morning* of the *Greeks* (See Dr. *Afkeu's* yet unpublished Lexicon) evidently prefers the same thing ; and yet for our own private Part we are apt to be of Opinion, that they might all possibly mean neither one nor the other. People who call Swans *Purple*, and something that they aver to be whiter than Snow *Rosy*, do not seem to mean any thing by either of these Epithets more than agreeable and charming ; about as much perhaps, and that about as well expressed as what our modern Poets mean when they call their Mistresses Divine.

If thou shouldst be unlucky enough to ask, Gentle Reader, to what Purpose serves this Note ? we shall answer thee in the *Socratic* Way, by asking thee, To what End serve all other Notes but to shew the Author's Reading ?

pared herself to guard against. Her Stock had decreased apace, but she had not recollected that it could be exhausted. She had always played boldly, and now played with less Attention than ever: she threw at every Thing that was staked, and lost ten times as much as she had to pay it with.

The Lover's Eyes were upon her always; they could not now omit discovering her Confusion; but the Address that lucky Mortal has ever been so happy in, exerted itself as usual in his Favour, and he was the only Person in the Company who saw what he would not for fifty times the Price of it have missed seeing. He took out a considerable Sum with great Composure, and after looking on it an instant, said, 'Here is not enough, Madam, for the Note you asked me to change just now; but I beg you'll let it prevent the stopping the Diversion for the present, and I'll do myself the Honour of sending you the Remainder To-morrow Morning.'

No-body questioned the Reality of the Note he talked of, but the Lady who knew she had no such thing. She
saw

saw the Politeness of the Manner in which the Obligation was conferred on her, in its full Force ; she trembled at the Intent, and at the Address of him who offered it ; but tho' she never had received an Obligation, nor would have condescended to it now under any other Circumstances, she found it necessary to submit, and with a Sigh that said it would not be last Time she should find herself in the same Situation with him, she accepted it.

He had poured into her Hand considerably more than the Demand was upon her ; and while she was going to debate what Use to make of it, he forced her into a Bett with himself, and from this led her on to continue at the Table an Hour. From the Instant of her Ruin her Fortune turned ; she played with Success the whole Time afterwards, and on the breaking up the Party, would have returned the Money she had received from her new Lover, but that he had had the Artifice to render that impossible by delivering it to her without counting it.

CHAPTER III.

*A strange Embarrassment of our Heroine,
with a very happy Termination.*

THE Party was dissolved ; the People were filing off their several Ways, when the Lover looking about him was amazed to find a Woman of his Mistress's Figure, and Appearance alone unguarded, and but for him left to find her Way to her Chair by herself : he supposed he had paid her Price, and had nothing to do but to wait on her to her Bed-chamber.

The Father was engaged with his own Flame at his Apartments ; the Captain, distressed beyond Description at the manner of her playing, had determined never to be a Witness to the Events of it ; and the Lady who had outstaid the Party of Females she came with, had no-body about her who had any Pretension to offer their Services.

The Lover very freely offered her his Hand. He was telling her, ' Nothing ever was so charming ; and wondering where she could have been buried, that she

she never fell into his Way before, when Tears from the brightest Eyes that ever shed any, convinced him of his Error. ‘ Sir, said she, with great Emotion, I intreat of you to hear me : ‘ You suppose me accustomed to the ‘ Distresses you found me in, accustomed ‘ to submit to Obligations in being relieved from them.’ It was not necessary she should proceed. He saw her Innocence in her Confusion ; he apologized for the common Civilities she had mistaken for intended Freedoms, and ten times more in Love with her than before, he determined to be ten times more on his Guard in the Pursuit of her ; and with a Politeness that could not favour of any Idea beyond the coldest Bounds, waited on her to her Lodgings, and took his Leave of her at the Door.

She who would not a Moment before have trusted herself with him, even with Company, now told her Fears they were groundless, and called him back, that she might pay him the Money she was indebted to him.

The Stranger saw her into her Dressing-Room ; his Looks desired her Silence of their Business till the Servants were

were away; and as soon as they were left alone, he reminded her that it would not be proper to have Witnesses that she had been obliged to him, and easily persuaded her to order herself to be denied to every body, till she gave her Commands to the contrary.

An Opportunity that another would have been Years soliciting in vain, threw itself in the Way of our lucky Hero in an Instant. The Lady began to count her Money; the Lover told her they had something of infinitely more Consequence to talk of, and but a Moment to talk of it in. He begged they might not misapply it; he would not hear of her Objections; he would not let her tell him of her Situation; he pressed her till he saw she grew warm: He told her there was but one Way of paying a Debt, the Sum of which she knew not; and in the Scuffle that succeeded, in which the Word *Mercenary* was repeated with great Indignation, the Noise of the whole Sum falling from the Lady's Lap, called in a Servant at an unlucky Moment: the Lover however struck her blind in an Instant by telling her, that was Money neither he nor her Lady had

a Right to, and that it should by and by pay her for the Trouble of picking it up.

The first Approach to the Point of Ruin is irretrievable in a Woman. When they but suppose the Mischief is over, they cease to be upon their Guard against it; and she who but a Moment before would have started at the slightest Advance, now gives herself up to every thing with more than Non-resistance.

It was three before our Lovers parted: Clocks were Monitors they neither wished to hear, nor had Opportunities of Indifference to attend to. They were informed the Captain had been there at twelve, and had sent again within a few Minutes. The Lady sunk into her Chair at the Name; and after a Flood of Tears that interrupted her for some Moments, ' O, cried she, with a Look of Anguish
' and Distraction, you have undone me;
' but that is little: You have destroyed
' yourself! Captain O*** courts me
' honourably, nor will he part with me
' easily: How you have injured him you
' know; and you see he knows it. Invent, devise something, I conjure you,
' that may make you escape his Fury.'—
She

She would have said a great deal more ; but neither was it necessary, nor had she Power to do it : The Lover left her with only Life enough to insist upon it, that he should do so, and that no Step should be taken in this unhappy Situation without her previously being acquainted with it.

Two Things with which the Lady's Lover was very well acquainted, were, that there are Occasions in which a Man of Honour may break his Word with a Lady, and that when Danger is not to be escaped, the true Method is to seek it. He was no sooner dressed than he waited on Captain O***; he told him of his last Night's Visit, and gave him truly the Occasion of his making it, he explained to him the Difficulty of settling an Account so very uncertain ; and almost convinced him that there had not been even the Intention of an Injury to him in it.

The Captain saw what kind of Man he had to deal with ; and he put the Matter to a short Decision. ‘ Your throwing yourself in my Way, Sir, says he, gives me no room to doubt your Character : It is my Interest to be satisfied
‘ that

' that every Thing you have told me is
 ' Truth : But, Sir, continues he more
 ' earnestly, this is a Lady it is not easy
 ' to be satisfied with once seeing ; the
 ' Nature of my Pretensions to her you
 ' are acquainted with, or I had not had
 ' the Honour to see you ; can you tell
 ' me that you have no Intention of see-
 ' ing her again ? '

Whatever might be our Hero's Inten-
 tions in regard to the Lady, he found he
 had no Inclination to have a long Dis-
 pute about her with a Rival ; he could
 not condescend to lye, nor would it have
 been worth while to do it, when it would
 be so soon discovered : the Answer he
 gave the Captain produced a Dispute
 there was but one Way of deciding ; the
 Captain had the Advantage ; and the
 Lover's Hurt, though not dangerous,
 was such as made it impossible for him to
 appear for some time.

CHAP.

CHAPTER IV.

A confused Scene in the Family.— A Matrimonial Scheme well proposed.

LATE as our Heroine went to Bed, she was not late ere she rose again ; Sleep had been a Stranger to her Eyes all the Time, or at the utmost, if Nature, wearied with being held so many Hours upon the Rack, gave Way sometimes, for an Instant, to somewhat like forgetting herself ; she started from it in Agonies, waked by the Spectre of her Lover bleeding for her, or with the Terrors of her Father's Fury, and her intended Husband's Accusations.

Hearts not accustomed to Distresses bear them wildly ; nor is there any Regard that an unfeigned Despair cannot trample under its Feet. Eleven o'Clock came, and no Tidings of her Lover ; she sent to him, but no Messenger could find him : The Servant who had been of Necessity made her Confidante, attempted to sooth her, by guessing that he had left the Place to avoid the Captain ; she was answering with an Indignation that became the Sense she had of the Merit of
her

her Lover, when her Father entred her Apartment. His Eyes were cast upon the Ground; his Gesture bespoke at once a Torrent of Anguish and of Resentment; he was opening his Mouth to accuse her, when she burst out into an Exclamation, 'What is become of him! No Trifling with me; you know, and I conjure you to tell me!' The Fury of the Daughter suppressed that of the Father; he only answered, 'He is safe.' A Look that *Raphael* would have attempted in vain to express, told him her Satisfaction, and he was at once convinced how rejoiced she was to hear it: She insisted on seeing him that Instant, and would not have been convinced of her Error till she had done so, unless the Father had told her with an unaffected Concern, that his Resentment was so great that he had in vain attempted to prevail with him to come to her. 'Resentment! replied she, trembling and pale as she spoke, could you suppose it was that Wretch I was enquiring after, tell me what is become of ***.' She was going on, when the Captain, whose Love had got the better of all his other Passions, however justifiable, entered the Room. He would have made a Merit of
of

of forgiving her ; but he found she was in no Temper to stoop to the accepting it. He approached her with infinite Tenderneſs ; and as ſhe turned from him with Indignation and Contempt, ſaid to her, ‘ See what you have Power to do !
 ‘ I, who am injured, ſtoop to you who
 ‘ have injured me, for Pardon. He
 ‘ who can ſubmit to this while but a
 ‘ Lover, what is there you may not do
 ‘ with him when a Huſband.’

The Lady, outrageous with her Suſpence, inſtead of condeſcending to answer, demanded what was the Reaſon her laſt Night’s Acquaintance was not with her ? She no ſooner heard that he was hurt, than ſhe flew from them to her Cloſet, and indulged a Diſtraction that thoſe who ſhould have hated her for, could not but pity : The Fury and Reſentment of the Injured, were loſt in Compaſſion for the faithleſs Injurer, and while ſhe who had been guilty diſdained the Reconciliation which the Innocent would have been happy in, there appeared no Way of making up a Breach that had already made too much Noiſe in the Place, to make it proper for her Family to ſtay in it.

The

The unlucky Lover would not suffer his Hurt to be dressed till he had apologized to her for the Occasion of it ; nor would the Lady even hear of her Father, till she had wrote to enquire after his Situation, to accuse him of want of Tenderness to her in running into it ; and to pardon him, and intreat his Pardon for having been the Occasion of his Danger.

Every Day during her Stay at *Bath* saw twenty Letters written between this unlucky Pair, but neither of them were suffered to see any but what themselves had written : The Servants were in Fee against them, and the Father only received all that were intended for both. It was easy for him to see that his Daughter was like to make a very sorry Wife to the Captain ; but it was not his Business to tell him so ; he treasured up the Knowledge of her Foibles in his own Breast, told the Captain he saw she loved him to Desperation, but that her Pride, as she had been innocent, denied her Leave to submit : He promised his Interest towards a Reconciliation ; told the Captain afterwards he had made it ; fixed a Day for the Celebration of their Marriage, and wrote his Daughter word that this
must

must be complied with, or that he would never look on her again.

The Captain, blinded by his Passion, had consented : The Preparations were made for the Solemnity ; and the Father contrived to be absent on a pretended Necessity. The Captain escaped his Ruin but by Accident : the Lady convinced by the apparent Neglect of her new Lover, that he was false to her, would have married the other in Desperation ; but the Priest, ignorant of the Situation of the Family he was in, accidentally mentioned his Name. He who was in half an Hour to have been her Husband, was no longer thought of ; her Contempt did not even let her remember he was in the Room ; her whole Discourse was directed to the Author of her Information ; and the Emotions she expressed in her whole Form on every Question that was answered about him, declared her Soul was his intirely.

The Captain had borne a great deal, but the firmest Patience may be pushed too far. If he could have put up with his private Distress, he could not support this public Shame ; he told her he saw her
Heart

Heart could never be his, and that he would not accept her Person without it. She hardly attended to his taking Leave, but wild with her Passion and her Disappointments, commissioned the Clergyman with a Message to the Man he had been talking of, and dismissed him with a Fee double to what he would have received for performing his Office.

The Father had before determined to deny every thing he had said to urge the Captain to the Marriage: His Journey was but a pretended one; he waited within Sight of her Apartment for the Event: He was surpris'd at seeing the Husband, as he supposed him by that time to be, go off alone; but when the Clergyman came out, he met him to be congratulated on his good Fortune:

It was with sufficient Vexation that he heard the Story of his Disappointment; but he had the Prudence to conceal much of it from the Person who related it to him. It was with some Pleasure that he found the Clergyman had not been able to tell her he ever heard her other Lover mention her Name: He conjured him not to deliver any thing of the Message
he

he was commissioned with from her to him; but not willing to depend too much upon the Secresy of a Man of an Order he never had much Regard for, he prevented the Possibility of an Answer being returned to it, by hurrying his Daughter up to *London* the next Morning.



THE



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
LADY FRAIL.

BOOK the SECOND.

*Her History after her Arrival in
London.*

CHAPTER I.

*Advances toward a very agreeable In-
trigue disconcerted by a more sober Pro-
ject.*

THEY were no sooner arrived in
Town, than the Father, who had
Art enough to command his Pas-
sions, and who knew enough of his
C Daugh-

Daughter's Turn, to be sensible there was but one Way to work upon her, told her with great good Nature, that he had forgot every thing that passed at *Bath*, and pleaded no other Reward for it, than that she would know it to be her Interest to forget it too : That her Marriage was as much her own Business as it was his ; that her Person and Qualifications were such, that she might command whoever she pleased ; that they had now a new Stage of Action, and that he desired her only to weigh every Step of Consequence before she took it, and he was then certain she could take none but would make him happy.

Full as our Heroine's Heart was of a thousand warring Passions, Flattery could not be denied Access to it. She saw that her Father longed to be rid of her ; she felt that she was as weary of him as he possibly could be of her ; and in despair of ever regaining the only Lover who had touched her Heart, she resolved to join in all the Means his Cunning could propose, to dispose of her.

The Papers gave Notice of a *Ridotto* two Days after her Arrival in *London*. She determined this as the happiest Opportunity

portunity she could possibly meet with of shewing herself, and of seeing the Objects of her Choice; and that she might appear to Advantage on an Occasion of so much Consequence, she determined to lock herself up till the Time, that she might recover her Fatigue, and prepare properly for it.

It is but a fair Acknowledgment to what was Lady *Frail's* Face at that Time, to say, that nothing could appear handsome that was near it: added to its real Merit, it had also the Charm of Novelty to recommend it; and under these Advantages it is not a Wonder that the Adoration of the gay Assembly she went to, was paid to no-body beside herself from the Moment she came into it. She had singled out a Dozen or two from the Herd of the gay People of the other Sex, as the Objects of her Attention, and was determining apace between two of them that threw all the rest at Distance, when a new Figure eclipsed them all. Lord S*** who had just parted with a Mistress of too much Merit to be parted easily with, and who to insure a Separation that was

necessary to him, but that he found it would be very difficult to keep himself resolved upon, was now searching throughout the World for another; was the Object that called up her Attention in this manner.

If he was one of the finest Fellows on the Earth, she was doubtless at that Time the finest Woman: If his Business was to seek a Mistress, hers was also professedly to find a Lover: If Novelty added Graces to his Figure, hers had the same Charm to him: They no sooner saw one another, than they became acquainted; and they no sooner conversed, than they found personal Charms were not the only ones that would plead for uniting them for ever. The Lord declared he loved her, the Lady acknowledged she was not dissatisfied with it; they saw no-body but one another the whole Evening; and before the Lady was dressed in the Morning, the Lover was at the Door to make her a Visit.

The Father, who to prevent Mischiefs, was now in the same House her, was pleased enough with the Figure of her new Acquaintance; he ventured her

Displeasure, by receiving him till she was prepared to see him; and in Consequence of the many warm Things the Lover ventured to say of her, he played off his old Game of declaring he would make her a Fortune worthy any Man. Dress and Candlelight are Advantages that most Faces appear much the worse for having had, when they are seen afterwards by Daylight; but this was not the Case in our Heroine's; there wanted better Light than that of Candles to shew the Bloom of her Complexion, and Dress in her served but to hide the Beauties it adorns in others. Nature had scarce ever made a Heart more susceptible of Love than Lord S***'s, or a Tongue less worthy the disclosing it. The Lady saw he felt what she wished, however ill he expressed it; she was amazed, that he who spoke so well on other Subjects should be deficient in what so immediately concerned him; but she found it a Merit in him by supposing that a Confusion, Love alone could occasion, was the Source of it.

The noble Lover had visited her half a dozen times, and every time with more Rapture than before. The Lady had known the Joys of Love, and she

longed to be tasting them again ; she found, though she would not tell her Father so, that he copied his Family Virtues, and would not marry ; and blind to every Consequence, had not disguised to him her Resolution of surrendering at a proper Opportunity.

Lord S*** had an Intimacy with a finer Fellow than himself ; the very worthy and very eminent Lord W** H***. A Mistress is the last thing a Man can be silent about to his Friend : He deafened Lord W*** with the Praises of the Woman he was to be happy with, and almost against his Will carried him one Evening into the Box where she was at a Play. Every Man was struck with her who saw her : Lord W*** could not but be of the Number ; his Eyes told her he had sacrificed his Friendship to a nobler Passion ; and so natural is Inconstancy to the Sex, that the Lady's told him he need not despair of finding her as false to his Friend as he had been. They waited on her home together. Lord W*** visited her the next Morning alone ; his Friend was not much pleased at finding him there, and was coming down from a short Visit in which he had found,

found, and left him there, when the Father took him into a Parlour to tell him the noble Lord who was above had proposed Marriage to his Daughter; and that as he seemed more agreeable to her than himself, it would be a Favour to him not to visit her any more at present.

The noble Rival was sufficiently mortified at this unexpected Notice. The Father had declared himself in rough Terms, on purpose that the Affront might keep him out of the Way of doing Mischief; and as his avowed Intentions to his Friend made it impossible for him to quarrel with the Person who intended to marry the Lady, found himself, when at the Height of Expectation, obliged to abandon a Woman he doated on, and that without a Pretence of murmuring at any thing but his own Inadvertency for it.

Lord W*** was much in earnest in his Proposals. He loved the Lady at Sight, as every body else did; he became more and more enamoured as he was more acquainted with her, and his Affairs not being in the best Situation imaginable, made the Advantage of a Fortune so considerable as he was made to expect with her, of no small Weight

in a Balance that descended quick enough before.

The Father, who intended to deceive the Lover, did not think it necessary to enquire into his Circumstances ; and the Lover, who knew his own would not bear inquiring into, dared not enquire too narrowly into hers.

It was the Business of all the Parties to hasten the Marriage, and in Consequence of this, it was not delayed. A sudden Extravagance, or pretended Extravagance of Passion in the Lover, proposed it to be done immediately one Evening, as they were all together ; and the Father who had not been so lavish in his Assurances to this Gallant, as to make it necessary he should quarrel, in order to the breaking his Engagements, very good-naturedly agreed to it.

A Clergyman was found in haste. The Ceremony was performed with little Preparation, and the two happiest People in the World retired to the Place where two People can make themselves happiest.

CHAPTER II.

A new Face of Affairs presents itself. A Journey into the Country is the Consequence of it. A strange Adventure there.

A Marriage of this Consequence could not be an Hour a Secret. Every body who heard of it declared they were cut out for one another, and an unfeigned Fondness on both Sides, convinced themselves that People were in the right who said so. They appeared in all public Places, and wherever they came they eclipsed every body else that did so. They were both People of expensive Taste, and on this Occasion nothing was spared to shew it. The Lady was convinced, by the Extravagance of her Husband, that he must have a Fortune to support it, and the Lord was so perfectly satisfied of the Prize he had made in Point of Money, that he thought the utmost Lengths he could run on this Occasion were not worth his Consideration.

Nothing can be conceived so happy as the Life of our married Lovers while this Delusion lasted ; but it was not long

before People who had made no Enquiries before Marriage, found it necessary to make some afterwards.

The Tradesmen, who on the Credit of the Report Lord S * * * had spread of the Father's Offers to him, had given the present Husband what Credit he pleased, no sooner heard some Whispers that all might not go well, than they began to talk of Payments they had to make: The Father, who saw the End of this, got away from Town one Morning before his Children were up; and the Husband found a Letter from him upon his Table, complaining of Losses that made it necessary for him to disappear.

There was no keeping this a Secret from the Lady, any more than from the Public; Duns came apace about the Door, and the Husband, after acknowledging to her that he had nothing to pay them with, convinced her of the Necessity of his getting out of the Way.

He had too much Tenderness to upbraid her with the Disappointment her Father had destroyed him by, and too much Sense of the Injury she had received to press her to determine in his Favour, about her going with him. Love was the

the ruling Passion in our Heroin Heart, and a Conviction of its being returned to her was consequently her supremest Pleasure. See saw that her Husband doated on her, and while she saw that, she had no Eyes to any thing else ; she threw her Arms about his Neck, and, after a Profusion of Tenderness, told him she would go with him to the utmost Verge of the Earth, that no Distress should make her forsake him, and that while he continued to deserve her Tenderness, by an equal Warmth in his own Breast for her, she should have no Sense to Afflictions, be they of what Kind they would.

Distresses, when they do not part Lovers, endear them infinitely the more to one another. The Lady did not ask where they were to go, but had formed so very dismal a Prospect in their Flight, that it was a very pleasing Surprise to her, when she heard they were to retire to the Seat of a Brother of her Husband's, a Man of the first Quality, first Consequence, and of one of the first Characters in the North. The Resolution was so soon put in Practice, that the People who would have prevented it had

no Suspicion of it till it was over. The Husband rejoiced in the Security he should enjoy where he was going ; and the Lady, though she little foresaw what was to happen, went with an uncommon Chearfulness in her Heart from its perfect Happiness in her Choice.

The D—e had heard of his Brother's Match as an advantageous one : The first Notice of its being otherwise he received from themselves : He was concerned at the Disappointment so dear and near a Friend had met with ; but if it made any Change in his Reception of them, it was the making it more open and free than it could otherwise have been.

The Lady was charmed with the Person, the Understanding, and the Address of the D—e : His Importance had a Weight with her that every other Man she had looked kindly upon had wanted ; and she had Discernment enough to see the infinite Merit there was in forgetting it on every Occasion where it could have been troublesome. The Freedom of so near a Relationship gave him Opportunities of speaking his Sentiments very openly as to his Sister's Beauty and Accomplishments, and the Husband was
never

never more happy than in the Pleasure he saw she took in hearing them.

They had been upon this Visit about a Month, when an Invitation to a Nobleman's at some Distance took away Lord *W**** for about three Days. He had taken his Leave of his Lady early in the Morning with a Tenderness not common to Lovers who have had all they could ask; such as would have endeared a Husband in no common Manner to any Wife but her to whom it was directed. He was no sooner gone than she began to recollect all the Compliments the D—e had paid her: She had been used to find a Lover in every Man she conversed with, and she made no Question of that being eminently the Case in one who had given her more Proofs of his Esteem and good Opinion than any Lover she could recollect had done before. Scarce cool from the Embrace of her Husband, she longed for that of his Brother: Kindred had no Ties against her own wild Passion, and she concluded it would have none against that of her imagined Lover; she waited with Impatience his approaching her Bed, and after an Hour's Expectation of what she had

had looked upon as a Certainty, she slipped on a loose Gown, tripped into the D—e's Room, and without Ceremony threw herself into his Bed.

The D—e, a Man of perfect Honour, incapable of the Intention of a Crime of this Kind, yet could not but be a Man, and could not resist what every body must own irresistible. What Surprise had once betrayed him into, however, nothing could tempt him to aggravate by a Repetition. The Lady had the Mortification for once to feel a Passion that could not be returned. Though the D—e's Generosity and Candour made it impossible for her to suspect he should betray her to her Husband, yet the Consciousness that it was in his Power to expose her to so unequalled a Load of Infamy, kept her miserable under any Enjoyment in the World, and inflicted a Punishment which nothing but a Crime so uncommonly black could have subjected her to the Sense of.

CHAP.

CHAPTER III.

Great secret Uneasiness on all Sides. A new Adventure of the Lady.

THERE is no Enemy to Peace so terrible as a Consciousness of Guilt : The deserving to be miserable is always attended with the being so. From the Hour that our Heroine found herself in the Power of the Brother of her Husband, she expected every Hour the fatal Story to be disclosed. Could that Nobleman have persuaded himself to continue the black Scene he had began, she would have thought herself safe ; but the Man who could despise her, she imagined had but a short Step to make to betray her.

The Harmony of the Family was at an End ; the three once happy Companions now never met, but Distrust, Confusion, and Uneasiness were on every Face. The Husband saw something had been amiss, though it was impossible for him to guess what it could have been : he saw his Brother wished to tell him something that he could not speak, and that it concerned his Wife, for that she dreaded it should

should be told : He had too much Love, too much Generosity, to name his Suspicions to either, perhaps too much Terror in the Thought of what the Truth must create in him, to wish to know it. He sought all Occasions of Solitude ; his Lady was as willing to be out both of his and his Brother's Way ; and consequently, except when they met at the times of eating, they were always rambling three different Ways in the Gardens or Fields. The Husband's Melancholy began to prey upon his Health, and the Lady's upon what was more valuable still to her, her Beauty. A new Lover would have been the only thing to recover her Sprightliness ; but she found herself not only in a House where such a Scheme must have been impracticable, but in a Country where People fit for Lovers for a Woman of her Taste and Delicacy did not exist.

The Bottom of his Grace's Garden had a little Wicket that opened into a narrow Lane, overhung with Boughs from the Trees on the opposite Sides, and its Banks covered with Moss of half an Age's Growth : No Footstep had been impressed on it for many Summers, till
this

this Lady's Melancholy found its Way into the Retreat ; nor could any thing interrupt so retired a Solitude, as it had no Communication with any Part of the Country.

Hither had the settled Gloom of our unlucky Fair-one's Mind found its Way one Morning, and hither had it daily conducted her, unknown to every body, every Day afterwards : In the Morning, she would enjoy it as a Shelter from the gaudy Sun ; in the Evening she often remained late, resting on the easy Slope of one of its Banks, and contemplating the Moon through the quivering Shadows of the interwoven Branches. Our Party were too much dissatisfied with themselves to wish to interrupt one another's Privacy, and consequently no body had wished to disturb the Retirement of the fair Cause of it, in a Place, where if they had, it would not have been easy to have found her.

She was walking very pensively in this still Retirement one Afternoon, full of the Distress of her Situation, lamenting the ill Success of her bold Attempt upon the D—e, and cursing the Fate that attended her Beauty, to be banished from the
Pos-

Possibility of Admiration ; when lost in the melancholy Reverie, she was roused by the Discharge of a Gun : her Shrieks alarmed the Person who had fired it, he leaped the Fence that was between, and as he ran to her Assistance, saw her fall as it were dead upon one of the soft Borders of the Path. It was enough for her that she knew it must be a Man who had fired it ; mere Man was all she had wanted a long time, and it was not her Business to open her Eyes to what farther was in the Sportsman, as she had no great Opinion that her Sight would be ravished, whatever might become of her Modesty. The first Thought of the Youth on seeing her drop after a Shriek, was, that he had shot her ; he would have fled from the Consequence of so terrible an Accident ; but a Form unlike that of the Sun-burnt Beauties he had been used to, kept him motionless. He gazed upon her as she lay stretched out, and by Degrees proceeded to examine whether she had Life, and from this to search where it was that she was wounded : He met with no Resistance in examining her Neck, but he met with Charms that commanded his urging his Fortune farther ;

ther ; Passive Obedience and a dead Quiet was all on the Lady's Part : as he examined deeper, he soon found Life was unhurt in her ; and not at Leisure to enquire into the Nature of her State of seeming Death, Instinct taught him what she meant, without his daring to think she meant it.

Though the Lady could be unmoved by the Expectation of Bliss, she could not command herself in the Enjoyment of it ; she opened a thousand new Beauties in her Eyes, and after stifling him with her Endearments, cried out, What art thou, thou more than Man ! If Desarts produce such Creatures as thou art, how mad are Women to look for Happiness in Courts and Palaces !

The Tranquillity which succeeded all this Rapture, gave them Opportunity to observe one another more nearly. The Lover would have called her Deity, if he had thought such a Word expressed his Admiration sufficiently ; and the Lady, when she viewed his native Charms, despised every thing she had been used to admire.

The Lover was a lusty Highlander, tall, robust, and in the Bloom of Youth ; his Habit discovered his nervous Limbs,
and

and his Hair that hung tangled with a pleasing Wildness, about a perfectly fine Face, gave new Graces to it. He had rambled more than a hundred Miles from his Habitation in pursuing his Sport; his Gun his Purveyor of Food, his Plaid his Bed, and the spangled Sky alone his Canopy. The native Chearfulness that attends Freedom and Exercise was raised to an uncommon Height in him, by a Happiness beyond every thing he had any Idea of; and the untaught Softness his Passion threw in among it, gave it a Charm that even added to its natural Charms in her Opinion. She was more ravished than even the Youth himself; she more than returned his Endearments; and the Moon had been two Hours up, before she remembered that she should be missed in the Family.

She pressed him tenderly by the Hand, and told him she must leave him; the honest Tears trickled fast along his Cheeks as she spoke; she kissed them off as they pursued one another, and with an uncommon Tenderness said to him,

‘ I do not mean to leave you for ever,
 ‘ sweet Youth; it were easier for me to
 ‘ die in Tortures. They tell me I am
 agreeable,

‘ agreeable, let me hear you say that I
 ‘ appear so to you ! I will not tell you
 ‘ Angels must be poor to what you are,
 ‘ I will convince you that I think so :
 ‘ Only say how must I provide for you ;
 ‘ what will become of you till we meet
 ‘ here in the Morning. Here is no House
 ‘ near but that which I am in, into
 ‘ which if I take you, I lose you. Help
 ‘ me to contrive Impossibilities, for we
 ‘ will get over these to get together.’

The hardy Lover told her he laughed
 at all the Terrors she mentioned but
 that of parting with her, and after a
 tender Farewell, spread his Plaid upon
 the soft Scene of their Delights, and
 rolling himself up in it, shewed her
 how Custom had taught him to be hap-
 py till the Morning.

CHAP.

CHAPTER IV.

A Scene of infinite Satisfaction interrupted by a very unexpected Accident. The Death of our Heroine's Husband throws all her Affairs into Disorder.

THOUGH our happy Fair-one did not oversleep herself in the Morning, she found it impossible to get at Liberty so early as she wished. Her Lover, who had been used to rise before the Sun, had, on this Occasion, been earlier than usual up; and by that Time the Partner of his Joys came to him, had formed a wild but sweetly romantic Bower in the Place where they were to meet. The Boughs were entwined with a delightful Irregularity to make a Covering; the sweet Herbs of the Meadows were transplanted to adorn its Sides; the living * Earth with a little Assistance had formed Seats to rest upon; and
far

* We are apt to suspect, that the terrible Fury of the modern Race of Critics will fall as foul upon our *Living Earth*, as upon the *rosy Neck* we have before been at the Pains of vindicating from them. We are aware that they will quote upon us the *Bruta tellus* of *Horace*, and
fifty

far within declined a Slope formed for Extasy too great for Words. On one Side he had formed a Table ; at a Distance, in another Thicket he had prepared his Fire ; the Implements for which were among his scanty Baggage ; and on the Bank lay a Profusion of Fish and Fowl that had been the Success of his early Expedition.

What must be the Delight of a Soul capable of Tenderness, like our fair Heroine's, at so enchanting a Scene of Nature's own contriving for her ! She flew into his Arms ; she melted into an Extasy at his Touch, and felt more than Joy in the Sense she had of his unutterable Transport : She admired the Provision he had made for her ; and she told him she had not been behind-hand with him. She began to unload her Pockets, never so filled before, and from

fifty other Abuses that the same sort of unnatural Writers have cast upon their common Mother ; but when we remember, that *Virgil* talks of *Vivofedilia saxo* ; we cannot help believing that there is as much Life in Dirt as in Stone ; and that we who write Poetry in Prose may have as much Liberty to say so as he who did it in Measure.

For the Reason and Necessity of this Note, see the very learned Mr. *Warburton's Shakespear, variis locis.*

from every Fold of her Clothes took out a Delicacy. Not the unhappy *Yarico's* Tenderness and Care of her faithless *Inkle* could excel the Pains this Pride of *Europe* had now taken to feed her Lover.

The nicest Dishes that could be portable in this manner were all spread out before his amazed Eyes, and Wines, not only the Flavour of which he knew not, but whose Names he had never heard of, courted his Taste. After a Repast of Love they sat down to a more substantial Dinner; their Joy was too much for Nature to support, and their Passions too exalted for either Nature or Art to find the Way to express them.

They staid together till the Bell from the House gave the Signal for Dinner, and they met when the Party within Doors broke up; nor parted again till almost Midnight. Every Day she appeared in new Pomp of Dress to charm him, while his rude and finger-combed Hair had more Charms in it for her Eye than her utmost Ornaments could add to her Face in his.

Such was the Bliss of every Day for near a Month, and such was the perfect Unconcern of the Family, in regard to one
another,

another, that her Absence had never been thought particular, nor where she bestowed her Time enquired into. One unlucky Evening, however, Lord W***, who had been rambling, he knew not whither all the Afternoon, and was now returning homeward through the Meadow that adjoined to the Inclosure of this happy Retirement, alarmed at the Sound of human Voices, where he had not expected to find any thing human, made his Way through the Fence, and walked up to the Place.

With what Amazement was it, that he saw his Wife in the Arms of a wild Creature whom he knew not ! He walked composedly by the Scene of his Torment ; and scarce suffered his Lady to think that he saw her : She burst from her Lover without a Syllable, made the best of her Way toward the House ; and as she was more accustomed to the Place than her Husband, was at home before him.

She was no sooner in her Chamber than she hurried to Bed ; her Woman was ordered to say she was ill, and had not been up for five or six Hours, and a Servant had a large Bribe to bring a neighbouring Physician with uncommon

D

Haste

Haste to her. She had succeeded so well in all this, that she did not give herself Leave to doubt but she should persuade Lord *W****, who seemed scarce to have seen her, that if he did suppose it her, he was mistaken. She would not indeed have been at all this Pains from any Concern she had for his Repose ; but when she considered that her future Meetings with her dear Youth, depended on the Management of this Scene, it was not difficult to persuade herself to play it with an uncommon Caution.

Lord *W**** gave her no other Reason to suspect his having discovered her, but the refusing to see her, though she was said to be ill : He spent the Night in unspeakable Anguish ; his Melancholy had already preyed upon his Health too far to give him Spirit enough for Resentment ; and what would in another have been a Scene of Rage and Fury, in him was only Grief. He rose early, loaded his Pistols, concealed two Swords under his Night-gown, and walked through the Garden to the Scene of his Misfortunes.

The Lover was eagerly looking toward the House, when he approached him,

him, and with as real an Unconcern as Lord *W**** had before shewn an affected one, suffered him to come quite up to him, without regarding him, or once bending his Eyes toward any other Object than the Path through which he expected his charming Mistress to come. Lord *W**** walked up to him, and with a very steady Countenance, asked him, ' Young Man, have you any Knowledge of who I am, or why I am come to you?' The Youth answered him very unconcernedly, No! ' What is it, continued Lord *W****, that you are so earnestly looking at, that you don't regard me?' ' At nothing, replied the Youth: I am expecting what I don't see.' ' The Woman you expect, said Lord *W****, is my Wife. Your Surprise seems to tell me you did not know it: you have injured me beyond Reparation: but I don't blame you: He must not be a Man who could look upon her, and not do what you have done, if she would permit it.' The Tears that run down his unaltered Face, as he uttered this, struck the Youth more deeply than a Sword through his Heart could have done. ' I have injured you indeed,

‘ deed, replied he with great Ear-
 ‘ nestness, but it was unknowingly :
 ‘ I who feel what it must be to lose this
 ‘ Woman, although I have no Right to
 ‘ her ; what must I think I have made
 ‘ you suffer by robbing you of her
 ‘ though you had ?’

‘ I blame you not, repeated the L—
 ‘ again with a gloomy Earnestness ; nor
 ‘ do I draw my Sword against you, con-
 ‘ tinued he, laying the Weapons of
 ‘ Death upon the Ground, with that
 ‘ Rancour with which a Husband thus
 ‘ injured naturally might do : if you
 ‘ would know my Soul, I come to sa-
 ‘ crifice my own Life to you, not to
 ‘ seek yours. You have robbed me of
 ‘ all that was a Blessing to it, and it is
 ‘ just that you should be the Executioner
 ‘ who rids me of it.’

The Youth struck at so generous a
 Distress looked on his Lordship with al-
 most Adoration, and taking up one of
 the Pistols told him, ‘ That I have de-
 ‘ served to die for the Injury you have
 ‘ suffered is evident, but there is no Rea-
 ‘ son that you should be exposed to Danger
 ‘ in the bringing me to it, tell me it will
 ‘ satisfy you, and I will be my own Exe-
 ‘ cutioner,

' cutioner ; but ask me not to lift my
 ' Hand against you ! Is it not enough
 ' already that I have wronged you ?
 ' am I, in Reparation, to be your Mur-
 ' derer ?' It was easy to see that this af-
 fected the Husband strongly, but that
 it was not at all what he had intended ; the
 Youth perceived it, and added, ' I see
 ' you are displeased with the Satisfaction
 ' I offer you : There is but one other,
 ' and that you shall not refuse me : Acci-
 ' dent brought me to this Place from a
 ' very distant Part of the Country ; I
 ' will return thither, and no Accident
 ' shall ever bring me this Way again :
 ' I will always remember my Crime
 ' with Horror, and you with Respect
 ' and Pity.' Distressed as L—W***
 was, he could not but be affected in the
 highest Degree with the Generosity of
 Soul in this young Savage : His own
 Heart was truly noble, and was there-
 fore highly sensible of the same Quality
 in another. He gave him a Ring of Va-
 lue from his Finger, and told him :
 ' Had we met on any Terms but these
 ' unhappy ones, young Man, we never
 ' would have parted.' He had too
 much Confidence in the Youth to make

him repeat his Promise ; and they parted without more Ceremony.

L— W*** returned full of Melancholy to the House: he determined to see his Lady no more ; but a Passion too deeply rooted to be extinguished, even by the severest Usage, soon overcame that Resolution: he never urged her with the Remembrance of what he had seen ; and the Return she made for that Generosity was the assuming all the Pride of Innocence. The Loss of her favourite Lover added a Moroseness to this Insolence, and the Heart of him who was sensible he had deserved much nobler Treatment from her, was soon broke in Silence : he died without upbraiding her ; nor does she seem ever to have been sensible that such a Death ought to have been more terrible to her than the bitterest Reproaches.

She was not suspicious that the D—e had any Intelligence of her Amour with the Highlander ; nor is there any Reason to suppose he ever was made acquainted with it. She looked upon the Husband's Death as the Means of removing every Obstacle to a very close Connection with his G—e, and within a very few Hours of the Incident, renewed her Attacks upon
on

on his Heart with great Vigour. She bantered him upon his grieving more for the Loss of a Brother than she did for that of a Husband; and told him there was no Accident which People determined to be happy, might not make the Means of it. The D—e, who beside his settled Principles of Honour, had now a settled Contempt for this fair Libertine, received her Courtship so very coldly, and represented the Infamy of what she proposed so strongly to her, that she found it was in vain to expect Success: She looked upon herself as now committed once more to the wide World to shift at Discretion, and if she truly repented any thing, it was that she had not her wild Youth to revel a Month or two with, in unrestrained Freedom, before she fate down to the Consideration of what was to be her more serious Business.

CHAPTER V.

Our Heroine comes again into her Father's Protection.— An Adventure on the Road.

THE Father was no sooner informed of his Daughter's Widowhood, and the unlucky Circumstances under which she was left in it, than he found it would be necessary to take her under his Care again: and, though heartily out of Humour about it, he determined that it was not his Business to declare so much; but to receive her well, as the first Step to his getting well rid of her again, which it was evidently his Business to do as quickly as he could. He wrote very affectionately to her, inviting her to Town, and at the same time to his G—e, very politely thanking him for the Countenance he had shewn her, and begging that, as the last Instance of it, he would let her be seen to enter *London* again with his Equipage and Servants.

The D—e readily consented; he would indeed have submitted to harder Conditions to have been fairly rid of her; she set out in a few Days for *London*, and
not

not a little congratulated herself on the fair Face her Affairs wore at present.

The Journey was a tedious one, and at the setting out carried but the Appearance of a very uncomfortable one: barren Mountains, desert Heaths, and overhanging Rocks, were all the Objects she had before her for two or three Days; after this she sometimes saw the Face of a human Creature that did not belong to her own Retinue, but it usually was but for a Moment, and the Object into the Bargain such as hardly gave her Occasion to wish it had been longer.

As they were dragging heavily through a sandy Lane, on the fourth Day of their Expedition, a tolerably agreeable Man of forty, of a hale Complexion and cheerful Aspect passed by the Coach, attended by one Companion and a Servant: he had the Complaisance to bow as he passed the Lady, and though she would, at another time, have shrieked at the Sight of such a Rustic, she now thought him worth looking out of the Coach after. As this Piece of Good-nature was not lost upon him, he soon let her pass him again, and as they were all going the same Road, the rest of the Morning

was spent in passing and repassing the Coach, and in a sort of silent Courtship.

It was not in the Lady's Nature to despise any thing that wore the Habit of a Man, unless something better of the same Kind tempted her to do so. She watched the Stranger till toward Dinner-time, and taking an Opportunity when they were at a little Distance, she ordered her Servants to follow that Party (as they probably knew the best Inns) and told them she would put up to Dinner where they did. She made no doubt that some Advances would be made in an Hour or two, in which they should be at the same House: but alas! it proved much otherwise, the Company she had followed dined in one Room, and her Ladyship in another; they never saw one another the whole time, and as they were better provided for Expedition than her Equipage, they sate comfortably over their Bottle and Pipe to see her Ladyship go out, and did not of an Hour mount to follow her.

All she discovered by her Servants, who had joined Company with theirs, was, that the Man she had observed was

Mr.

Mr. H***, who had been upon a Visit into that Country, and was returning with a Relation to *London* ; that he was a Man of a gay Disposition and small Fortune, and that he had spoke with great Rapture of her Ladyship, as he drank her Health after Dinner. She had enquired where it was convenient for her to lie that Night, and had found there was but one Place where it was possible either she or the other Company could do it. She had ordered her Coachman to drive hard to be there first; and the Delay they had made behind her lost them so much Ground that they never got it up, but her Ladyship was in the Inn before them.

As the Man she had observed, had not courted her, she found it would be necessary she should court him. Whatever was necessary her Ladyship had long before established must be proper: She determined on making it unavoidable that they should meet, and she succeeded in it.

It was easy to bespeak all the Provision in such a House as this poor Country afforded; if there had been more, her Ladyship was not in a Humour to have quar-

relled with the Expence: her Woman had
 given Orders for the dressing Supper, and
 her Ladyship had retired to her Room,
 and was adding some new Charms,
 when the expected Party arrived. It was
 not long before the Master of the House,
 as her Ladyship had expected, waited
 on her, to beg something might be spared
 from her Ladyship's Table for Supper
 for two Gentlemen who were just come
 in. The Lady told him the Prepara-
 tion was very scanty for her own Fami-
 ly, but if the Gentlemen would accept
 of a Part of it at her Table, they should
 be extremely welcome. The Lover,
 who did not see that this was a concerted
 Thing, blessed his Stars for the lucky
 Chance, and got himself in Order as well
 as he could to appear before her. The
 Lady received him and his Friend with
 that Politeness that is peculiar to her ;
 he was charmed with every Look, every
 Word, and every Motion he observed
 in her ; and Man was so new a Thing to
 her Ladyship, that what Charms she
 might at another time have seen in him,
 were now much heightened by the Novel-
 ty of them. She easily saw she had
 made a Conquest, but the Lover, awed
 by

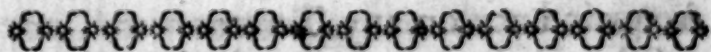
by her Rank, kept a long time at a Distance, that was more troublesome to her even than to himself: She gave him to know he might be less reserved, and he took the Admonition; they grew very familiar after Supper, and when they took Leave to retire to Sleep, it was pretty plain that neither had any Inclination to lying alone. The Lady was hardly lain down in Bed, when after a little rumbling about the Door, the Lover very decently entered at the Window, and in an Instant was in Bed with her.

He affected a strange Surprize at finding any body there; but clasping her very tenderly, he told her with a great deal of Confusion, ‘ I don’t know what
 ‘ it is I have done; I supposed I was
 ‘ coming into my own Bed, and who
 ‘ you are that I have offended thus, I
 ‘ know not, you shall command me to
 ‘ go when you please, but for your own
 ‘ sake make no Bustle about it.’ Before he could guess what would be his Answer, the Lady, whose Passions were raised to the highest Pitch, threw her Arms wantonly about him, and whispered, ‘ Dear impudent Devil how did
 ‘ you dare to do this?’ The Lover saw
 he

he was right enough ; and there was better Use for their Lips than speaking any more upon the Subject. The Lover punctually obeyed the Commands of the Lady, as he had promised he would, about leaving her ; but he did not receive them till a little before Day-light. He retired decently to his own Bed ; they breakfasted in their separate Apartments, and carefully avoided one another the whole Day following, till it was Time to meet to the most essential Purpose.

This was a Distance of the Lover's choosing ; the Lady had less Guard upon her Conduct : she settled it better for the next Day's Journey, and they were so well satisfied with each other, that when the succeeding Afternoon shewed them the Cross of *St. Paul's Cathedral*, they agreed it was the most disagreeable Sight either of them ever saw in their Lives. Parting was what they neither of them were inclined to ; but how was it to be prevented ? The Lover dared not propose any thing, but the Lady was less on the Reserve. ' I believe, ' says she (as her Coachman was getting ready) you are not displeased with me ; ' for my own Part I could spend some
' more

‘ more Time with you with a great deal
 ‘ of Pleasure : Have you any immediate
 ‘ Necessity of being in Town.’ The
 Lover very eagerly answered, ‘ No,’
 and the Lady immediately sent back her
 Equipage and Servants; and sent him to
 find a Place in the Neighbourhood, where
 they could be quite unknown for as long
 as they pleased together.



CHAPTER VI.

*The Lady arrives in London after a short
 Delay.—Is courted by Mr. C**.*

THE Lover thought he was settled
 in the most agreeable Amour ima-
 ginable for Life : The Lady knew the
 Strength of her own Constancy somewhat
 better than to suppose so. She indulged
 to the utmost the only Passion her Heart
 and Soul were formed for ; but Tender-
 nesses of this violent Turn in Women are
 not the most lasting in the World. Whe-
 ther, when she recollected how near she
 was to the great Scene of all Delights,
 she remembered too what a Choice of
 Favourites she might meet with there ;
 or

or whether the Lover's Warmth grew less; or whatever else might be the Occasion, she took an Opportunity one Morning, while he was dressing, to depart for *London* without Ceremony, only leaving a Note upon her Table to tell him she wished him Happiness of every kind; but that she begged they might be Strangers for the future, as it was inconsistent with her Plan of Life to continue their Acquaintance on any Terms.

The Lover no sooner had read the Billet than he wished her a good Journey to the Devil with all his Heart; he took Horse for *London*, fell into a Road of Pleasures there in which her Remembrance had no Share; and it is a Question whether either of them ever thought the other worth thinking of afterwards.

The Lady's Absence, no body knew how, why, or where, was no small Distress to her Father: It was easy enough for him to guess what Use she had been making of her Time; but the Prostitution of herself, under the most provoking Circumstances, would have been infinitely less vexatious to him than the breaking in upon his Schemes, by not making her public Entry in the Form
he

he had intended it. She came with only her Woman to the Door in the Evening: He could have murdered her without a Pang, but he knew her Pride too well to venture to upbraid her: Nothing could have set her upon so bad a Footing with the World, as its being known that she was on bad Terms with him; and nothing was so much his Business, who wanted to marry her again, as to prevent this. He received her with a Fondness so well dissembled, that herself took it for real. She said nothing of the Occasion of her Stay upon the Road, but after enquiring who made the Figure in Town, and who it would be most worth her while to be thinking of, she retired to Bed, that she might be in Time for the Morning Park the next Day.

Just as she entered it at *St. James's* Passage, C*** was tripping across the Mall in a very careless Dress, to say no worse of it. It never was C***'s Talent to be decent in a Morning, and he was out of Luck enough on that particular Occasion to be rather more of the Groom than he used to be. As he was going out of the Park at the same Place at which she was coming into it, they could

could not but meet: The Lady was struck with his Face and Form, and as she did not know him, was not without Thoughts of sending one of her Chairmen to see what became of him, and if he was disengaged, to take him into her Service.

She charmed every body she met, and was not on her own Part wanting in the discerning Charms in more than one of the People that passed her: She still, however, found the Face of the Man she had first met with uppermost in her Fancy; and every Face, as well as every Shape she met with afterwards, though she acknowledged Merit in them, still suffered in the Comparison.

She returned to Dinner pretty well satisfied with the Number of Conquests she had made; but much more uneasy about her having omitted to enquire after the Man she first met, than pleased with the Consequences of any Admiration she had met with afterwards.

In the Evening she was complimented with Tickets for a Concert. She knew nothing of whom they came from, but she was in no Humour to omit making the proper Use of them. She was no
 sooner

sooner seated than she read in the Face
 of the gayest Figure present, that he had
 complimented her with them, and no
 sooner saw him come up to speak to her
 than she found the very Face of the
 Man she had taken such a Fancy to in
 the Morning. Charmed with the find-
 ing that what she had determined on as
 an Amour, would prove a much more
 agreeable one than it was possible for her
 to have guessed, she received his Com-
 pliments with a Freedom that bespoke
 her taking no common Share of Pleasure
 in them : She gave him many Oppor-
 tunities of finding that he was far
 from indifferent to her ; and in the Face
 of a whole Assembly, every Individual of
 which envied either one or the other of
 them, they gallanted it in the highest
 Stile for three Hours. The Lover put her
 into a Chair at the breaking up of the
 Company, and made the Danger of her
 being robbed, as she had Jewels of consi-
 derable Value about her, a Reason for
 waiting on her home. She had no more
 Mind to refuse his coming in with her,
 than he had to be refused : They chatted
 an Hour away very agreeably ; and the
 Lover, who was not backward in offer-
 ing

ing Liberties that could not just then be received, found his Refusal of such a Kind, that it was plain enough Anger or Distaste had no Share in.

Our Heroine perhaps never promised herself more Happiness in an Acquaintance, than in this with C——. If any body would have told her she should be mistaken of her Expectations, it would not have been easy to have persuaded her to believe it; but what never had happened to her before, was now to fall in her Way a Disappointment. She had looked uncommonly charming one Night at the Play, when Lord *Frail* was in the same Box with her. It is not to be supposed so elevated a Lady as our Beauty could look down upon Lord *Frail*; but it is no Wonder that Lord *Frail*, who had Eyes and a Heart as well as other Men, could look up to her; nor that, in Consequence of it, his Heart became devoted to the Object his Eyes beheld with such Admiration. It was not difficult for him to find who the Lady was that had enslaved him: he had Modesty enough to know his Figure and Address could not plead much in his Favour; but he had Prudence enough
to

to know too that his Fortune would be a Bait tempting enough to allure not only the Lady, but those who had the Disposal of her. He soon made out that her Father had her under his Protection, and as soon that he wished to be rid of her : He heard how fatally her late Husband had been deceived in his Expectations of a Fortune from him ; but as his Affairs did not render Money necessary to him with a Wife, he determined to marry her without, and very judiciously resolved to make a Merit of it to her Father by telling him so.

He visited the old Gentleman the next Morning ; told him he had seen his charming Daughter at the Play ; laid his own Affairs open before him, and added, ‘ As you see by this, Sir, that I need not be mercenary in my Choice of a Wife, you will see by my absolutely refusing to accept any Fortune with this Lady, that I am in earnest, when I tell you I love her more than any Thing upon the Earth.’

The Father was in Raptures at the Generosity and Nobleness of Spirit in the Lover : He sent up for his Daughter to come and hear it that Moment
too ;

too ; but the Lady had too much Discernment not to see the Business of this Visit, and too much Prudence to make herself cheap to her Lover, though her Father was rash enough to request it of her. Lord *Frail* ended his Visit, and the Father flew up to his Daughter : he told every Circumstance of his Address ; and added, that where there was such a Soul, the want of the peculiar Accomplishments of the Body might very well be overlooked.

If the Lady was not quite of the old Gentleman's Mind, in regard to the Soul and Body of a Lover, she heartily joined with him in the Sense he had of the Advantages of an affluent Fortune. She saw Lord *Frail* on his next Visit ; grew romantickly fond of his generous Offer ; and gave him Leave to push his Fortune with her as fast as he pleased. If the Lover was in haste to be secure of a fine Creature whom he was more than commonly fond of, the Lady was not less eager to get over the only Ceremony that kept her new Favourite at a Distance. C— was of Necessity banished while the Lord was revived as a Lover ; he never had been
in

in a Humour to talk of marrying the Lady himself; or if he had, his Fortune would not have come in Competition with this formidable Rival's; he had reserved his Person to himself hitherto, though much against both his own Inclination and the Lady's, and this gave her an Eagerness after him that could not be easily equalled under any other Circumstances.

Where every body was so very willing, the Match was soon concluded. The Admission of C— was the Lady's first Point, after she had made secure of her Lord; but she was so very precipitate in her Motions toward this, and that so early as on the second Day of her Marriage, that the Husband grew uneasy at it, and took effectual Means to prevent her ever seeing him again. Jealousy, where there is real Cause for it, is always proportioned to the Stock of Love it is ingrafted on. The new Husband grew outrageous at the Concern he saw his Wife shew at her Disappointment; and before the first Week was over, the Impatience on one Side, and the Resentment on the other, went so far as to occasion a Resolution of parting. The Husband applied

applied to the Father, whose Prudence set Matters right for this Time between them ; but the indignant Soul of Lady *Frail*, incapable of supporting at once a Disappointment, and a Reprimand from the Person who had occasioned it, determined in Revenge, if a better Motive should be wanting, to give up every Thing to the first Man that came in her Way.

Fortune was better-natured to her than she had deserved : She was at a Party of Cards that Evening at Lady ***'s, and had no less accomplished a Man than S*** S*** for her Partner. Had she wanted her present Provocations, his Figure and Address would have been sufficient to have introduced him ; she determined on him with double Pleasure as it answered two such agreeable Passions at once ; she had even Wildness enough to resolve upon giving up to him that Evening ; and in the Hurry of her Transport never remembered that it was now no longer in her Power to carry home a Lover at Discretion. S*** saw it, though she did not ; and as he put her into her Chair, pressed her Hand with an eager Tendernefs, and asked her where it would be possible for him to see her

her again? She returned the Notice of his Tenderness with the utmost Rapture, and only said, ' I had forgot — Con-
'trive! — for you know how to do it.'

CHAPTER VII.

*Lady Frail makes a long Visit to Mr. S— ;
goes off with him to T——.*

LORD *Frail* had not been of the Party where this Opening of so warm an Intrigue had been transacted ; but there were Eyes enough to see it : he was told of it by twenty People at once ; and he grew desperate at the abandoned Conduct of his new Wife : He found it was in her Nature to be vicious, and that the Choice of the Object was nothing to her. He came to a Resolution of despising her himself, but of punishing her by keeping her from every body else : a Resolution he has been actuated by in every Part of his Conduct, since that Time, tho' it has not always been in his Power to succeed in the Attempts it has inspired him with. S* * * who had been a Man of Intrigue all his Life, could
E not

not be long at a Loss for Methods to get at a Woman who was willing : He revolved the Probability on the Side of several different Schemes with great Caution and Disinterestedness : he could have no Idea of the Jealousy of a Man who had not been married a Fortnight ; and determined an Acquaintance with him as the easiest and quickest Method he could get at her by. His Servant was dispatched to find out by Enquiry among the People at Lord *Frail's*, whether their Master dined out, or had Company with him ; in either Case it would have been easy for a Man of S — 's universal Acquaintance to have made himself one of the Party, but it succeeded beyond his Expectation ; he received Information that his Lordship dined at the House of an Intimate of his, and he took Occasion to drop in by Accident there in the Afternoon. Though his Business was to make an Acquaintance with Lord *Frail*, it was also essential to him to seem not to push it ; he determined to make it of his Lordship's seeking ; and as he could have no Idea that he was upon his Guard against him, was perplexed beyond Measure at the Disappointment he found
in

in every Step he had made toward the receiving an Advance to it.

They parted Strangers as they met : the Attack was renewed on S***'s Part at the Opera that Evening, and the Day afterwards he took Care to fall in his Way again, and then claimed an Acquaintance upon the Strength of their former Meetings. Lord *Frail* affected to be unconcerned in his declining it ; but Affectation, such as Lord *Frail* could put on, wanted something to its passing on S***. He saw he was discovered ; he was already out of Patience at his Disappointment, and the Sight of this horrible Obstacle made him desperate. Lady *Frail* was at the Play that Evening ; he watched her to the Door, and put her into a Chair he had planted ready, under Pretence that her own was not in the Way, and when she was set down, she was conducted into an Apartment she was unacquainted with ; where she saw S*** with an unspeakable Eagerness in his Eyes waiting the Absence of the Servants to tell her what Transport he had to thank her for.

Supper was served almost immediately ; the Servants had their Orders to

withdraw in time, and S*** throwing open a Door into an elegant Bed-chamber, led her in, *notbing loath*, as *Milton* has it. S*** told her afterwards, that he had provided better for her Reputation than she might imagine; that these Lodgings were what he had taken for the Occasion, that neither his Name nor her Face were at all known there, and that the very Chairmen who had brought her should not know where they carried her again.

‘ You are early tired of me, Dear S***, says she, with an enchanting Smile upon her whole Countenance; but I am in no such haste to leave you. Pray give me House-room till Tomorrow, and we’ll talk then about this unhappy Subject.’ S*** dared not have thought of so mad a Proposal, but he received it with an unfeigned Extasy; instead of answering her he knelt to unbuckle her Shoe, and in a few Minutes saw her in Bed. She had no Leisure to explain to him what she meant by such a Conduct till the Morning: She then told him she supposed he would not imagine she intended to return to her noble Lord any more: That it had been

a determined Point with her to leave him ; that she had made a Merit of the first Step of it in regard to him, but that she by no Means intended to make herself a Burthen upon him ; so that he was now at his Liberty. That she should be glad if he would for the present leave her in Possession of those Lodgings ; and that she supposed she need not tell him if she should be in a Humour to kill an Hour in them again, they were still his own. The infinite Spirit with which Lady *Frail* delivered all this had Charms for a Man of S***'s Taste, that he never had found in any Woman before ; he answered her in the true Spirit of it ; he took no Pains to convince her how perfectly and eternally he was devoted to her, but left that to be understood as a Matter of Consequence, while he offered her his Life, Fortune, every Thing, and made no Point with her but that of never being commanded to leave her.

The Cry was loud after Lady *Frail* for ten Days ; in all which Time S*** might have been missed too ; but not above half a dozen People had Penetration enough to see that it was so. It

was impossible for the Husband, though satisfied enough that they were together, to guess where they were ; and perhaps the ten happiest Days either of them, or any body else ever spent were those in which they neither had, nor wanted any Sources of Happiness beside one another. Daylight had not been suffered to find its Way into their Apartments, nor a Servant to make his Way out of them in all this Time. Unluckily however, at the Period of it, S***'s favourite Valet was seen tripping across the Street to a House of civil Entertainment ; and more unluckily a Servant of Lord *Frail's* was by Accident one of the People who saw him.

The Effect was obvious : The Fellow might have concealed his own Share in the Mischief ; but he loved his Master too well to do so : he fell upon his Knees and confessed the Truth. It was Evening ; but it was evidently necessary for them to remove immediately ; twenty Methods were proposed, but at length S*** determined on reposing a Confidence in some known Friend as the safest. He pitched upon the D—e of K— as the Man he could most depend upon in
the

the World ; and he set out with all Expedition, though at that Time of Night, for his Seat at T—.

All the Hurry of our Lovers was but barely enough to save them : They were hardly got off before Lord *Frail* was at the Lodgings with a Party that would have stopped them. The first Question, after they were discovered to be gone off was, which Way ? but S*** had taken Precaution enough on this Head : a Hackney Coachman was planted near the Door to tell them he had just carried a Gentleman and Lady a contrary Way to that they were really gone, and the Search was so perfectly puzzled by this and some other Circumstances of the same kind, that there was not the very Shadow of a Probability of the true Road after them being taken.

CHAPTER VIII.

*Lady Frail meets Mr. L— at T—; a
very desperate Attempt to prevent a Dis-
covery.*

IT was an odd Hour for a Visit, by that Time our Party arrived where they were destined. S*** shut the Lady in a Parlour, while he sent for the D—e into the next Room; he told him in ten Words his Story, and the Business of his Visit; and the Lady whose Attention was on the rack to know the Determination, had the Pleasure to hear the D—e answer with infinite Pleasantry, 'My dear S***, the Man deserves to perish that won't pimp for his Friend. You make me happy in your Confidence in me, and pray add to it by immediately shewing me the Lady.' S*** threw open the Door; but as he had not yet said who it was that he had brought with him, what was the Amazement of the D— to see the Lady of his old Acquaintance L— W— H—. As to her present Husband he knew no more of him than one Man of Rank must of another; so that there was no Objection on this Head to his giving the Lady his Pro-

Protection. He saluted her with great Respect, and with a polite Ease congratulated her on the Choice of the Partner of her Flight; told her she should be in secret at his House, just as long as she pleased; and added, that when she had no longer a Mind to keep herself so, he should be under no Concern about it.

A Woman of Lady *Frail's* natural Freedom and Openness could not but be infinitely pleased with a Conversation of this kind: She told the D— she took Pride in her Attachment to S * * * and never should affect to conceal it; that it was unluckily impossible she should change her Opinion in this Point; but that if ever she did, she gave him her Hand very heartily and honestly upon it, that he should be her next Lover.

While our happy Party were in private at the D—'s they had daily Intelligence of Lord *Frail's* Proceedings; it was with some Pain that they received the Accounts of his Fury for the first three or four Days; but as the hottest Passions are the soonest cold, they were acquainted with the more agreeable News soon afterwards, of his having, by the Advice of all his Friends, given her up as

an infamous Prostitute, and determined, though he should afterwards know where she was, never to give himself any farther Concern about her.

They knew they could depend on their Intelligence; and Lady *Frail*, who had been a long time shaking off all Sense of Shame, now found she had done it so effectually that she could brave the World in her determined Course of Life; and in Consequence of this, she appeared openly at the D—'s with no Ambition to a better Title than that of happy S***'s Mistress.

It is a pretty general Folly with the Women who dare do an ill Thing with a Man, to tell him of every body else they have been as intimate with; but Lady *Frail* had Discernment enough to see this could be but a poor Recommendation to a Lover, and had always carefully avoided it. The happy Ravisher of her Virgin Treasures, Mr. L—was an intimate Acquaintance of S***'s, yet so it had happened that his Name had never been mentioned between them: S*** had not happened to think of her knowing him, and had chanced never to mention him

in

in her Hearing ; and she, in Consequence of a settled Plan of Secresy in these Matters, had never whispered a Syllable of his Name to her Lover. He was by Accident in that Part of the Country ; by Accident heard of S***'s being at the D—'s, and as he knew both very well, and in Consequence of that loved both very well, he could not omit a Visit in which he was to meet with them both together.

He came in one Morning at Breakfast, full of the Expectation of the Pleasure of seeing two such Friends ; but what was his Astonishment to see his adored Mistress in the Company ? He was pale, motionless, speechless, with a Mixture of contending Passions : The Lady was not less disconcerted, but their Attention was so taken up with him, that she got out of the Room undiscovered. A Woman seldom, under any Situation, lives without a Confidante ; in the Course of an Intrigue never. Lady *Frail* had her Friend of this intimate Kind in the Family : She flew to her to tell her of the Accident, and spoke of her long lost Love with a Sort of Rapture that gave her

Companion a very clear Light into the Situation of S***.

It is not always that Friendships are true: This of Lady *Frail*'s Confidante had never been so. She had been long in Love with S*** herself; and had very hardly gone through the Scene of concealing it, by seeming unconcerned at his present Attachment.

She no sooner had her Intelligence, than she determined to tell him the whole Story; and was not without Hopes of putting herself in the Place of the Rival she had so long envied, and should so certainly dispossess by it.

Lady *Frail* did not think it her Interest to perplex herself before it was necessary; she considered she could make no Advantage of seeing her old Favourite before the Company, and she was sensible she could never be upon her Guard enough to prevent the Discovery that they were no Strangers to one another. She pretended Indisposition as an Excuse against her going down to Dinner; and her Lover, who saw the Intent of all this, applauded it, though it hurt him to lose so much of her, and determined to give into it. The Diversion of the Bowling-green

green was proposed immediately after Dinner, and Mr. *L*——, who was never at a Loss to make the most of but a Possibility of an Advantage, pretended Weariness with Riding as an Excuse for not joining in the Diversion, but insisted on his not preventing the Company the Pleasure of it.

It was with great Eagerness that the Confidante of our unlucky Heroine told *S****, before he went out, of the Perfidy of his Mistress; and it was with as great Contempt that he listened to it: he took it for the Artifice of a Woman who he knew was a Rival, and not a very patient one, of Lady *Frail's*; and he paid no farther Respect to it, than as a pitiful Effect of a Cause that had some Merit towards him in it.

The Company had no sooner left Mr. *L*—— alone, than Lady *Frail*, on the Wings of Impatience, rushed into his Arms. Words were too poor to speak their Extasy, they could only read it in more eloquent Silence; he would have hung upon her Neck for ever, had not she discovered that they were in Sight of the Company on the Green.

This

This was not the only Discovery that had been made in the short Period of their Embrace: S***, whose Back was now purposely toward them, had seen it all, and began to be too well assured of the Certainty of what he had before treated with such Contempt.

The Lady, with an unfeigned Unwillingness, drew from him, and directed his Eye by hers, toward the Place where the Company were engaged at their Diversion; she whispered, with inexpressible Tendernefs, ‘ I will never, ‘ dearest L—— withdraw from you, ‘ but to hold you faster; we are seen: ‘ but that Door will shew us an Apart- ‘ ment where we are out of Sight of these ‘ stupidly happy People.’ L—— conducted her into the adjoining Parlour; and S***, whose Eyes were sufficiently upon the Watch, saw it. There required but little Ceremony between two People agreed so well as our new-met Inamoratos; the Lady sunk upon a Couch, and the Lover was in the high Road to Happiness, when she saw the Face of S*** looking full in upon them through the Window. To persist in what she was about was impossible, and to make a
Merit

Merit of giving it up, would not have been easy to a Woman less practised in Deceit than Lady *Frail*. She could not conveniently spare S***'s Purse, though she could have been easy under the Loss of his Person; she concluded a Quarrel with L—— on so good a Foundation as she could lay for it, would be easily made up again, and she acted in Consequence of that Determination.

Rapidity of Thought is one of the peculiar Characteristics of this Lady: what another Woman would have been an Hour in revolving, she saw the whole of in an Instant, and in the Moment of S***'s appearing at the Window, she gave L—— a smart Box on the Ear, attended with a loud Shriek, and rose from the Couch with an affected Indignation, that startled even the Man who knew she but affected it.

L—— had no Time to wonder at what had happened; he saw the Face of his Friend looking in upon them; and though he knew nothing of his Attachment to the Lady, he was fond of her for her Address under so provoking a Circumstance, as the being exposed but to a Stranger.

C H A P.

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. L—— deceived thoroughly by a Stratagem.—The Lady is betrayed by her Friend.

OF all People in the World Lovers the most easily believe Things to be as the wish they were. S***, who but a Minute before was outrageous at the Treachery and Inconstancy of his Mistress, was perfectly satisfied of her Innocence by this little Artifice; and though he would a little before have sacrificed his Life in the Service of the Man he saw with her, he now made no Scruple of determining to murder him for attempting a Favour from a Woman whom it was even not certain that he knew he had any Connection with. He entered the Room with a severe Countenance, congratulated the Lady on the Escape he had been instrumental in procuring her, and told Mr. L—— he was very sorry to find him capable of an Attempt that spoke him so different a Man from what he had always supposed him.

The Lady saw plain enough what TurnMatters were taking, and was not at all

all dissatisfied with it : She found she could be extremely happy with either of her Lovers, but both she knew not what to do with ; a Duel on her Account was the greatest Triumph she always thought could possibly attend her Beauty ; and she thought herself in some Degree of Luck, that they would be at the Pains of deciding a Point for her, which neither herself nor any body else could otherwise have determined.

She intreated S*** to be calm ; she conjured him to think of the Accident no farther ; she told him he had already done her all the Service it was possible could be done ; that she should always remember it as the greatest Obligation she ever was or ever could be under to any Man, and that she was by no Means worthy to be a Subject of Dispute between such Friends as he and Mr. L—— seemed to be.

She knew she was secure of L——'s Resolution, and she had Art enough to know this Dissuasion was the strongest of all Incentives to S*** to raise him to what she wanted : she left them to decide it by themselves, but they were prevented by the rest of the Company, who had
heard

heard some Bustle in the House, and missing S***, had followed him to the Room where it happened. Every body suspected the Occasion, but no body thought it necessary to say any thing about it; they returned to their Diversion, and L——, to disguise what had, and what was likely to happen, joined them with a gay Composure in his Countenance, which lasted till they parted for the Night.

The Lady did not appear at Supper, nor was any body much dissatisfied about it: they talked of indifferent Things the whole Evening: the Rivals made it a Point not to mention the Cause of their Quarrel, and the rest of the Company easily saw they had no Business to say any thing about her. When they retired to their Apartments, L—— found on his Table a Letter in S***'s Hand, which ran as follows.

S I R,

I Am concerned that the Man I have so long call'd my Friend gives me Occasion to be ashamed of continuing to do so. You must be sensible your affronting Lady Frail cannot be put up in Silence. I have no
Right

Right to fight her Quarrels, nor ought any body but the D—e indeed, to vindicate the Honour of his House ; but I have broke through Rules on this Occasion. You won't wonder at my engaging in the Quarrel of a Woman whom I profess I love ; nor complain of my not making two People acquainted with an Action which I am sorry one was, and most sorry that I was unlucky enough to be the Person. I shall be glad to meet you at Six behind the Lodge. I know you won't refuse me, and in that Confidence wish you good Repose.

S** S***.

L—— saw he had this to expect from the whole Behaviour of the Remainder of the Day. He would rather have quarrelled with any body in the World than S*** ; but though he blamed him for insisting on it, he found it was now unavoidable. He was before his Hour at the Place ; but was somewhat surprized to find he was not first there : He was going to quarrel with his Watch for deceiving him, when, the Person whose Back was all this while toward him, turning about, he was surprized to find not S*** waiting for him but the D—.

‘ I’m

' I'm not sorry, says he, to meet your
 ' G— here, for the Quarrel is properly
 ' yours ; but S***'s telling you of it is
 ' so much beneath his general Character,
 ' that I cannot tell how to account
 ' for it.'

The D—, with a great deal of Good-
 nature, told him he was not come there
 to do any Mischief, nor to suffer any ;
 that the Subject of his Dispute with his
 Friend had been explained in a very un-
 expected Manner to the whole Compa-
 ny, and that he had insisted on the agree-
 able Office of bringing him and S***
 as Friends together again. You must
 go in with me, Sir, says the D—, for
 S*** will not dispute her with you.
 The Quarrel is of his making, he con-
 fesses he is in the Wrong, and the Pu-
 nishment will fall where the Guilt is. As
 they walked back to the House together,
 the D— told him that his former Intima-
 cy with the Lady, (a Thing never suspec-
 ted by S***) had been explained to him,
 and the Lady's Conduct, (which indeed
 he had as little suspected the true Motives
 of) as fairly and openly laid before him.

The Lady, who had been the Con-
 fidante of Lady *Frail*, suspecting the
 Mis-

Mischief that was happening, had declared not only to S * * *, but as the surest Method of preventing it, to the whole Party, the Fondness her Ladyship had expressed for L—— to her, and had broke the Laws of Friendship so far as to tell them that she had confessed her former Intrigue with him, and had gloried not a little in the Artifice by which she had persuaded S * * * of her Innocence that Afternoon, though he saw her even in the Act of Prostitution. The D—— had told L—— all this as he returned. He no sooner entered than S * * * ran to him and begged his Pardon ; and on their comparing the whole Circumstances of the Transaction, there appeared so much Baseness in her Heart in regard to both, that the Conclusion was her being desired to leave the House that Morning ; and to understand that it was not only one Person but the whole Company who had discarded her.

Lady *Frail* could not dispute the Order ; but it was an Insult of so new a kind to her, that he could not believe it of a long time real : She heartily cursed all the Company, but more than all of them her Lover S * * *. She made but one Request before she left the House, which

which was, that she might see Mr. L — —; but Resentment having in that Gentleman's Breast, at least as large a Share as any of the Passions, he prevented the Company's pleading against it, by absolutely refusing.

The Lady packed up her Cloaths, and left the Place where she had been so happy, with a Heart so distressed, as more than to compensate for it; no body so much as wished a Farewel to her, nor did any body so much as desire to know which Way she bent her Course.



CHAPTER X.

Lady Frail forms a very sober Plan; she falls in the Way of an Acquaintance who is not cut out for joining in it.

OF all the provoking Circumstances Lady *Frail* had hitherto fallen into, Contempt was what she had till this Incident been Stranger to. She could not persuade herself to believe it was more than affected; a Trick of one of her Lovers to deceive the other, or at the utmost a Start of Passion which would

would subside in an Hour or two. She determined it as a Certainty that she should be recalled, and she had Meanness enough to wait for the Opportunity of getting reinstated at T——. With this Expectation she staid four Days at a House near the Rendezvous of her old Acquaintance. Messengers were dispatched hourly to be upon the watch as to every thing that passed in the Family: She had the Mortification to find from all these that Mirth and Happiness were uninterrupted there; she found she was wholly forgotten among them, and with a thousand Imprecations on the Inconstancy, Ingratitude, and Baseness of Mankind in general, she set out for *London*.

Her Father she dared not think of seeing; her Husband she despised and detested; the World was before her where to range; and though her Affairs were not in the best Situation in the World, in regard to Money, she never looked into her Glass but she saw a Face that she knew would command its Welcome wherever it chose to fix.

She determined on indulging herself in a Life she was fond of, with some
Man

Man of Fashion whom she should like ; and in her present Situation saw nothing so advantageous before her as the obtaining a Settlement from such a Lover which should keep her above Distress for Life. With this Scheme she took a genteel House in a polite Part of the Town, hired a Set of occasional Servants, equipped herself with all the Splendor she could reach, and appeared every where, even in the Face of her Husband, throwing herself in the Way of every body who was for her Purpose. A Woman of her Figure could not be without a Number of Admirers, and among the Number there were some she could have been well enough pleased with on any other Occasion ; but Prudence was now her grand Agent ; the keeping herself reserved to others was the Way to make the Man she should fix upon the more eager after her, and the making herself a Reputation was a first essential Point toward the making a Merit of the sacrificing it. She had determined to refuse herself every Thing in the Pursuit of this Point, and she thought it would be no Difficulty after that to deny a Lover of a wrong Stamp : She
flattered

flattered herself that her past false Steps would be forgot, when it was seen she did not repeat them, and was not mistaken in supposing a Man would have as much Pride in destroying her Scheme of Reformation as he would have had in seducing even her Innocence. The Mischief on these Occasions seems the great Thing that gives the Joy, the Circumstances are not material.

Lady *Frail* had been unalterable in this Course a Month, and in Consequence of that, had been inexorable to a thousand Lovers who had wanted the great Qualification, Fortune, when she fell in the Way of one who was the most of all Men improper for her on her present Plan, Mr. G***. This gay Fellow had long liked her, and she had long seen it : He saw he should be rejected if he attempted her, and he had therefore the Address to pique her by letting it alone : He had accidentally seen her go home alone one Evening, and dispatched a Card from the next Tavern to her to tell her something had fallen in his Way to hear, which it concerned her Ladyship to be informed of, and that if she would give him Leave he would wait on her to inform her of

F

it.

it. Though of all Men upon the Earth she would have avoided G * * * if he had offered himself as a Lover ; she was taken in this trifling Snare, and sent Word she should be glad to see him.

He entered with a very formal Complaisance, told her a headless Story with the utmost Sedateness and Gravity ; and when he had taken Care to make another Visit from him necessary to the explaining of it, got up to take his Leave with as composed a Countenance as he had began his Visit. The Lady thought she saw her Interest in making an Acquaintance with him, and she found it must be indeed of her making if there was any ; she pressed him to be less in haste to leave her : he sat down with all the Appearance of a disinterested Complaisance ; and after an Hour spent in great Insipidity, though not disagreeably, he took his Leave a second time with the same Coolness, and said nothing about another Visit.

Lady *Frail* who had never before met with a Man under Seventy, who was not a professed Admirer, was thoroughly nettled at the Insensibility of a Man she knew could not be without his Passions :
She

She saw a second Visit was necessary from him, from the Nature of the first, though he had said nothing of it, and she determined to try whether he had a Heart or not, when he came next, though she determined at the same time to make no other Use of the Discovery, if she made it, than to revenge on it the strange Insult of the Neglect she had been treated with.

It was not G—'s Business to let her be long without an Opportunity of making her Experiment ; he sent her Word about two Days after, that if she would give him Permission he would wait on her again. She dressed in the most provoking Taste to receive him, and waited with an Impatience she had never known before for the Moment of his coming : He entered with the same disinterested manner he had assumed at his former Visit ; he even kept it up under twenty tolerably bold Advances on the Lady's Side ; and told her the subsequent Circumstances of his first Story with a Formality that left no room to suspect the Reality of the whole, though he took Care in the Conclusion to make it of no sort of Consequence to the Lady he related it to, by blocking up every Ave-

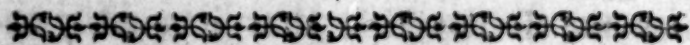
nue to the only Circumstance that could have any way concerned her Interest in it.

G— was standing near her with an affected Carelessness, while he delivered all this : he expected the Consequence of the Disappointment he now gave her in the Affair he had been raising her Attention about, would be a more free Attack upon himself, and it succeeded so : She bent her Eyes toward him with a Look that would have thawed the Ice of Indifference itself ; he turned his own upon the Ground, and sinking upon her Neck at once, pressed her to him in the tenderest manner, while he sighed out,—
 “ ’Tis not in human Nature to resist it.”
 He seized her Lips with an eager Fondness, pressed her trembling Hand, and wandered over her Neck in a silent Extasy, more elegant than Language could have given Utterance to. He would neither suffer her to stir from him, nor to speak : The whole Scene was his own, and he was determined to play it to Advantage : He told her he had resolved against this ; but what were Resolutions, when her Eyes commanded the breaking them ! that he even condemned himself
 while

while he was indulging thus in a Happiness that must be denied him ; that her Interests by no means could permit her being acquainted with him : he added, that while he thought he saw something more advantageous for her, his Passion had been nobly sacrificed to his Friendship ; and that now the Thought of that was over he had but indulged for a Moment a Madness that should be only his own Ruin, not hers, for the future : That he saw the Destruction that inevitably attended his visiting her ; and that now, while Life itself was hardly able to support the Excess of Transport he felt on holding her, he determined it a Transport that he would never know again ; but that the Moment while he spoke to her was that of his parting with her for ever.

Tears were her Answer. She held his Hand to prevent his going that Moment ; and though her Passions were too great for her Utterance, her Eyes told him that she saw his Tendernefs, his Generosity, his Resolution, all in their full Glory. It was not difficult to prevail with him to delay the Moment of his leaving her a little, though neither pretended to

think of more than the deferring it. It lasted till somewhat more than Midnight, when the Lady overcome with a Passion that appeared to her very justly founded, prevailed with herself to make their parting softer by half giving and half suffering her Lover to take a Farewel that nothing could have tempted her to consent to, but the apparent Certainty of its never being repeated.



CHAPTER XI.

Mr. G—— attacks the Lady in vain by Letters.—He attempts her by Storm.

THE Lover wrote to his generous Mistress in the Morning; as his Heart inspired him: He had long admired her, and long despaired of her; he had formed Ideas to himself of her Charms, on a more intimate Acquaintance, superior to what his Reason could suppose any Woman could deserve; but either Nature had made her more than Woman, or his Fondness had persuaded him she was so: He triumphed in his happy Stratagem; but he took infinite Pains

Pains to hide his Thoughts of this kind from the Lady ; his Letter had the Appearance not of one that pleaded for the Continuance of a Friendship so enchanting, but that lamented the unavoidable Necessity of its Dissolution ; he pretended a Resolution of never seeing her again, and defied Heaven itself to break it.

He expected with some Impatience an Opportunity of telling her how much more powerful she was than Heaven ; but he was strangely surprized to find by a Letter which he could see the Heart dictated every Syllable of, that what he had but affected, she was in earnest in ; that though she loved him, she would avoid him ; nay, that because she loved him she would never trust herself with a second Opportunity of shewing him that she did so.

A multitude of Letters full of Tenderness passed between them for the four succeeding Days : in all these the Lady acknowledged, nay gloried in her Passion, but in every one of them she shewed herself more and more resolute to drop the Acquaintance. 'Twas in vain that all his Artifice pleaded but for

another Visit in all this Time : No Art could bend her to think of it.

When a Lover can do nothing by his Letters, what has he to do but to make the Attack in Person : to take by Storm what will not be surrendered on Capitulation. G— boldly went to her House. The Servant who had brought him twenty Letters a-day from his Lady, could not but suppose he would be welcome to her : he admitted him without Ceremony. How vain are Lovers Resolutions, when the Object against which they are made is in sight ! Had G—'s Timidity kept him from the House, Lady *Frail* had never seen him any more ; but they no sooner met than they resolved never to part again. The Difficulties that had been in the Way served but to endear the Transport, and the Lover took up his Place of rest in the Lady's Bed-chamber, as he thought for ever.

People so fond of one another as our Hero and Heroine wanted no additional Means of Happiness : They locked themselves up together for a Month, and indulged in a Scene of Transport that nobody but themselves ever arrived at. The Period of this glorious Folly was
not

not of their own making : if it had lasted till either of them thought of the Consequences, it must have lasted till the Consequences had overtaken them. An intimate Friend of the Lady's made her Way in one Morning against all Opposition, represented to them the Destruction they were both involving themselves in, and with an Address that few People but herself ever arrived at, parted them for ever.

Lady *Frail* would have fain thought what she had been doing was a Secret to the World ; but she was too soon convinced, on renewing her Acquaintance with it, that all her Schemes were broke through by what she had been doing ; that every body knew how she had spent her last Month ; and that no body would think of entering into an Engagement of any Consequence with her, while they considered the very fickle Situation they must be in, while such a Fellow as *G*— was in being. She was thoroughly mortified at her ill Fortune, and at no Part of it more than at the having lost her Lover, without any Prospect of Advantage from it. The Parting would never have been of his seeking ; but it was over, and he was not to be recalled again.



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
LADY FRAIL.

BOOK the THIRD.
Adventures at Paris.

CHAPTER I.

Lady Frail is attacked by a Frenchman of great Figure—She loses her Lover very unexpectedly.

THE first Thing that occurred as necessary in Lady *Frail's* unlucky Situation was the changing her Quarters : Every body who wished her well, pleaded for this, and it was easy to see that the farther she ran from the
the

the Scene of her Inadvertency the better. She very justly concluded, that all this however was not enough ; that she should still meet Mr. G — in public ; that they could never, after such an Intimacy, meet as Strangers ; and that all Eyes would be upon them, wherever they were seen. She resolved to avoid what she saw would be the Consequence of this, by going farther than he would chuse to follow her ; and as there were at that Time at *Paris* many of the young People of Fashion from *England*, she easily saw the Advantage she should appear under there, from all her ill Conduct being a Secret ; and she determined upon playing her concerted Scene there, where there was vastly more Probability of its succeeding to her Intention.

She raised what Money she could upon her Plate, Jewels, and other Moveables of Value, and embarked boldly on her Expedition. She found herself in *Paris* before she had determined in what manner to set out upon her Plan. The first Question she asked of the Lady of the House where she lodged was, What *English* there were in the Neighbourhood ? and she very fortunately heard for

one of the first Names, that of Mr. K—, an Intimate of her Father's, and one who had been concerned with him in the *South Sea* Transactions in the Year 1720. Her first Message was dispatched to this Gentleman, who waited on her immediately, offered her every Service in his Power, and begged to be intrusted with the Management of her Affairs while in that Part of the World.

On Enquiry about this Gentleman, after he was gone, she found he was of all Men the fittest for her Purpose; that all the *English* People of Fashion visited him; that her being seen at his Table would set her Reputation above the Reach of Censure; and that she should have an Opportunity of chusing there from the whole Circle, that she had intended to throw herself among. She found by the unhappy Step that had occasioned her leaving *England*, that nothing was so essential to her as the keeping her Reputation: She determined with an uncommon Earnestness to guard against every Step that should lead to the injuring it; and as she saw a Prospect before her of all the Advantages she could propose to herself, she resolved
against

against even the speaking to a Man that she had not an Expectation from.

It was Lady *Frail*'s Business to appear the Woman of Consequence at her Lodgings : she made the Lady of the House be a good deal with her, and played her Grandeur so successfully upon her, that she soon made no doubt of her being as much the richest, as the most beautiful Woman of our Island. She was not without her Views in this beyond that of establishing herself upon a good Footing in the Neighbourhood ; she considered it would be talked of farther, and that some *Frenchman* of Distinction might be induced to think favourably of her from it.

The Lady she took all this Pains to convince of her Importance did not miss seeing what was the great Drift of it : She determined to surprize her with a *French* Admirer ; and before she had been two Days in the House, told her of a Prince of the Blood who had fallen in Love with her, and who would give the World to visit her, if it were possible to do it *incognito* ; but that there were Reasons against his being known to have any Attachment, of this kind that were too weighty to be got over. Lady *Frail*

was

was never of a very squeamish Disposition; or if she had, the Name of a Prince of the Blood of *France* would have been Charm enough to have cured all her Scruples: She told the Lady, she was infinitely obliged to her for the Information; that she left the Conduct of this Affair entirely to her, and should only tell her, that she should be very happy in seeing his Highness when and where he pleased.

The next Afternoon the Lady had Notice she was to have the Honour of a Visit; she prepared for it with the utmost Solemnity; and about an Hour after Dark, the good Gentlewoman of the House (for no Servant was to be trusted with so important a Secret) introduced the Admirer. Lady *Frail* had formed to herself very high Ideas of the Address and Manner of the polite People of this gay Nation in general: What she expected to find in a Prince is not easy to be described. When we expect too much, it is our common Fate to be disappointed. She saw what she could not but construe into awkward Tawdryness, instead of expensive Finery, in his Habit; an Air that favoured

voured of the Dancing-Master, more than of the Prince ; and an Address, that Partiality itself could not but have acknowledged was infinitely paltry, in Comparison of that of the meanest of her rough *English* Woers.

She had Opportunity to make these Observations uninterruptedly for some Time, after her royal Lover's entering the Room ; a Silence, which he intended she should construe into the Effect of his violent Passion, gave her Leisure to observe his Dress and general Appearance, and the confused Manner in which he delivered his uncouth Civilities, afterwards gave her more Conviction of all the rest. - She could have despised every Thing she saw, if she had not remembered, that the Title of Prince was tacked to it, but this and the Fortune she imagined naturally connected with this, pleaded too strongly in his Favour, to let any meaner Thoughts affect her. She received him with all the Politeness of his own Nation, expressed her Sense of the Honour he conferred on her, in such Terms as plainly enough told him he would not fail in any Attempt he should condescend

ffend to make upon her, and prostituted even her Understanding so far as to compliment the Absurdities he addressed to her, under the Pretence of Witticisms. His Visit was not a very long one, but he promised to renew it a Day or two afterwards, and took his Leave of her with a Kiss that spoke his having Passion enough to claim her Attention, whatever else he wanted.

Lady *Frail* flew to her Confidante, as soon as she had dismissed her Lover; she did not think it necessary to tell her the Opinion she had of his Accomplishments; but when she pressed to know what her Ladyship thought of the *French* Nobility; only answered, that she could have had no Idea what they were, unless she had conversed with one of them. This was understood as the highest Compliment; and the Lady was informed, that his Highness should not miss the being told what so accomplished a Lady thought of him.

The Lover repeated his Visit sooner than was expected; he skulked in, every Evening just at Dark, and spent two, three, or four Hours, with the Object
of

of all his Wishes: He had been informed of the Lady's Situation, and therefore boldly offered to marry her: She did not chuse to tell him that was impossible, but with the highest Compliments imaginable, told him, she would not suffer him to debase his Dignity so far: The more she refused, the more he pressed it; and she easily saw, that there needed nothing but the convincing him of the Impossibility of his succeeding in this Attempt, to throw him upon another, which was more immediately her Business.

She was very melancholy one Evening, when he entered, and all his Expressions of Tenderness he saw made her but the more so: She could not speak to him for some Moments, but at length throwing herself at his Feet, with all the Distress imaginable, she told him, she had injured him beyond the Hope of Pardon; that she was the Wife of an *E—s* Lord, and therefore could not be the happy Creature he gave her the Offer of making her; but that she had so just a Sense of her Obligations to him in the Intent, that it would be difficult for him to propose
any,

any Thing to her, by Way of Reparation for the Injury she had done him, that it would not be Pleasure for her to submit to.

A Lady needed not speak much plainer than this, nor did the Lover omit to make his intended Advantage of it; he told her, she must get into his Coach without Reluctance, and that he would follow her in another: He put her in; gave the Coachman Orders where to drive; and kissing her Hand, as if he was taking an eternal Farewell, returned into her Apartment for his Gloves, promising to attend her in an Instant.

Of all the Transports the Heart of Lady *Frail* had ever known, none had ever equalled what it now felt. She could hardly form Ideas great enough of the Splendour she was on the Instant of entering upon; she pictured to herself, in lively Colours, the Pride she should take in being handed out of the Royal Coach by her Royal Lover, into her Royal Apartment; and was even carrying the Effect of her Fancy so far, as to be guessing at the Colour of the Velvet of the Furniture, when the Coach sud-

suddenly stopped. Transport even up to Faintness seized on all her Frame; she put out her lilly Hand to be blessed with the Touch of her Lover's: She was surpris'd, neither to feel him there, nor see any Coach behind her; but how much more so was she, to find herself in a Moment in her own Apartment, with her Drawers all unlocked, and every Thing of Value stolen from her.

She shrieked, and fell into a Swoon. Some Servants came about her, and with Difficulty brought her to herself; her first Question was after the Lady of the House, and the Answer was, That she was gone off with her Son, who had been the gay Gentleman her Ladyship had spent all her late Evenings with.



C H A P. II.

Lord B— falls in the Way of Lady Frail, becomes enamoured of her, and is not unsuccessful.

IT was some Consolation to Lady *Frail*, in this distressed Situation, to find that though every body knew she had been robbed, no body so much as guessed how

how she had been imposed upon: that Secret had been inviolable between herself, the Prince and his Mother, and for her own Credit she determined to keep it so.

She immediately applied to Mr. K— told him the unfortunate Situation she was in, made her Loss six times as much as it was, and obtained more of him by way of Supply till she could write to *England*, than she had in reality been possessed of before.

From this Time she grew more intimate in his Family : She renewed her original Plan upon his Company, and she soon fixed upon Lord B—, who frequently visited there, as the Person most of all proper for her Purpose. His Fortune she saw was sufficiently great, his Person such as no Woman could be dissatisfied with, his natural Turn amorous in a high Degree, and his Address elegant and commanding. She took Care he should soon find he was not indifferent to her : It was impossible she should be so to any Man : he enquired into the Situation of her Affairs before he spoke to her, and when he found her Scheme was no other than that of living elegantly with a Man she should like, he made her

her an Offer that it was impossible she should refuse.

She did not affect to make a Secret of her Connection with his Lordship; every body in *Paris* knew she lived with him as a Mistress, and scarce any body knew it, but envied either one or the other of them.

Only the Friends of Lord *B—* were dissatisfied. It was evident to every body who wished his Lordship well, that Lady *Frail*, of all Women in the World, was the last his Lordship ought to have taken as a Mistress. Mr. *C—e*, a Man of Probity and Honour, who was then with him as a Companion, and had the Care of his Affairs abroad, could not but be one of the first to see this, nor would he have executed the Duty of a Friend, if he had not been the first to represent it properly to him.

He very freely delivered his Sentiments on the Subject, tender as it was; he had more at Heart the serving Lord *B—*, than the soothing his Mistakes; he told him that even in *Paris* she was the very last Person he ought to have thought of in this Light; that when he had been rash enough to engage himself to her, the making the Engagement so public

was

was another very unhappy Step ; but that the worst of all yet remained behind : He owned the Lady had Charms enough to render it very difficult for the Man who had once possessed them to forsake her ; yet how his Lordship, who was at this time just returning to *England*, could propose to take her over with him, in the Face of her incensed Husband and Relations, he professed it was impossible for him to guess.

There was so much Reason in this, that when it was represented to Lord B—, he came to a Resolution of leaving her behind him : He visited her to tell her so ; and he found it was impossible : he determined at all Events to bring her over, and in spite of all that could be urged against it did so. They came as privately as they could to *London* ; but it was soon whispered that Lady *Frail* was in his Lordship's House : It was by no Means proper she should continue there after it was known, and the only Remedy was her retiring to a Seat of her Lover's about an Hour and a Half's Drive from Town.

Lady *Frail* had always suspected Mr. C— as her Enemy, and unquestionably
he

he was so : He had too sincere a Friendship for Lord B— not to detest every thing that was likely to prove an Injury to him ; he even confessed to her, that he wished her any where in the World rather than where she was ; and though he treated her with all the Politeness imaginable, never could be brought to alter his Sentiments on that important Head.

She saw the Necessity of removing an Enemy who had so much of his Lordship's Ear in his serious Moments, and who had gone so far as to acknowledge to her, that he had hinted to my Lord that his Connexion with her was injuring his Fortune apace, and at the same time forfeiting the good Opinion of his Relations, and indeed of the World in general : she attempted first to buy him to her Service by Bribes far from inconsiderable ; but as he told her he only saw by this, that the Point she had in View was of no little Consequence, and always refused to accept them, she saw it was in vain to hope for bending him to her Purposes, and therefore determined to ruin him in his Lordship's Favour.

The Opinion Lord B— had of the
 Probity

Probity and Honour of his Friend, was the great Obstacle to all her Attempts of this Kind, he even would not be persuaded that he had any Vice in his Nature, and would therefore never be convinced that he had any View but what he pretended in his most obstinate Attempts to remove her Ladyship from him: After a Controversy managed with great Artifice on both Sides for an Hour, one Day, on this Subject, it was agreed to put it to this Issue, that if Lady *Frail* could convince my Lord Mr. C— had as many Vices as other People, his Advice was to be no more regarded than any body else; but that if it appeared otherwise, her Ladyship was to submit to it, that his Lordship had great Reason for the Confidence he reposed in him, and for the Value he set upon his Opinion.

Lady *Frail* had never met with a Man that did not wish to be as intimate with her as he could; and she concluded from this, that it was a Passion all Men had in them as well as those who had fallen in her Way. She had a Female Attendant, who was very pretty, and whom she had heard Mr. C— say as much of: She doubted not his Inclinations to
debauch

debauch the Girl, and she bid her throw herself in his Way, and promised to make it worth her while, if she succeeded, and could prove it to my Lord that she had done so. The young Gentlewoman had gone through the Ceremony of this Sort of Ruin before, and was not unwilling to submit to it again on such favourable Conditions. The Plot was laid subtilly enough, but it did not succeed. Mr. C— never took any notice of the Liberties she seemed to court him to take; and the whole Design fell to nothing.

This was no little Disappointment on the Lady's Part, but an Accident soon made her amends for it. Mr. C— found it necessary to drink the *Bath Waters*, and very unwillingly took his Leave of his Lordship for six Weeks for that Purpose: He never stood higher in his Esteem than at the Moment when he left him; but Absence was a Trial his Lordship had not been put to in his supporting him. Some rude Expressions he used when the Lady sent to take her Leave of him, as he was going, were carefully repeated both to her and to his Lordship; and from these began a new Attack up-

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on the Place he held in his Lordship's Esteem, which in fine succeeded.

Lord *B*— looked upon him now as a troublesome Monitor, an Enemy to his Pleasures, and a Man who erred in a good Cause, but whose Errors were so disagreeable to him, that he heartily wished to be plagued no more with them. While Mr. *C*— was at *Bath* the Lovers retired into the Country, to a Place not very distant from it. Mr. *C*—, who could have no Idea of the Situation he stood in with Lord *B*—, made them a Visit. His Reception soon shewed him he was not welcome; a dry Civility was the utmost he could obtain from my Lord; and as to the Lady, though they were together almost uninterruptedly for three or four Days, she never opened her Lips to him.

He saw it was in vain to attempt to regain the Heart of a Man so distractedly devoted to his Destruction as Lord *B*— seemed to be. He desired an Explanation of the Behaviour he met with; and when he found he was accused of nothing but what ought to have endeared him to his Lordship, he took his Leave, telling him he would some time find out that

that he had not deserved the Treatment he at present submitted to.



CHAPTER III.

Lady Frail goes to Bath—a very agreeable Acquaintance is made there.

MR. C—— had not been long returned to *Bath* before Lady *Frail* pressed Lord B—— to spend a Month there. He little imagined her Reasons for desiring this; but he was as much against it as if he had known them. Inconstancy was in her Nature; and though Lord B—— had been fonder of her the longer he had had her, and had taken every Method of endearing himself to her, by adding every Thing possible to her Happiness, she was tired of the eternal Sameness of the Object, and longed for an Opportunity of changing, though she did not expect to do it for the better. Lord B——, much against his Will, complied: They set out for *Bath* in the utmost Splendour; and no sooner were there, but every Man, except Lord B——, saw with what In-

tention it was, that his Mistress had come thither.

She dressed to the utmost Advantage on every Occasion; thrust herself in every body's Way that had but the Appearance of a Man of Figure, and wou'd have been fifty Times run away with by People not able to have supported her, had not the Dread of Lord B——'s Resentment prevented the Attempt.

It was her Fortune one Night to be of a Party with Sir T—— A——; he had not met with her before, and in consequence of that, had Novelty as an Addition to his other Reasons for admiring her. His Eyes told her he did so, and she received their Notices so kindly, that he soon ventured to confirm them from his Mouth.

Though Sir T—— was a Stranger to Lady *Frail's* Person, he could not be so to her Name, nor to her Connection with Lord B——, who was once an intimate Acquaintance of his, but whom he had not now met with of many Years.

When the Party broke up, the Lady gave Sir T—— an Opportunity of talking to her alone. She was very ready to hear every civil Thing it was possible for

for him to say to her, that it had double Charms in it ; and without this it might naturally be agreeable enough to a Lady of her warm Disposition, from so agreeable a Man as Sir T——: They were in no Humour to part, though they found it necessary. The great Business was to contrive how they should meet again ; they had already been too particular in the Rooms, and it was impossible but Lord B—— must hear of it, if they made a Custom of being together. Sir T—— mentioned her own Apartments as the privatest Scene in the World for their Conversation : She started at the Proposal ; but when she heard her Lover had an old Acquaintance with Lord B——, which it would be easy for him to renew again, it was with some Difficulty that she kept her Arms from about him, though there were fifty People staring at them all the while they were talking of it.

Sir T—— sent his Card the next Morning to Lord B——: It was with infinite Pleasure that his Lordship, who had not been at the Rooms that Night, heard of his being at *Bath* ; he pressed his dining with him that Day, which

Sir T—— had no Inclination to refuse ; they went to the Rooms together in the Evening ; and Sir T—— from that Moment became one of the Family. Fifty Mouths would have been open at once to have told Lord B—— of his Mistress's new Acquaintance, had he entered alone ; but Sir T—— was no sooner found to be his intimate Friend, than the very Suspicion of his having a Design upon the Lady vanished.

They supped together, they met again in the Morning, and spent in a Manner all their Hours together. Lord B——'s Confidence in Sir T—— gave the Lovers as many Opportunities together as they could wish ; but Sir T——, who was a Man accustomed to intriguing, made but very moderate Use of them : He never missed an Opportunity of employing such of them as it was possible to use to the best Purpose ; but for the rest, he determined it not worth while to make a great Risk for a little Advantage ; and by the Frankness of his giving up a thousand of them, he convinced his Friend that he did not seek after any.

Sir T—— preached up Prudence to the Lady so successfully, that in spite of
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the natural Precipitance of her Temper, she became as cautious as himself: She entered into a mutual Agreement with him, that if he would never forfeit an Opportunity that might be made a real Use of, she would never wish him to regard any other. Lady *Frail*, who was naturally abandoned in her Disposition, never shewed it so much as in this Instance. The Determination of what Opportunities might be found of real Use, as they expressed it, was left wholly to her, and Moments were snatched at every Day, as if nothing but Moments could have been obtained at all.

The Spirit of daring to do Impossibilities, or what any body in his Senses would have declared to be so, added Invitation to what had naturally too much Charms for her; and the Triumph of the Success in such Attempts, seemed almost to equal the real Joy she had in the Arms of her Lover. No Man was ever so egregiously abused as Lord *B* — in this Acquaintance; and no body's Eyes were ever so obstinately shut to Conviction. The very Servants hinted it to him, but he would not understand them.

Mr. C— was, happily for the Lady, out of the Family, and there was no body but him who ever dared tell Lord B—— what they knew he would not like to hear.

During their Stay at *Bath* there was hardly an Hour, except those of Sleep, which Sir T—— did not spend in the Family; nor in all that Time did his Lordship ever write a Letter, look over an Account, or sit down to be powdered, but the Lady was pouring down extatic Draughts of Love, and in Triumph sighing out, *To the Health of Lord B——*.

Mr. C—— had been all this Time at *London*: toward the End of the Season he returned to *Bath*. As his Absence alone had given Lady *Frail* Opportunity of alienating Lord B——'s Heart from him, he no sooner returned but she found it would be impossible to keep the Breach open.

He was as intimate with Sir T—— as with his Friend: His Acquaintance indeed had been of longer standing: He made the seeing him an Excuse for his first Visit to the Family. But Lord B—— no sooner saw his long lost Friend, than he repented heartily of the Separation:
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He told both him and Lady *Frail*, that he could part with neither of them; and begged them, since they both saw it, to contrive some Means of ceasing to be Enemies to one another.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

*A shameful Sacrifice made to a favourite Passion—an honourable Courtship broke off by Lady Frail.*

MR. C——'s Intimacy was now renewed in the Family, and Lady *Frail* saw the inevitable Consequence of this was a Discovery of her Intrigue. She determined to make a Merit of taking Lord B——'s Advice as to entering into a Friendship with him, as she saw that only could save her from his betraying what he must know; and in Consequence of this she pushed it so far at Dinner the next Day, that every body declared Mr. C—— unpardonable, if he ever became her Enemy again.

Lady *Frail*, however, who knew her own Professions were but pretended, did not chuse to put much Confidence in his; and Sir T——, too much upon his Guard for a Surprise, told her he saw



they were ruined, unless they were prudent. They determined to be much more cautious in their Meetings, and to give up a Part of their Happiness rather than all ; and Lady *Frail* thought of a thousand Means of making him more secure, but to no Effect ; he would listen to nothing that ran counter to the strictest Honour or Friendship, nor would even pretend to more than a Cessation of Hostilities between himself and the Lady ; but that he proposed to keep inviolably.

An Accident one Evening offered an Opportunity of what Lady *Frail* had so long been seeking in vain ; and she was soon determined to make the utmost Use of it. Mr. C— had danced with the very agreeable Miss \*\*\*\*, and had mentioned her before Lady *Frail* afterwards with some Rapture ; she had not omitted to attend to this ; but it was with infinite Joy that she heard from Sir T— afterwards that he had said a thousand warm Things about her. Lady *Frail* had once before on a worse Occasion wanted to provide a Mistress for this rigid Adviser of her Lord's, now she had twenty different Reasons for doing

doing it, every one of which would alone have been sufficient. She had found it was in vain to attempt to do him a lasting ill Office with Lord *B* — ; she found he would never leave the Family, and she knew well enough that he had too much Discernment not to discover very soon what sort of Terms her favourite Sir *T* — stood upon with her. The safest Method that at present offered itself to her was to be in some criminal Secret of his, and by that means to keep him in dread of discovering her for fear of a Retaliation.

She would have given up the Thought of engaging him with a Mistress, had not his own Declarations, in regard to Miss ——— seemed to point it out as a very obvious and easy Method of espousing him.

Miss ——— was a young Lady of good Family, but of scarce any Fortune ; she was at that Time courted by a Clergyman in the Neighbourhood of *Bath*, and within about ten Days of being married to him ; his Church Revenues were not quite so great as he deserved ; but he had a paternal Estate, on which he lived genteely, and which was of much great-

er Consequence to the young Lady than a larger Income of the other kind would have been, as it descended to her at his Death.

It was in this happy Situation that Lady *Frail* met with Miss \*\*\*; she had been at the same School with her, and had for some Years after continued an Acquaintance, but a long Absence had now made them almost forget one another. Lady *Frail* would not have much inclined to renew an Intimacy of this insipid kind under any other Circumstances, but the Prospect of engaging Mr. C— in a criminal Amour with her, which could only be done by her own Conduct; added to the Joy of reducing an innocent Woman to the same State with herself, a Joy, villainous as it is, is, perhaps the greatest a Woman in this Situation can know, determined her to attempt it. She met her the next Evening in the Rooms, engaged her to Breakfast the next Morning with her, told Mr. C— what a Happiness she had procured him, and when she was sufficiently convinced of their not being indifferent to one another, proposed Mr. C— as a Match to her.

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The Lady honestly started at her Engagements to her other Lover ; but Lady *Frail* laughed her out of the Thought of so trifling an Objection : She recommended Mr. C— under the Name of a Man of eight hundred Pounds a Year Estate, and bantered the Lady so heartily upon the Comparison of her comfortable Country Scheme with the Life they led, which she told her, Mr. C— being my Lord's Friend, and she hers, they would also lead too ; that she was soon conquered, and confessed her Willingness to be rid of her reverend Admirer if she knew how.

Lady *Frail* undertook that Task ; she promised to do it immediately, but insisted upon her not enquiring how she was to execute it : The other heartily weary of her old Scheme of Life, and as heartily fond of what was proposed to her, consented ; and the Lady, with all the Composure in the World, wrote the Clergyman Word, that an unlucky Accident had happened in their Family ; that Mr. C—, an Acquaintance of Lord B— had deluded a young Lady who was on a Visit to her, and to whom she heard he was engaged in an honourable  
Cour:-



Courtship ; that the Servants had unhappily discovered it ; and that it could not be long a Secret to the World. She concluded that the Affair was of too serious a Nature to him to be the Subject of an anonymous Letter ; that she freely gave him her Name as a Testimony of the Truth of what she had told him, but that she depended upon his Honour in return, whatever Use he might make of the Secret, not to divulge it.

The Clergyman, too honest to suspect so complicated a Scene of Treachery as this in another, immediately wrote the Lady his farewell Letter ; in which he told her he was informed of the unhappy Step she had made ; that he lamented it more than even herself would hereafter do ; that it had given him a Wound he was very well assured he should never recover of ; and that he should be happy if what he was to suffer could be accepted as an Atonement for the Guilt of her who had occasioned it. Lady *Frail*, who expected such a Consequence of her Letter, intercepted this. The young Lady never saw it. The Lover kept his Word ; he never looked up afterwards ; a settled Melancholy carried him into a  
Hectic,

Hectic, in which he died about a Year afterwards full of tender Thoughts towards his Mistress, but never convinced of the Abuse by which he had been robbed of her.

Lady *Frail* congratulated her Friend on the fair Riddance she had of her sober Lover, and from this Instant studied every Method of throwing her into Mr. C—'s Way, on the Terms she had at first intended. The first Step toward it was by the most prevalent of all Arguments, Example. She made her the Confidante not only of her Intrigue with Lord B—, but of that with Sir T—. She talked wildly of the Delights of a Life of Freedom, and at the same time pushed Mr. C—to make his Attacks more vigorously: A thousand Opportunities had been lost which her Ladyship would not have lost one of on such an Occasion, and it is not impossible but the unfortunate young Creature might have escaped intirely, but for a last Stroke of Lady *Frail*'s, which was perhaps superior to any thing executed out of the Walls of a Bagnio, since the World began.

She had passed the Door of Miss \*\*\*'s Room one Morning, while Lord B—  
was

was walking in the Garden at a little Distance, and had seen Mr. C— courting her there with his usual Vivacity, and her denying him easily, though she liked him heartily ; she saw an Opportunity of pushing her Success in this Intrigue beyond what would possibly ever offer again, and another very sufficient Motive, had this been wanting, would have ensured her doing every thing that was necessary toward it. She found Sir T— reading in his Room ; she pointed to his Lordship at a Distance whence he could not return in any very little Time, and she led him, without telling him why, into a Chamber so slightly parted from Miss \*\*\*'s, that it was not difficult to see from one what was doing in the other. She took Care to make Noise enough to alarm the Party in the next Room, and in Consequence Mr. C— ran to peep what was the Occasion of it ; he would not rob his Mistress of her Share in so uncommon a Sight, and the Consequence was what perhaps nothing less than such an Accident could have procured him.

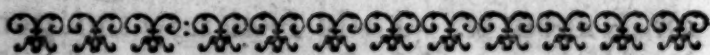
Lady *Frail* told Sir T— afterwards, with an easy Smile, what a good-natured Thing he had been helping her to do:  
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They neither of them doubted of the Consequences of it, and they soon found, by the Eyes of the unhappy Victim to their Example, that they had not guessed amiss about it. Lady *Frail* now thought herself secure of Mr. C—, nor was it a small Addition to her Happiness, that she had initiated her fair Friend into the Mysteries she was always wishing to make the Subject of her Conversation: She told her freely at their next Meeting, that she knew of every thing that had passed, and congratulated her on getting rid of the only thing in the World that she had found troublesome to herself. The young Creature was shocked at her Folly's being known, almost as much as at the having committed it: It was not in her Nature to be abandoned; and though the Resolutions she continually made of leaving the Family were always overcome by the Intreaties of her Lover, as well as of every body else, she never relished the Life which they told her was so happy a one; but after some time, proving with Child by Mr. C—, her Terrors of the Consequence impaired her Health, and at length threw her into a Miscarriage, under which, very happily for herself



herself, she forfeited a Life that could only have been a Scene of continued Torment to her.



## CHAPTER V.

*Lady Frail lays a Scheme of going off with Sir T— a very unexpected Accident threatens the Ruin of her Intent.*

**T**Hough the Lady thought herself secure of Mr. C—'s Silence on Account of this Intrigue of his own, Sir T— knew the World too well to be so perfectly satisfied about it; he told *Lady Frail* that the Hazards she and Mr. C— run upon a Discovery, were by no means equal; and that he knew his obstinate Friendship to my Lord would make him sacrifice any thing of this kind without Hesitation. He told her, however, that the Amour was of so much Use to them, that as it often employed him in Lord B—'s Absence, it gave them just so many Opportunities; that they might add as many as they could with Safety to these, and that they must learn themselves to be contented with this.

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If Mr. C—'s Appointments with his Mistress gave our warmer Couple fewer Opportunities than they could have been satisfied with, his melancholy Disposition, which carried him almost continually into the Garden, or some other Place of Retirement, afforded him many more. His Heart was too honest to be at Ease while he saw the Destruction he had brought upon an innocent Creature who loved him; and he was indefatigable in attempting Means to make her some Reparation.

His gloomy Hours were those of the utmost Jollity to our Lovers, and they enjoyed them in infinitely the more Security, as Lord B—, who had never suspected this impudent Intrigue in his own Apartments, was now greatly the less upon his Guard from Mr. C—'s being with him, whose Friendship to him he knew would urge him to give him Notice of any thing that threatened him from that Quarter; and whose Hatred to the Lady he was as sensible would have done it, if the other Consideration could have wanted Force.

The Remainder of the Season was spent as happily on our Lady's Part as she

she could wish ; but the breaking up their agreeable Party at the leaving *Bath*, was a Terror that almost destroyed her. Her Lover felt as much from the Thought of it as she did, and she determined to prevent the Separation. He threw it into Lord B—'s Way to ask him to go down with him into the Country, and he readily enough accepted it. A new Scene of Treachery was now carried on against him, new Employments and Avocations of his Lordship's gave them new Opportunities of abusing him ; and it may perhaps be said of this unparalleled Pair of Lovers with strict Justice, that they never missed a fair one, during their whole Acquaintance.

The Death of Miss \*\*\*, which happened in *Wiltshire* while they were upon this Party, though it thoroughly afflicted Mr. C—— for a Time, yet the Consequence was his recovering his Thoughts from the Distraction they had been in continually for so many Months. Sir T— saw that he began to look about him with Discernment : He was in no Humour to part with Lady *Frail*, tho' he had been so long happy with her ; he told her he saw what would happen inevitably



evitably if they did not prevent it, and that there was no possible Way of preventing it, but the parting while they were safe, and agreeing on some Means of their meeting again in a Manner that should insure them from the Danger of parting any more.

It was with some Difficulty that Lady *Frail* consented to this Expedient, but she saw her Lover was in the right in proposing it, and she determined to be guided by him. The next Evening they settled the Plan of their Meeting, which to avoid all Trouble both from Lord *Frail* and Lord *B—*, was to be in *Italy*, where they were to stay a Year or two, or till some favourable Circumstance rendered it proper they should come back to *England* again. Sir *T—* the next Day pretended News of the Sickness of a near Relation, and took his Leave of Lord *B—* with great Professions of Friendship; he did not spare his Compliments to Mr. *C—* on the Occasion, but his Conduct was so well guarded in regard to the Lady that no body suspected there had been, or was likely to be, any Intimacy between them.

Lady



Lady *Frail*, whose Business it was now to get to *London* as fast as she could, grew weary of the Country ; and Lord *B—*, who studied nothing but to indulge her in every thing she liked, ordered his Equipage to be got ready for going almost immediately. The Lady knew well enough that her Lover was in Town, but she knew it was not her Business to see him. As soon as he heard of their Arrival in *London*, he shut himself up to wait the Result of their Project, the present Scene of which was to be played off only by the Lady. She had been used always, when in *London*, to be in continual Terrors about her Husband, but she carefully avoided naming him for the three first Days of her being here on this Occasion. She would go to the Opera on the third Evening, though greatly against the Inclination of Lord *B—*. He would not give her his Reasons, for Fear of putting her in Mind of Lord *Frail*, but he dreaded more than Death his seeing her there.

Lord *Frail* happened not to be in the House that Evening ; but it was easy to suppose he might have Intelligence of her being there : Early in the Morning she  
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produced a pretended Letter from him, full of Threats and Imprecations, and affected so horrible a Terror on the Occasion, that her insisting on setting off immediately for *Paris*, seemed both to Lord *B—*, and to the discerning Mr. *C—* himself, a mere natural Effect of it. Lord *B—* would not plead a Syllable against it; he sent her off almost on the Instant for *Dover*: he commissioned Mr. *C—* to attend her thither, and promised to have her Necessaries packed up, and to follow her himself, with all possible Expedition.

Nothing could be more masterly, than the Manner in which our Heroine laid this Scheme; she had managed so well, as to set off without the least Colour of Suspicion, on the very Afternoon, Sir *T—* and she had settled it to be done; but as Accidents will disconcert the greatest Schemes in the World, though all the main Occurrences are guarded against, all the Success of the material Part of this Scheme did not insure it, against a Possibility of Miscarriage. Sir *T—* had planted a favourite Servant of his own, to watch every Motion at Lord *B—*'s House: he had

had for two Days and a half, brought him punctual Accounts of a thousand Circumstances of no Consequence ; but when the only Thing his Master was interested in the knowing, happened, a little Amour of his own had carried him into a back Room, and the Occurrence had escaped him. Sir T — who now waited impatiently for his bringing him the News of her being gone, when the Hour at which it ought to have happened was out, sent, and planted another in his Post, ordering him to be sent back.

He questioned him with great Impatience as to what he had seen, but received no Answer to his Satisfaction. He asked him if he had seen the Lady go out? he was answered, No. If no Coach had been about the Door? No. If the Family had seemed in no Confusion? No!

Despair is always ready at the Heels of a Lover's Disappointment. Sir T — no sooner was convinced, that his Project had not succeeded exactly to his Wish, than he concluded it was wholly disconcerted : He determined to write to Lady *Frail*, to know the History of their Disappointment ; and mad, as the Step appeared to him, while



while he considered Lord B— was in the House, and probably full of Suspicions about her at that Instant, yet he determined to risque any Thing, rather than bear his present Suspence.

He wrote with great Earnestness, to know what had disconcerted so practicable a Scheme, as theirs certainly appeared to be; he renewed his Protestations of eternal Constancy to her; he conjured her to be as just to him; entreated her to set out at all Adventures upon the Instant, and promised to be at *Paris* as soon as herself; and to carry her to *Italy*, without the Loss of a Moment.

The Letter came some Hours after the Lady was gone, and Lord B— not knowing the Hand, took the Liberty of opening it. Happily Sir T— had not put his Name to it, so that it was impossible for Lord B— to guess from whence it came: A Chairman had brought it, and he was gone, so that there could be no Enquiry made about it.

Lord B— was shocked beyond Description at his first reading it; he determined to let her go for ever, and blessed his good Stars, that had thrown

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the Discovery of such a Piece of Treachery in his Way ; and was reconciling to the Conduct of this Plot every Circumstance of her Behaviour, till her going for *Paris*; which last Step appeared a Conviction to him that she was guilty of every Thing his worst Suspicions could accuse her of.

A Lover's Anger that is very violent, is never of very long Duration ; the Torrent of the first Passion was hardly over in his Lordship's Breast, when he began to upbraid himself with giving Way to it : He recollected, that for many Months, no Man had ever made the least Advances to her, that it was impossible but a Scheme so deep as that mentioned in this Letter must have been a long while concerted ; and recollecting, that his Relations all hated her, he persuaded himself, that he saw at length through the whole Plot, and that it was no more than a poor Contrivance of some of theirs to set him against her.

## CHAPTER VI.

*Sir T--- visits Lord B---; he sets out after his Mistress; an Accident on the Road.*

**W**HILE Lord B— was glorying in his Discovery of this Plot against his Mistress, the Servant last planted for Observation by Sir T—, came out of Breath to him, to inform him, that three Hours before he was sent thither, Lady Frail and Mr. C— had gone out in my Lord's travelling Chariot, with three Servants, and seemed setting out upon a Journey. He had made this out, by Means of the Master of the Ale-house he had been planted at, whose Wife had been the Partner of the stolen Transport of his Fellow-servant. The Fellow had been told of the Story; he was vowing Revenge and Murder as the Consequence of it; and was very well pleased, with telling this Messenger a Piece of News that he saw was of some Consequence, and hoped might be the first Piece of his Vengeance in turning the other out of his Place. The Circumstances were too particular to be denied, the poor Fellow confessed the

Truth of his having been off his Post ; and Sir T— had too weighty Affairs of his own in his Thoughts, to have Leisure to be in a Rage with him. That something was to be done was evident ; what it should be was not so easily determined. That Lord B— should have put so happy a Construction on the Letter as he had done, was beyond Sir T—'s utmost Imagination : What Construction he had put upon it was the great Thing he wanted to know.

He considered, that the Lady was gone, and that it would be in his Power, when he pleased, to follow her ; and he determined, that when a Man has a mind to escape Suspicion, the best Method is, to run into the Way of the People likely to suspect him.

He put on Boots, and the rest of a Riding-Dress, and went immediately to Lord B—. His Friend had no Idea of his having any Concern in the Letter that had disturbed him so violently, and in Consequence never named either that, or his Uneasiness to him ; he received him with great Joy, and never doubted the Truth of a Syllable he heard, when Sir T— told him, that his sick Relation

was

was now dead ; that he was come Post to *London*, to give some necessary Orders, and should return the next Day, and stay a Month in the Country, to inspect and settle the Affairs he was engaged in.

Lord *B*— told him of Lady *Frail's* being gone to *Paris*, and of his being to follow her in two or three Days ; he gave him as the Reason of it, what he really believed to be so, that was, the Threatnings of her Husband ; and told him he had nothing to wish, but that it had been possible for him to have made one of their Party. Lord *B*—, whose Heart was full of Honesty and Candour, was no Match for the masterly Treachery of the Man he had now to deal with : Sir *T*— saw he had no Suspicion of him, and was convinced he had given him his real Thoughts, as to the Situation of the Lady's Affairs. He would have given the World to have known what he had thought of the Letter ; but it was a Question impossible to be asked ; and he could only conclude, that he had never got it into his Hands. He took his Leave, after about a Visit



of an Hour, and set out immediately in Pursuit of his Lady.

Lord B— was employed in settling his Affairs for his Journey, till Mr. C— who had seen the Lady on board a Vessel, returned. His Lordship enquired with great Tenderness after her Health, and was no sooner answered, than he produced the Letter: ‘ There C—, says he, see what Enemies the poor charming Creature has! — there’s a Piece of Artifice of some of my Relations against her! it was contrived to be delivered into my Hands just after she was gone, and doubtless the cunning Author of it takes it for granted I am stopped by it from following her.’

Mr. C— who was not blinded by Passion, as his Lordship was, read the Letter deliberately twice; and when his Lordship asked him what he thought of it, told him very gravely, that he believed it was a real one. That her Journey for *Paris* was strangely sudden; that they had no Certainty of what she pretended as the Occasion of it; that he had known so much of her Treachery to his Lordship, that he had no doubt but she had now formed a Design of run-

running away from him with some body ; and that for his Lordship's Sake he heartily wished she might accomplish it.

Lord B —, who knew his Friend had always hated her, received this as no other than an Attempt to prevent his following her, and paid but little Regard to it ; he told him he was perfectly convinced it was all a Plot against her, and that he would not swear himself had not had a Hand in it ; but be that as it would, he told him he should follow her in a few Days, and desired he would accompany him, if it were only that he might see how much he had wronged her with his Suspicions.

Sir T — set out late from *London*, but eager to get up with his Mistress, whom he now for the first time looked upon as his own, he ordered the Servants to go on all Night, and get to *Dover* with the utmost possible Expedition. What we intend as the quickest Passage to what we wish does not always prove so: About One in the Morning a Servant rode up to his Master to inform him that a suspicious Fellow had passed by them two or three times, and that they wished they were

not attacked. He ordered them to take Care their Pistols were in order, and taking a Brace in his own Hands, quietly expected the Summons. It happened as the Fellows had expected, two Accomplices of the Man they had first seen, rode up to them, to prevent their coming up, whilst himself stopped the Chaise, and ordered Sir T— to get out of it. It was a Command he very willingly obeyed ; he was no sooner on the Ground than instead of emptying his Pockets, he discharged a Pistol: The Fellow started, but was not hurt. Sir T— reserved his other for a more urgent Necessity, and as he saw one of the others riding up to him immediately afterwards, he found it would be in vain to attempt using it offensively. He was delivering his Money and Watch when the second Highwayman came up to him ; and whether that the Fellow thought he saw something like an Intent to fire at him, or whether it was in Revenge for the Attempt upon the Life of his Associate ; he discharged a Pistol loaded with a Brace of Bullets at Sir T—, both of which went through his right Leg ; he fell with the Wound, and after the Robbers had  
rifled

rifled his Pockets, the Servants helped him into the Chaise, and conveyed him to the first House they saw.

It was in vain that he resolved on prosecuting his Journey in the Morning. The Surgeon would have confined him a Month to his Bed, but his Business was of too much Importance to wait so long: He got into the Chaise again on the fourth Day; and though he was not able to bear going on very fast, he considered every Step he took afterwards as an Advance of so much toward his Happiness, and determined to do all in his Power to push it as fast as he might.

Nothing but an Accident like this could have prevented his being at this Time very forward on his Journey to *Italy* with his Lady: He knew the Anxiety she must be in at his not coming to *Paris* at his Time; he had dispatched a Servant to tell her the Occasion of his Delay; and he soon found it necessary to dispatch another after him. As he was crawling onward at the best Rate he could, he heard the Noise of a considerable Equipage behind him, and in a few Minutes as it passed him saw that it belonged to Lord *B* —, who with his



Friend Mr. C—— were posting in somewhat more haste than it was practicable for him to make, after the same Object.

He sent an Express immediately to *Paris* to tell the Lady his Rival would be there before him : He entreated her to go on to *Lyons*, and promised never to rest till he came up with her there. He concluded he had no Shadow of Reason to imagine Lady *Frail* would dispute this necessary Point, and enjoyed the Triumph over his Friend's Expedition with great Transport.

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## CHAPTER VII.

*Mr. C—— makes some very shrewd Guesses as to the real Posture of Affairs. Sir T—— meets Lord B - - - at Dover.*

**I**T was in the Morning that Lord B—'s Equipage had passed Sir T—'s Chaise. They had gone by so quick, that neither that Nobleman nor his Companion had

had taken any Notice of the Person in it ; and the Impossibility that there appeared of its being him, even if they could have suspected him of intending to follow the Lady, would have scarce suffered them to have believed their Eyes, though they had seen him.

The Servants, however, were talking so loudly of Sir T—— in the Kitchen, that Mr. C——, who had accidentally passed by the Door, looked in, to enquire into the Reason of it. He no sooner heard that this Gentleman, who had taken such Pains to persuade them of his being engaged elsewhere, was now upon the Road to *Dover*, than the whole Plot was open to him in an Instant. He ran with great Impatience to Lord B——, told him he had always suspected Sir T—— of a Baseness and Treachery in regard to his Lordship ; and that he might remember on his seeing the Letter, which he had shewn him as fictitious, that he had declared his Sentiments of its being a real one. Now my Lord, concludes he, the whole Mystery is out. Sir T—— has long abused you ; he is the Rival that is now running away with this treacherous and ungrateful Woman, and

your Lordship's only just Revenge will be the letting him have her.

Lord B— stood silent with Amazement: He had no Idea how such a Discovery as this could be made where they were. Mr. C— desired to see the Letter a second Time, and had no sooner cast his Eye on it, than he declared that he now perfectly recollected the Hand to be that of Sir T—, adding, that they had passed him that Morning upon the Road, and that if his Lordship would stay but one Hour longer than he had intended at this Inn, he would come up with them.

Lord B— had so good an Opinion of the Integrity, as well as Discernment, of his Friend, that he determined to wait for his Rival. He staid three Times as long as Mr. C— had desired him; but no Sir T— appearing, and there being no other Inn a Man of his Figure could have stopped at; it was given at length against the suspicious Mr. C—. The Servants were declared to have been mistaken. Mr. C— to have only fancied that he knew the Hand of the Letter, and the Lady was believed as innocent

innocent as a Vestal. With this altered Face of Affairs, they set forward on their Journey. They had no Ideas of the real Occasion of Sir T—'s Delay upon the Road; and they could easily see, that if the Person they had passed was he, and his Business was what Mr. T--- suspected, he would not have made quite so tedious a Journey of it.

They arrived at *Dover* settled in the Opinion, that his being on the Road was a Mistake, from his not having come up with them; and they had Opportunity of being, as they thought, yet more fully convinced of it, by his not coming in all the next Day.

The Weather was so bad, that they lay three Days at this Place, before it was possible to get a Passage to *Calais*; on the third, as Lord B— was heartily bantering his Friend on the Subject of his Suspicions, Sir T— hopp'd into the Room to them. He had just got into *Dover* at this Time, and had no sooner heard, to his great Satisfaction, that his Rival was still there, than, full of the Success of his former Visit to him, he determined to join him.

He



He told him his Affairs had turned out in much better Order than he had expected; that he had found himself quite at Leisure a Day or two after his getting down a second Time; and that as nothing was so agreeable to him as the Company of dear Lord B——, he had remembered his mentioning a Wish that he could have been of his Party to *Paris*, and had no sooner remembered it, than he resolved to shew him how much in Earnest he had always been in his Professions of the Esteem he had for his Lordship, by putting it in Execution: That he had flattered himself with the Happiness of seeing him in a few Days at *Paris*, but that the overtaking him on the Road was a Surprise he never could have expected.

The Story of his being robbed and wounded, accounted very well for his being so slow in his Expedition, which was the great Argument before against Lord B——'s believing he had any Design against him: Yet plain as it now appeared to Mr. C—— Lord B—— could not be persuaded to believe there was any thing in it. The Candour of his own Heart rendered him incapable of  
sus-

suspecting a Deceit of this Kind in another ; and the seeming Sincerity with which Sir T—— had declared his Friendship to him, would not let him believe there was any thing but Truth in it.

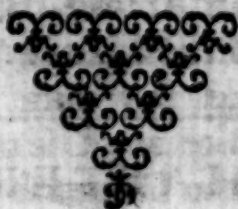
Mr. C——, who suspected every thing, watched all his Motions narrowly ? He brought the Master of a Vessel to Lord B——, whom Sir T—— had immediately after all his Professions engaged, at fifty Guineas, to venture over with him immediately to *Calais* ; but whose Heart had afterwards failed him, and who had now only engaged himself for twenty Pieces extraordinary to land him at *Calais* before the Packet Lord B—— had engaged should get in there.

Such a Circumstance as this could not but strike Lord B—— ; but the next half Hour's Conversation with that Master of Diffimulation, Sir T——, set all right again in his Favour. Mr. C—— could not hide his Uneasiness, and in consequence an Eye like Sir T——'s could not but discern his Suspicions. He determined to take some Pains to perplex, at least, if not to deceive him intirely ;  
and

and an Opportunity immediately offered of doing it. Mr. C——, out of Patience at his Friend's still keeping his Eyes shut to Conviction, resolved to open them by drawing from Sir T—— a Confession of his intending to give them the Slip. You go over with my Lord, Sir T——, says he, with great seeming Unconcernedness; and Sir T—— answered him with as well dissembled a Carelessness, If you have room, my Lord will do me a great deal of Pleasure in giving me Leave: I have engaged a Vessel for myself, but that is easily set right. He did not wait for an Answer, but ordered a Servant to tell the Man he had engaged, that he would pay him, though he should not make any Use of his Vessel; and turning the Discourse immediately on indifferent Matters, treated his Disappointment as a Matter of such perfect Indifference, that Lord B--- was again convinced all Mr. C---'s Suspicions of him were groundless.

They went over in the same Packet, and lay at the same House at *Calais*. The Rest Sir T----- had enjoyed at *Dover* had so favoured his Leg, that he did not find it necessary to lye by any longer for  
it;

it ; and as there was no Reason for his now keeping Terms any longer with Lord B—, when they parted after Supper, he, instead of going to Bed as he had pretended to them, took Post for *Paris* ; and was too forward to be easily overtaken, before they suspected his being gone.



THE





THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
LADY FRAIL.

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BOOK the FOURTH.  
*New Adventures at Paris.*

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CHAPTER I.

*An Amour with a French Officer, full of  
Transport on both Sides.*

POSITIVE as Lord B— had hitherto been in regard to the Innocence of his Friend, he no sooner heard he was gone off in this Manner, than he saw through all his Artifice at once. He found he was too certain of being with the Lady before he could ; and taking it for

for granted, that the Scheme had been laid between them, as his Friend C— told him, he gave her up for lost. Mr. C— congratulated him heartily on the fair Riddance of her; but he had loved her too well to bear the Thought of giving her up without an Attempt against it. He wrote very tenderly to her, telling her how uneasy he was at his long Absence from her, and pressing her not to expect him coldly at *Paris*, but to shew him she longed to see him, by meeting him at a Post Town that he named, which was forty Miles forward on the Road he was coming.

Lady *Frail* was in Bed when she received the Letter. She slipped on her Gown, and saw the Servant who brought it: She told him she would meet his Master where he desired, and gave him a very considerable Present for his Expedition. When we have observed that it was toward Evening that the Letter came, it will not be supposed Lady *Frail* was in Bed alone. It was now some Days that she had been in *Paris*, and she had scarce been up in the whole Time. She never could be without Adventures; and that she was at present engaged in, had not  
been

been without its Use to her, though one that she knew could not continue, and therefore treated it only as a transitory one.

Novelty was the greatest Charm human Nature could have for Lady *Frail*. If she had loved Sir *T—* better than Lord *B—*, it was only from this Advantage pleading in his Favour; another had now brought her a Remedy for her Passion for that Lover; and as both he and Lord *B—* were old ones, it was as easy to take one of them again as t<sup>o</sup> other. It was in this Situation she had received the tender Letter Lord *B—* had sent her: the Passion he expressed in it had turned the Scale in his Favour, and she had in an Instant given up Sir *T—* to all the Pangs of losing her, without even a Sigh about it.

The Lover who was so happy to be with her at the Time of her receiving Lord *B—*'s Letter, was a *French* Officer of Distinction. He had seen her alight at the Door of her Apartments, for the first time of her entering into them. He had Discernment enough to read in her Face that Virtue was not of the Number of the Qualifications she valued herself upon, and had sent in a Supper, the Magnificence

cence of which could not but convince her it was a Man of no common Rank who gave it. Her Admiration at the Extravagance of the Preparation was hardly over when the Capitaine, who had spent as much Time in dressing himself as the Cook had in preparing the Supper, entered the Room with all that pleasant Vivacity in his Countenance that characterises the polite People of that Nation.

If the Lady started at the Appearance of a Stranger in this Manner, the Lover affected a much greater Surprise: He professed that as he saw her enter, he took her for Madam de \*\*\*, and had promised himself infinite Pleasure in passing an Hour and half with her: He added somewhat more gravely, that he should think her Ladyship strangely cruel if she would not condescend to pardon such a Blunder; and to make him somewhat happier than he had intended to be, by giving him leave to sit down with her.

The Lady, from the Affair of her Royal Lover, had taken up but a very bad Opinion of the *French* Address, but she now saw it in another Light. She had no Mind to deny herself a Pleasure she



she might enjoy with so much Security as this, and yet she did not know how to allow it in so strangely familiar a Manner. The Lover saw the Conflict in her Breast, and put an End to it by seating her almost by Force at the Table. They supped and chatted away three or four Hours; and as it grew more necessary for them to part, they found they had less and less Mind to do so. The Capitaine took a Ring of about three hundred Pounds Value from his Finger, and begged she would give him leave to think she sometimes remembered him when she looked upon it: He attacked her very warmly as he pressed it upon her; and partly her own hearty Inclination to what he had a Mind to, partly the recollecting that she knew not whom it was, she was about to refuse, gave him an easy Opportunity of compleating his Triumph.

Rapture stood in the Place of Ceremony as they huddled into Bed together; and the Morning was the most disagreeable Thing either of them had seen of a long time. The Lover insisted on it they had little Business up, though infinite

nite where they were : She was not in a Temper to dispute this sort of Reasoning with him ; and, in fine, they had never changed the Scene for two Hours together, when the Messenger arrived from Lord B— with the Letter to her.

She had devoured her Delights so greedily in this Time, that she began to be surfeited with them ; she was not without her Thoughts of getting rid of her new Lover when she received the Letter ; and that determined her absolutely in the Resolution of doing it. She had kept the Business of the Messenger a profound Secret from her Capitaine ; and had no sooner dispatched him than she sunk into Bed again ; took what she knew to be a last Embrace of her Lover, though he very little imagined it. She fell in Love with his Picture, which was set round with Brilliants of a considerable Size ; received it as an additional Present from him ; and pretending a Necessity of leaving him for a Moment, got on Cloaths enough to keep her warm in a Post Chaise, and set out full Speed for the Place of her Appointment with her old Lover.

## CHAPTER II.

*Sir T— finds he is less secure of the Lady than he imagined. — She returns to Lord B—.*

SIR T—, who had little suspected the Possibility of his Mistress's Inconstancy, had as firmly believed that she would fly before him to *Lyons*, as herself did when she promised it. Her Determination of parting with the *Frenchman* was irrevocable, and as Lord B—'s Letter had last determined her in his Favour, Sir T—'s had before as firmly determined her in his. Their Post Chaises drove by one another on the Road; the Lady saw his Face plain enough, and laughed very heartily at the Disappointment he was to meet with: she took Care to conceal her own; but could he have seen it, he would only have supposed it was somebody like her. She had just got to Bed at the Inn of her Appointment, when her old Lover arrived there. He had much suspected that she would not come to him; he was in Raptures when he heard she was there before him,

him ; he flew to her in an Instant, and she received him with some Complaints of her long lying alone, and with an affected Impatience in her Disposition, so like the real one that had been used to charm him, that there remained no Doubt in him, of her having been a Vestal ever since she had left him.

At Dinner the next Day Mr. C— could not curb his Uneasiness ; it broke out in several shrewd Hints of his Suspicion of the Lady's Sincerity in the soft Things she was saying to his Friend ; at length, my Lord, says he, you gave me your Promise you would have this Thing explained, pray give me leave to put you in Mind of doing it.

The good Humour of the Party was at an End in an Instant. Lady *Frail* grew outrageous at the Insolence of Mr. C—, and my Lord, who otherwise, perhaps, would not have done it, produced in a Passion the Letter he had met with in Town, and told her he knew it was the Hand-writing of his Friend Sir *T—A—*, and was convinced that it was a concerted Thing that she should run away with him, for that he had followed her as quick as himself to *Paris*.



The Lady glowing with Indignation, told him that he would at length cure her of her unhappy Fondness for him : That if she had intended to leave him, and the Man with whom she was to go off had been there before him, she should hardly have obeyed his Summons of coming to that Place ; but that she saw her Esteem was thrown away upon him, and would never condescend to argue with him about any thing that regarded herself again.

Lord B— could not but see the Face of Reason there was in what she alledged. C—, says he, with great Emotion, you are determined to undo me. Has not every Suspicion you have had of this unhappy Creature been as groundless as this ? See the Acknowledgment I shall make of my Folly in suspecting her, and if you have any Generosity of Soul in you, do the same. Lord B— fell upon his Knees, and almost devoured her Hand with his Kisses. She saw she had thoroughly convinced him she had done nothing wrong, and she knew there was no Occasion for pushing the Matter any farther. She added to her Power over him by the Easiness of her Reconciliation : She even had Tears of Joy at her Com-

Command for the Occasion ; and Mr. C—, who continued resolute in his Opinions, in spite of all this Appearance against them, was never so near break- with his Lordship.



### CHAPTER III.

*An odd Meeting between Sir T— A—  
and the French Officer.*

AFTER another Night's Refreshment at the Inn where the Party had met ; they set out for *Paris*. Sir T—, who was there before them, had unfortunately met with the *Frenchman* in his Mistress's Bed : He had been as much perplexed as himself, about the History of his being alone there, but he had however explained it so far to his unhappy Rival, as to convince him that he was never likely to meet with the Lady again, and had pretty well convinced himself of the same Truth too. He had Resentment enough to let alone his Journey to *Lyons*, though he was very well satisfied that she was there ; and the *Frenchman* and he,

I 2

instead

instead of quarrelling about a Woman neither of them had any Right to, became inseparable Friends ; spent most of their Evenings together ; and had hardly any other Subject of their Conversation than her Ladyship's good Qualities.

They had expected, with some Pleasure the News of Lord B—'s coming to *Paris* without finding her there ; and of her Ladyship's dropping in after her Disappointment at *Lyons*. They were laughing upon this Topic one Evening, as they were airing just without the Limits of *Paris*, when they saw Mr. C— alone, driving into the Town in one Post Chaise, and in another that immediately followed it, Lady *Frail* and Lord B—.

Nothing could equal the Surprize of our two Heroes on seeing the supposed disconsolate and forsaken Fair-one enter at the wrong End of *Paris* with her old Lover ; except it was the Astonishment and Confusion of Lady *Frail* on seeing those two Heroes together. The Civility of Bows was all that at this time passed between them ; but in the Morning Sir T— sent his Compliments before him, and waited on his Lordship to Breakfast.

On his next Visit he had the Impudence to bring his Friend the Captain in his Hand; whom he introduced to Lord B—, as a Person he had infinite Obligations to, and recommended highly to his Lordship as a Friend.

The Lady was perplexed beyond Description at the Behaviour of Sir T—. She was sensible she had given him Provocation enough to justify any Resentment; and she saw he had in his Hands the Means of a Revenge, which she expected every Hour he would take, and which she knew must be of very fatal Consequence to her whenever he did so. Lord B— had now no Suspicion of Sir T—, the *Frenchman* it was impossible he should have any of; he grew very fond of his new Acquaintance; his Esteem for his old one was not at all abated; and consequently they made, in a Manner, one Family.

Lady *Frail*, after the Familiarity of this kind had lasted a Week, without any ill Consequence from it, began to see that there never would be any. She fancied she saw that two of her Lovers held her very cheap, and thought she was destined to be the common Mistress of



all of them : If they had insisted upon it, it would not have been easy for her to have refused it ; But the two Friends could think of nothing of this infamous kind : It was determined that one of them should give up his Pretensions ; they had agreed already never to fight about her, and her Ladyship had the Honour to be tossed up for with a Tavern Reckoning, one Day after a chearful Dinner.

It was the *Frenchman's* Fortune to lose both his Money and his Mistress. He had too much Honour to scruple submitting absolutely to a Decision he had agreed should be final ; and he never thought of her as a Mistress more.

The good Footing Sir T— kept in the Family, made it easy for him to keep up his Commerce with the Lady, and his cautious Disposition rendered it very difficult for any body but themselves to know that they did so.

Sir T— took Lodgings at a third Place, for the Convenience of meeting his fair Favourite, and as they both knew of every Engagement of his Lordship's, they never failed to make the proper Use of them. The Lover kept his  
Gown

Gown and and Slippers at the Place; and the Lady, whose Invention was equal to any body's on these Occasions, invented a Dress for herself, with scarce a Pin in it, which she could throw off and put on in an Instant. If Lord B—— was at the Opera, the Lady was engaged in another Place; if he was of a private Party, her Ladyship had an Appointment to the Play, or some other of the public Diversions: She never was at a Loss for a Friend or two, to assure his Lordship of her having been seen at the one or the other of them; and as either gave her an Opportunity of four or five Hours, which Sir T—— always punctually knew of, the Bed was aired to the Moment; the Lady popped out of her Equipage into it; and an elegant Supper was upon the Table an Hour before it was necessary for her Ladyship to be at home.

## CHAPTER IV.

*An Amour with a Creole.*

**T**HOUGH Suspicion itself could never have guessed at the Intrigue of this cautious Lover, it was not always Lady *Frail's* Fortune to fall into such Hands : Variety is what Nature had established in her as her supremest Pleasure ; and she saw so much Difference between the first Raptures of a Lover and the succeeding ones, that nothing but the Difficulties and Inconveniencies attending new Acquaintances could have prevented her from making a new one for every Night.

She had suffered so much by Discoveries, that the Terror of them had kept her a long Time in Dread of what she wished ; but the undiscoverable Secrecy of her present Connexion with Sir T—, and the happy Expedient of having in this Manner all that could be desirable of a Lover, without being plagued with his sleepy Hours, had determined her to have more Courage for the future, and to venture on any Thing that pleased her,

her, under the Guidance of that happy Virtue, Caution.

In the Midst of these good-natured Resolutions, it was, that she first saw the mad *W—*, the Man with whom her Reputation suffered so extremely, during her Stay afterwards at *Paris*. She was sitting in a discontented Humour one Evening at the Opera, scanning over the same Round of bad Faces she had so long been tired of, when there stumbled into one of the Boxes, at some Distance, this Hero of our succeeding History.

*W—* was a true and genuine Creole, a Fellow, half-mad, half Fool, and thoroughly stocked with Absurdity and Impudence: He had left one of the *Caribbee Islands*, in order to get rid of an enormous Estate, which an Uncle had been scraping up for him there, in *England*; and finding he could not get through fast enough there, had made the Tour of *Paris*, in hope of better Opportunities of doing it. He had, properly speaking, been drunk, from the Time of his leaving his native Land, to the Moment of his appearing at this polite Place; but very fortunately for him, he was at that Moment somewhat more so



than usual. He had no sooner cast his Eyes on the House, than he found Lady *Frail* the only Object it was worth his While to fix them upon: He gave one of the Attendants five Guineas, to inform him who she was, and offered him fifty more, before he could answer, if he would tell her there was a Fellow as rich as *Cræsus*, and as extravagant as *Cataline*, that was dying for Love of her. The Joy at his hearing she was an *Englishwoman*, and a Mistress of an *English* Lord, was beyond Description: He found he wanted no further Introduction; he went immediately into the Box to her; he told her, he was as drunk as King *David's* Sow, but that he loved her more than ever a sober whining Block-head of them all: D—n Lords, he had more Money in his Pocket, he told her, than half their Estates would sell for; and if she would sup with him that Night at his Lodging, it should be the best Thing she ever did in her Life.

Startled as much as Lady *Frail* must needs be, at so strange an Attack as this was, she could not but see there was something in it worth her thinking of; she did what no Power on Earth but her

her own could have done, kept the Brute in Order for the rest of the Evening; and though she told him, with great Severity, that all that he spoke of was impossible, and that the Condition he was in could only have pleaded his Excuse for talking in such a Manner, yet she continued to throw something of an Unwillingness into her Refusal, that told him he was not denied for ever; and he very modestly slipped into her Hand a magnificent Set of Tablets, in which he had written his Direction.

Every Thing she saw about him pleaded in Favour of the Truth of his telling her he was rich: His Cloaths wanted only Taste to have excelled every Thing about her; and an Importance, which there was evidently nothing but Money to support, would have alone convinced any Body of Discernment, that he had no common Share of that; he was young, and in his Person not disagreeable; his Manner, though there was a great Deal of the Savage about it, had a Freedom and Openness that could not but charm a Woman of Discernment, and his Address, though almost horrible in its Brutality, yet had a Force in it that must please a Woman

who knew what it was she ought to be pleased with.

Sick of the Insipidity of the dry Diversion the Opera afforded him, he went away before it was half over: He told the Lady he should expect her every Evening at Eight, till he was so happy to see her; and leaving her to ruminate on so strange an Adventure, retired to the more immediate Joys of *Burgundy*.

Lady *Frail*, who was fond of Oddities, could not but be pleased with a Man who was so extream a one. She was shocked at his Behaviour in Public, and she determined to obviate the Occasions of any Thing like it for the future: But she had so much Courage from the Success of her present Intrigue, as to determine venturing upon another; and thought she easily saw she might meet her new Lover at his Lodgings, as easily and as safely as Sir *T*— at the Apartments he had provided for that Purpose.

Four Days passed, without a Possibility of her making any Use of either of them; on the fifth Lord *B---* was engaged at Cards: Sir *T---* gave

gave her the Signal, that he should expect her; she let him understand she did not intend to throw away an Opportunity that had been so long in coming; and he took his Leave to dress, as he told his Lordship, for the Opera. The Lady saw she had a Lover to deal with in her *Creole* who was not very ceremonious; she guessed what would be the Event of a Visit to him; she slipped on the Habit of Convenience; that she had contrived in Favour of Sir T---'s Appointments; and while that unlucky Knight was counting the Minutes of her Delay, took the Rout to Mr. W---'s Lodgings.

She found him alone, as he had engaged himself to be; but he told her it was the last Time he should have been so; that she had tired his Patience out, with waiting for her; and if she had not come as she did, he should have forsworn Love-affairs for ever, and thought no Mistress but the Bottle worthy his future Consideration. Lady *Frail* told him with a Smile, this was a Compliment of an odd Kind, but she expected nothing but Oddity in her Acquaintance with so odd a Man. She told him there was only one Thing  
she



she must insist on, as a Sacrifice to her, that was his Bottle : That he might see, by her visiting him, that she had no Aversion to his Person, but that as she was above any Considerations, except those of pleasing herself in her choice of Acquaintance, she could not submit to have any Man of that Number, whose Indiscretion, under the Influence of his Wine, might be fatal to her Reputation ; as indeed she told him his first addressing her had almost been.

*W---* told her, if she had made a Leg or an Arm the Price of a Favour, he would have sent for a Doctor, to cut it off before her ; or that if his whole Fortune would prevail with her to go to Bed that Moment, he would give it her before he got up again ; but that to part with the Delights of *Burgundy*, was to sell his Soul for the Pleasure of his Body ; and if he never saw her Face again, he never could or would consent to it.

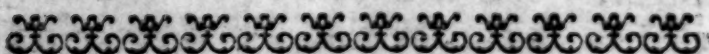
Lady *Frail* was infinitely pleased with the Wildness of this Address ; she saw an Earnestness in it, that promised her she might make him do much more than he believed himself he could, and his Honesty in not engaging to do a Thing  
he

he thought he could not, pleased her infinitely more than a Vow made with an Intent to break it could have done.

She was telling him that he could see her but seldom; that Secrecy was the Soul of an Amour; that he must be cautious of exposing her to Servants; and that the very Light must be a Stranger to her ever entering his Doors: She was inclining toward yielding apace under these Restrictions, when the Lover, who had been gazing at her, instead of listening to her all the Time, caught her in his Arms, and with 'D--n Capitulations, ' I tell you you shall do whatever you ' will afterwards', was hurrying her into the next Room. The Lady burst from him with some Violence, and stepping back to the further Part of the Room, while he was almost quarrelling with himself for having offended her, said to him, ' I won't be forced to a ' Thing I have as much Mind to as you ' have.---You say you hate Capitula- ' tions; you shall see I did not come ' to make any'. As she said this, she tossed open her Cloaths, threw herself full into his Arms, and bad him do what he would with her.

*W---*

W--- had no Idea of her leaving him in two or three Hours after this ; he had not quite so much Patience under the Necessity of it as a Lover, who had been half cloyed with her, had been used to shew. She was not displeased with his Entreaties against it ; but she persuaded him at length to submit to it ; and as they parted with a vast deal of real Reluctance on both Sides, he forced a Piece of Paper into her Hand, under a Pretence of its being a Direction to a new Apartment he had taken in a more private Place ; but which she found, when she came to examine it, was a Draught of a thousand Pound upon his Banker.



## CHAPTER V.

*Lady Frail suspected by Lord B—. An unexpected Discovery.*

SO substantial a Compliment as our Heroine had received from her new Lover, gave her no Room to doubt his being one of the happiest Acquaintances she had ever made : she grew cool apace

10

to Sir T—; and even Lord B— found her considerably less studious about obliging him than she had used to be. Mr. C--- suspected some Lover of consequence must be at the Bottom of this: It was a long Time that he had assured himself of Sir T—'s having an Intimacy with her; but the Behaviour of that Master of Diffimulation after the last Stroke, joined to what he thought he had been able to make out before, confirmed him, that if ever there had been an Affair of that kind between them, it was now over.

The Lady made her Evening Visits to W— somewhat more frequent, and with infinitely less Caution than she had been used to make them to Sir T—. My Lord suspected her, but she carried it so loftily, that he dared not speak; and Sir T—, who saw plainly enough that she was false to him, as he had long before given her up as abandoned, and only saw her now in the Light of a Mistress whose Constitution he could depend on, gave her no Trouble about his own Passion, but was rather pleased at having a Respite: He knew when the new Lover ceased to be a new one he would



would have no more Charms for her than himself; and he took it for granted, that by that Time he had fasted himself into a Stomach for her again, she would be condescending from her present Exaltation to accept of him.

While this unaffected Ease of Sir T— perfectly reconciled even Mr. C— to him, and left him no Suspicion of his ever being a Rival to Lord B— hereafter, the Conduct of the other Lover did not conduce quite so much to the preserving the Lady's Reputation. She found him more and more fond of her, more and more profuse to her, and more than ever impatient at another's having any Share in her. She could have wished herself wholly with him, but she saw he was a Man whom no Fortune could save from Destruction; and prudently determined not to break with her Lord, unless he chose to break with her.

The Air of Independence she assumed convinced Lord B— it was no Time for him to provoke her: He guessed at what must be the Reason of it; but he longed for the Particulars: He spoke his Sentiments

ments at length to Mr. C—, whose Answer was very short to him. The Lady's Lover had not the Art of connecting Passion and Prudence together: Fond as he was of her Person, he had no Sort of Care for her Reputation: He had made no Secret of his having her at his Lodgings; nor was there a Companion of his at *Paris*, or, in other Words, almost an *Englishman* at *Paris*, who had not drank many a Bumper to her as a Demirep of *W---*'s Acquaintance. My Lord *B---* was shocked to find himself almost the only Man in the Place who was ignorant of a Thing that so very nearly concerned him. He did not doubt the Truth of any Part of all the severe Things Mr. C--'s Resentment had given Utterance to about it, and had almost quarrelled with him for not acquainting him with a Thing of that Consequence sooner; though it was expressly at his strict Injunction that he was engaged never to mention her Name before him. He now found, that in tying up the Mouth of his Friend, he had taken the surest of all Methods of giving unbounded Liberty to his Mistress. His Determination

mination was short. He resolved to surprize her in the Guilt, that she might have no Room for the Excuses with which she had always used to deceive him; and in Consequence of his Discovery, he was resolved to leave her for ever.

Mr. C—, whose real Friendship for his Lordship had been his sole Motive in every Step he had taken against the Lady, was thoroughly pleased with being professedly employed by him against her. He advised Lord B—— to pretend an Engagement that very Afternoon, and made him easily convinced, by what he recollected of her late Conduct, that he would be very sure of surprising her, before she imagined he was well fixed at his Visit.

Lord B—— mentioned his pretended Party abroad, Mr. C— took his Leave for the Play, and the Lady huddled on her Dishabille, and was out in a Quarter of an Hour after them. They watched her Motions from a Room almost opposite, they dogged her to the Door of a genteel Lodging-House; Mr. C— even took Care to see what Room she entered, and they then retired for an Hour, that they

they might come in at a Time most likely to be critical.

Lord *B—* went up boldly to the Door. when the Servant who opened it asked who he wanted ; he made no Answer, but was led by his Friend to the Apartment. A favourite Woman-Servant, who opened the Door of this Room, shrieked at the Sight of two Men who seemed Strangers, and not in a very good Humour ; and on Lord *B—*'s bursting into the Bed-chamber, he found the Lady starting half upright in Bed, and by her Side his dear and faithful Friend Sir *T— A—*.

Sir *T—* was not more astonished or confounded at the Discovery than they were who made it. To find, instead of a Man whom every body talked of, one whom no body ever suspected, with her, was an Intricacy they knew not how to unravel. The Truth was, that the Lady who had visited her *Creole* unexpectedly that Evening, and had not found him at his Lodgings, unwilling to throw away a good-natured Intention, had in her Way called upon Sir *T—* at his ; had followed him to these Lodgings, which were what he had always kept for that Purpose ; and had pretended it a Visit of mere Good-nature



nature to him, after an Attempt, but a vain one, to wean herself from a Passion that could not but make them both unhappy.

If the Lady would, at another time, have sunk almost into the Earth under the Horror of such a Discovery as this; the Profusion of Liberality her new Lover had made it a Point to shew her, had given her an Independence, at least for the present, that supported her nobly. Lord B—, instead of speaking to either of them, clapped his Hand on Mr. C—'s Shoulder, O C—, says he, I always believed you an honest and disinterested Friend, now I know you to be so. What a Madness had I been guilty of, had I sacrificed such a Treasure to the Artifices of that infamous Woman.

Sir T— desired his Lordship to retire into the next Room for a few Moments, and they were soon dressed and followed him in. Lady *Frail*, to the immortal Honour of her Sex, was the first Person that spoke on the Occasion. ‘ My Lord, ‘ said she, I have many Obligations to ‘ you, I shall never forget them; this ‘ Gentleman I have a Debt of another ‘ kind to, the Repayment of a Passion ‘ so

‘ so much above what I could deserve,  
 ‘ that the Sacrifice I have made him  
 ‘ in return is little to it.’ I am not for-  
 ‘ ry, continued she, that you have found  
 ‘ me : Your faithful Mr. C— has done  
 ‘ me more Service than he has done you  
 ‘ in it : The Shame I receive from stand-  
 ‘ ing as a common Prostitute before you  
 ‘ all, will cure me of giving the Wit of  
 ‘ Angels an Opportunity of exposing  
 ‘ me so again. Neither my Inclination,  
 ‘ nor, thank Heaven, my Necessities,  
 ‘ make it necessary for me to be aban-  
 ‘ doned, and I am determined I will not  
 ‘ be so any more. Gratitude, not a  
 ‘ Love of Vice, has been my Motive of  
 ‘ being criminal with you both. If I were  
 ‘ to continue so, I frankly acknowledge  
 ‘ there is nothing on Earth could dis-  
 ‘ pute my Heart with one of you ; but  
 ‘ if not by my Frailty, I hope you will  
 ‘ both own I have paid my Obligations  
 ‘ to the full to both of you, by this  
 ‘ Shame ; and you must give me Leave,  
 ‘ from this Moment, to be my own  
 ‘ Mistress, not either of yours ; I need  
 ‘ not add not any body’s.’

The Spirit and Earnestness with which  
 Lady *Frail* delivered this Speech, could  
 not

not but strike both her Lovers : They both forgot all Cause of Resentment, and had room for no Dread but that of losing her, either by her own Obstinacy, or by one another. Lord B— was silent. Sir T— proposed the only possible Accommodation. My Lord, says he, we are indebted in the highest Degree to this Lady for the Preference we have found to the rest of the World with her : If she keep in her present Resolution of separating from both of us, there is no Need to dispute about her ; but as it is possible, at least, that she may abate from the Severity of the Sentence, it remains for us to make it impossible that our Passion be troublesome, either to her or to one another. Let us engage our Honours, that which ever of us her Ladyship declares least Inclination to, shall never attempt to injure his happier Friend with her, even in Thought. When we have agreed on this, let us beg her to determine between us ; and be all at Ease for ever. Mr. C—, concluded he, let me make you the mutual Guarantee of our Agreement : and now, Lady *Frail*, finished he, with a Sigh, speak the irrevocable Sentence.

‘ If

‘ If the World were in the other Scales  
‘ cried the Lady with great Earnestness,  
‘ I should despise it for Lord B——.’  
More was not necessary to be said ; the  
Lover who had lost her, declared he  
would never think of her again ; and  
the Agonies of Lord B—, who could  
not have parted with her, during the  
Moment’s Suspence of her Determina-  
tion, added Rapture to what would have  
before been almost too much for human  
Nature to support. ‘ My Lord, continued  
‘ she, I don’t know that I will ever sub-  
‘ mit to my former Folly with you. If  
‘ I should, you will not, after this, be-  
‘ lieve it possible I should wrong you :  
‘ It is not enough that I will be inno-  
‘ cent in this Respect ; the Mistress of  
‘ Lord B—— should not be suspected :  
‘ I can pardon that busy Gentleman all  
‘ the Injuries he has done me hitherto ;  
‘ but I cannot submit to the giving  
‘ him Opportunities of repeating them.  
‘ If you will give me Leave to choose  
‘ for myself, concluded she, my Lord,  
‘ I would take an Apartment for my own  
‘ Residence ; if you insist on my return-  
‘ ing to your House, I will not refuse it,  
‘ the only Point I shall presume to make is,  
‘ that



‘ that you first part with Mr. C—,  
 ‘ and nothing but his entering it a-  
 ‘ gain, shall ever give me Provocation  
 ‘ to quit it.’

Lord B— turned to Mr. C— with a  
 very gloomy Countenance: ‘ You see,  
 ‘ says he, what is determined for me:  
 ‘ You know how much I love this Lady,  
 ‘ how essential she is to my Happiness;  
 ‘ and you will not wish to make me mi-  
 ‘ serable by losing her after such a Re-  
 ‘ conciliation as surely ought to endear  
 ‘ her more to me than if she had never  
 ‘ offended.’

Mr. C— walked out of the Room  
 with great Indifference. Lord B— called  
 him back to tell him, after such an Inti-  
 macy this was not a proper Parting; he  
 desired him, at least, to say nothing of any  
 Difference between them: he added, that  
 his own Affairs might be supposed to make  
 it necessary for him to return to *England*,  
 as he supposed he would do, and that he  
 begged it as a last Favour that he would  
 never mention that Lady’s Name disre-  
 spectfully.

## C H A P. VI.

*Lady Frail is perfectly reconciled to Lord B— They depart together for England— A terrible Breach between them.*

THE Caution Lord B— had taken to prevent the Noise, his parting with his Friend so abruptly, would naturally make among the *English* at *Paris*, was a very judicious one ; but it did not succeed. *Lady Frail's* Joy on being rid of a Person so disagreeable to her, could not keep itself within the Bounds of Prudence : She dropped Hints of it in Company where Dr. C— was present, a Man who had always hated Mr. C—, for the Share he engrossed of Lord B—'s Friendship and Confidence. It was a Sort of Triumph to this Gentleman, as well as to *Lady Frail*, that a Man so heartily hated by them both was out of Favour ; and he did not fail to boast it in such a Manner, that the Occasion of it came out with the Incident, and had there been no better Reason for the Lady's determining to leave *Paris* immediately, the Light this unlucky Story, so publicly and so universally told, set her Character in, would

have hurried her fast enough to the Resolution.

Her wild *American* had heard, about an Hour after she had been gone, that she had called that Evening at his Lodgings : As he had never met with any thing like her, it is not a Wonder that he had not loved any thing as he did her : He was outrageous at the Disappointment ; he sought her in his mad Way throughout all *Paris* ; he enquired at every public Place, who had seen her, nor left a Tavern unvisited, or omitted to ask any one of the Company he found there, whether they could give him any Information of her : His mad Earnestness every where in his Enquiry, gave room to suspect a very particular Cause, and in most Places, he gave the true Reason for it, cursing his Fate that he had been out of his Lodgings when she called upon him.

Two such Accidents as these at once, joined to that of my Lord's most intimate Friend leaving him, were the Sources of too much Scandal for even the Philosophy of Lady *Frail* to bear. She told Lord *B*— she would not stay another Hour in *Paris*, and he came away for *London* immediately with her.

Ungrateful

Ungrateful as her natural Disposition was, she began now to find that Lord B—'s Indulgence, Tenderness, and Generosity to her were infinitely greater than those of any other of her transitory Lovers ; and that they deserved some Preference to be shewn him in return. She told him she had thought more seriously than she had used to do on this Subject, and that the Result of her Determinations was so much in his Favour, that though she was under less Necessity of depending on him, than she ever had been since she first knew him, she was determined to act as if she was more so : that Esteem and Gratitude should now actuate her more strongly than any mercenary Views could have done ; and that as she was determined for the future to have no Pleasure but that of obliging him : She insisted on it as a Test of her Sincerity, that he should tell her on the Instant what Part of her Conduct it was that was least agreeable to him, that she might shew him how much she was in earnest by amending it.

Lord B—, in Raptures at his good Fortune, only told her, ' If you would  
' make me happier than I am, it must



‘ be by giving me more of your Company.’ Fond as Lady *Frail* had used to be of going abroad, she immured herself with him a Fortnight : they were very happy for the first four or five Days of it ; but they soon found they had stumbled upon the only thing in the World that could make People, who really loved, tired of one another. Lord *B*— would not mention breaking so good-natured a Scheme ; but he proposed the adding a third Person to the Party. Lady *Frail* was so much above the Thought of Jealousy, that she advised it should be a Woman ; but when they had found by fifty successive Refusals, that no Woman would keep her Ladyship Company, it was found necessary to change the Plan, and agree upon taking in one of the other Sex.

Lord *B*— had suffered so much by his Mistress’s Inconstancy, that he could think of no body of that Sex but a near Relation ; he fixed upon *H*— *B*—, and though he was not the *handsomest* Man that Nature ever formed, he yet knew he run a great Hazard from her Propensity to Variety, but he trusted to the Bonds of Nature to prevent an Acquaintance of any nearer kind with the Lady.

Whe-

Whether it was that Lady *Frail* had been absolutely tired of Variety at *Paris*, or whether she looked on Constancy as a Thing so different from what she had hitherto been acquainted with, that it might have the Charms of Variety for her; whether either of these, or whatever else was the Motive of her short Constancy to Lord *B—*, it vanished at the Sight of a new Face, as usual.

Mr. *B—* was extremely pleased with being one of so agreeable a Party; he complimented the Lady, as every body did who saw her; and she as she had always been used to do, received his Compliments as Addresses of Tenderneſs. The Affinity of Blood would have kept him for ever at a Distance; but Lord *B—* was strangely deceived in supposing her impetuous Temper would be kept in bounds by such Cobweb Considerations. She received every thing that was said to her by Mr. *B—* with a Pleasure that she neither could, nor wished to hide; she encouraged every Liberty he by Degrees began to take with her, and led him, whether he would or not, into others that he had not thought of: She found the Way into his Room one Day

as he was dressing : she had left Lord B— safely engaged on the same Occasion in his own Apartment ; and she met her new Lover almost as naked as he was — They had ventured as far as an Embrace before ; but an Embrace with almost no Cloaths between, was somewhat warmer than any thing they had felt. The Lady found it irresistible ; and the first Step was made toward a very familiar Acquaintance.

Lady *Frail* retired to her Apartment : they were all going out together ; and she hurried so heartily over the Business of dressing, to save the Suspicion of what had detained her when she should have set about it, that she was ready by that Time they were.

If Lady *Frail* had before looked upon the young Relation of her Lord's with something more than common Eyes, she now could not suppress her Fondness of him, even before Lord B— himself. There was something in him that had charmed her more than usual, and she who never had much Command of her Temper, or almost any Care of her Reputation, now seemed to abandon both with the utmost Wildness. Tho' Lord  
B—

B— saw this he would not believe there was any more than innocent Freedom in it : though they met in such a manner on the tenderest Occasions, that he could not but miss them always together ; tho' when they came in afterwards, the conscious Triumph in her Face, and the Confusion in his, would have spoke plainly enough to any body else the Occasion ; he would not believe there was any thing criminal between them. The very Servants hinted to him, that they saw it ; but he only answered with a Severity that stopped their Mouths for ever after about it.

If all these Circumstances could not have led him to the Discovery, there was yet one more that might alone have done it : Her late Fondness for himself was over : she was even uneasy when she was alone with him : She would not take the Pains to conceal this : yet he would not believe his Senses that he was abused.

Lord *Frail* had never thought of his Lady with Tenderness after the early Discovery he had made of her Treachery ; he did not wish her to be with him as a Wife or a Companion ; but he could not be pleased with seeing her with another in



this notorious manner. The Story of her abusing Lord B— with his near Relation, was also in every Mouth; and her Husband was so thoroughly enraged at it that he determined to take her away from Lord B—'s, though he did not determine how he should dispose of her, when he had done so.

He had made some Efforts towards it at different Times, ever since he had returned this last Time from *France*; but he now seemed more in earnest in it. Lady *Frail*, if she could have given up Lord B—, could not bring herself to think of parting with her other Lover; she determined on using some Artifice to rid her of this Trouble from her Husband, and she determined to throw the Odium, though not the Advantages of it on Lord B—.

She prepared for this two Days before, by pretending a new Fit of Fondness for his Lordship; but he expected to find that something more was meant by this; and determined for once to be upon his Guard against her. The Messages from her Husband were all carefully carried to his Lordship, and at the concluding Stroke, a very terrible one was delivered  
by

K 6

‘ you! Help me, my dear Lord, help  
 ‘ me to devise some Method of getting  
 ‘ over this only Obstacle to our eternal  
 ‘ Happiness; this detested, this wretched  
 ‘ Husband.’

Lord B—— was silent even to this;  
 and the Lady was left to proceed thro’  
 the whole Scheme her own Way; she  
 stood musing for some time, and starting  
 afterwards, cried out with a pretended  
 Rapture, ‘ I have thought of a Method :  
 ‘ Let some Fellow be hired to be found  
 ‘ in Bed with me; let my Servant who  
 ‘ see it carry the News of it to my Hus-  
 ‘ band; he will determine upon having  
 ‘ a Divorce: they shall be his Evidences,  
 ‘ and we will be rid of him for ever.’

Lord B—— started in earnest at the  
 Proposal: he retired to his Study with-  
 out speaking a Syllable. She had ma-  
 naged her Scene of Fondness so well  
 with him, that he began to be deceived  
 by her against even the Testimony of his  
 Senses: He returned in a few Minutes  
 to tell her his Thoughts on her mad Pro-  
 posal; but he did not meet with her where  
 he had left her; and accidentally popping  
 into a Room, made little Use of, he found  
 her in a very happy Situation with her  
 new

new Lover, instead of that of pretended Anguish and Distress he had left her in.

If he had before his Doubts; they were now sufficiently cleared up to him. He ordered her to leave his House that Instant; his Relation had the Decency not to expect the same Fate, but decamped without Ceremony; and his Lordship's Resolution was so firm, that he gave Orders to his Porter never to admit her again; nor to receive a Message, or even a Letter that he knew to come from her.



## CHAPTER VII.

*Lady Frail attempts to get into Lord B——'s in House in vain—She goes back to Lord Frail.*

**L**ADY Frail had so often found the Way to get the better of Lord B——'s Resolutions, that she laughed at the Suspicion of her not being reconciled to him again: She spent four Days in a wild Scene of Rapture with the Sharer in her Disgrace, and after this wearied with Transport, she took her Leave of him, and went directly to Lord



Lord B——'s to make up her Quarrel with him.

The Porter who was a Creature of her own, would not be rigid in the Execution of his Office ; he told her the Orders he had received from his Lordship's own Mouth ; he added, that he continued desperately exasperated against her ; and after recommending his own Service to her Ladyship, if he should lose his Place by what he was doing, he let her in without any Ceremony.

Lord B—— was alone in his Study writing Letters, the principal Business of most of which was the telling his Friends that he had parted with her Ladyship. He had recollected in these Days of Absence the thousand Abuses she had thrown upon him ; and as the most excessive Love, when thoroughly offended, is the most implacable of all in its Resentments, he was of all Men the most determinate now never to alter his Resolutions.

Lady *Frail* burst into the Room, and in an Instant threw herself at his Feet.  
 ' Have I lived, says she, to see the  
 ' Time, when after four Days Absence,  
 ' Lord B— does not wish to see me—  
 ' I own

' I own all my Crimes ; I own they  
 ' have been all unpardonable, because  
 ' they were committed against such in-  
 ' finite Obligations ; but you who have  
 ' pardoned them all, will not sure give  
 ' me up in the last I ever can, or ever  
 ' will be guilty of. I don't ask, con-  
 ' tinued she, with great Earnestness and  
 ' drowned in Tears, I do not ask to  
 ' be received into your Bed till you shall  
 ' be convinced that I deserve it ; but  
 ' let me not be cast out of your House ;  
 ' let me have your Company on any  
 ' Conditions—Make me your Servant—  
 ' Make me any thing ; only do not quite  
 ' discard me——.'

She would have gone on, but Lord  
 B——, who had continued unmoved all  
 this Time, rung the Bell : he ordered  
 the Porter to shew her Ladyship the  
 Door ; and then to give up his Office,  
 for having admitted her into it. Lady  
*Frail* saw it was in vain to plead against  
 such unalterable Resolution, and without  
 turning an Eye toward him again, went  
 from him for ever.

A new Scheme of Life was now be-  
 fore her, and she was by no Means pre-  
 pared how to behave in it : She got into  
 a gen-

a genteel Apartment, and before she appeared any where in public, she wrote to every one of her former Gallants who were in Town, to tell them she should be glad to see them.

When Misfortunes are coming upon any body, they seldom fall singly ; she saw every Man she sent to ; but she had determined very resolutely to play the Fool with none of them till she should be well settled for a Constancy with some one ; and she found not one of them willing to play the Fool with her on these Conditions. Here was a Shock she little had expected ever to have found ; she flew to her Glass. ‘ Am I grown old ? Am I  
‘ grown ugly ? — but if I am sixty, ’tis  
‘ no matter : there is still one Man for  
‘ whom I should be good enough if old,  
‘ and ugly : I’ll fly to him ; and as he is  
‘ the only Man of my Acquaintance whom  
‘ I have not surfeited with Fondness, he  
‘ is the only one who has any thing to  
‘ tempt him, I find, to continue with me.’

The Resolution was no sooner taken than it was executed : She wrote a very penitent and tender Letter to her Husband, telling him she had a great deal to say to him, and intreating that she  
might

might see him instantly. Every body had heard both of the Manner of her Ladyship's leaving Lord B—'s House, and of the Occasion of it. If Lord *Frail* would at another Time have obeyed a Summons of this kind, too much Infamy now attended it, to let it be possible for him to submit to it. He sent Word that he could not wait on her ; and determined it as the only Course he could take with Honour entirely to give her up.

Her Ladyship, when she received the Refusal, took no farther Notice of it than as it informed her he was at home : She ordered her Chair directly to his House, and when he very little expected it, entered the Room where he was : She threw herself at his Feet with the same pretended Penitence and Resolution of Amendment, with which she had before attacked Lord B — : Her Husband knew something less of her than that Lover did, and he believed her ; he raised her from her Knees with great Tenderness, told her he had forgot that he had ever had Reason to be displeased with her ; and added every Endearment that could convince her



her his Reconciliation was unfeigned and immutable.

It was not proper the World should immediately know what Change had happened in Lord *Frail's* Family. The Servants were ordered to be silent as to her Ladyship's being in the House ; and ten Days were spent in Retirement, in which the Lady played her Part so very well, that Lord *Frail*, who thought it impossible she should return again into her ill Course of Life, determined to appear in public with her, and to acknowledge to the whole World his Reconciliation, and his Happiness in it.

People had soon known of Lady *Frail's* being received at home, though her Lord did not suppose it ; and every body but his Lordship's Self soon saw that the Consequence of it would be an additional Scene of Infamy to him : She had been thoroughly mortified by her late Disappointments, and had seen so much unexpected Indifference from her warmest Lovers, that she had entered her Husband's Doors with a thorough Contempt of the Sex ; and while she had lived shut up with him, had been so well satisfied with the Tranquillity and

un-

unaltered Happiness of a Life of Innocence, that she had persuaded even herself to believe she should never part from it again.

Resolutions formed in the Absence of the Objects that should be the Occasion of breaking them, stand but upon a very tottering Foundation. Though Lady *Frail* was much in earnest about giving up Mankind, at a Time when she was locked up from them, she thought somewhat otherwise when she got among them again. Her first Appearance was at the Opera; Lord *Frail* was with her in one of the Boxes, and under them in the Pit was an old Intimate of his Lordship's, *Y—C—*. Lord *Frail* talked a good deal to him during the Evening, and the Lady who had not fallen very desperately in Love with him for his Figure, was much pleased however with his Address and Manner, as she joined in some of their Conversations.

The Company who knew *Y—C—*'s Character, gave up her Ladyship for lost, as soon as they saw them in Conversation together: the Lady was not without somewhat of the same Opinion, and *Y—C—* himself was as well assured of it as if it had

had been already over. Only Lord *Frail* was blind to it : he invited his Friend *J—C—* home to sup with them, and from that Moment they became the most intimate of all People in the World. Lady *Frail's* natural Inconstancy had begun to work upon her very early in this Affair ; but her late ill Successes had determined her to so much Caution in the Step she should take toward her Intent, that a Week had passed, and nothing been the Consequence of the utmost possible good Inclination on both Sides.

The World would not believe quite so well of the Matter as it deserved : Every body saw *J—C—* always at Lord *Frail's* ; every body knew it could not be Lord *Frail* that he visited ; and add to this, that every body knew he was a Man who had not a great deal of Time to spare for any single Intrigue ; and it was upon the whole pretty plain they thought what would be the Consequence of an Attack of such a Man upon a Lady of such a Character.

Neither of them went any where into Company, but they found it was universally understood, that the best-natured Things in the World had passed between them.

them. The Lady could not bear to suffer the Scandal ; and at the same Time, deny herself the Satisfaction of deserving it : She came to a very sudden Resolution in Favour of her Lover ; and as he waited on her home that very Evening, told him she would stop a Moment at his Lodgings by the Way.

The Consequence of this Step was an Impossibility of her keeping Terms with Prudence any longer : People who had known so much of the different Sexes, could not be pleased, without being excessively pleased with one another. They grew desperate, under the Necessity of their Restraint ; and in two Days, took Care his Lordship should be as well informed of what had passed as a Man could who had not seen it. Lord *Frail*, who had persuaded himself from the Behaviour of his Lady, immediately after their Reconciliation, that her Resolutions were unalterable, and that he was of all Men in the World the most assured of his Wife's future Innocence, was distracted, when he discovered this unhappy Fall from it : he rather pitied than blamed her for it ; he threw that whole Censure upon his false Friend, whose Intimacy



macy with him had given him Opportunities with her that no other Man could have had ; and whose Art and Address he knew to be equal to the Task of seducing almost any Woman he should think it worth while to attempt.

He called upon the Man who had injured him, to give him the only proper Satisfaction ; and at the same Instant, wrote to his Lady, to tell her he was convinced of the base Measures that had been taken to seduce her ; and that he was willing to see her immediately, to hear her own Account of it.

The Letters were both dispatched to C—'s Lodging, where he knew his unhappy Wife at that Time was : She received both of the Servant ; she easily guessed the Purport of that to her Lover, but she took Care he should never know of it ; and putting the other into his Hand, told him, with great Tenderness, ' I am happy, dearest C—, ' that I have a Sacrifice to make of ' you ; carry me where you will this ' Moment. "

The Lover in Raptures at her Frankness, and generous Contempt of every Thing in the World on his Account,

took her away immediately into the Country; and Lord *Frail*, after waiting three Hours with the utmost Impatience, for the Result of Letters of so much Importance to him, received for Answer to a second Letter to his Lady, that she and her Lover had set out for the Country together, on the Moment of their receiving his former.

His favourable Opinion of his unhappy Wife still urged him to put the most forced Constructions upon every Thing that could make it appear less her Crime than the Lover's. Instead of representing to himself the Baseness of her throwing herself into the Arms of another, at the Instant when he was making her so generous an Offer of a Reconciliation; he persuaded himself, that C--- had forced her away with him against her Will; and he determined on the most terrible Vengeance against him. The Retirement our happy Party had chosen was as secret a one, as the World almost could have furnished; but the indefatigable Inquiries of Lord *Frail* discovered it. He no sooner knew where they were, than he determined on following them, and did it in such a Manner,  
that

that if he had taken as much Pains to conceal this, as to make the Discovery, he had doubtless fallen in with them very unexpectedly.

Though they had not been able to evade his Inquiries, they had however Intelligence early enough, of his Resolutions, to get out of his Way: they retired to a much greater Distance than they had been at before; and from this, after a few Days still farther: Lord *Frail* full of his first Resentment, found them out every where, pursued them at the Heels in all their Retreats; and was in the last Attempt so close upon their Backs, as they were getting away, that they saw an Hour more of Day-Light, would have brought him to surprise them.

They found there was no standing it against so resolute a Search, and mutually agreed, that it was necessary they should separate. The Lady perhaps never did it so unwillingly with any of her former Favourites; but such Means had been used, to prevent their going out of the Kingdom together; and so general a Cry was after them, wherever they appeared in it, that no Possibility appeared

peared on any Side of their standing it, but a Day longer.

Under those Circumstances it was resolved, to bear the Shock of parting. The Lover, who though not afraid of the last Effects of a Quarrel between Men of Honour, yet had no Stomach to enter the Lists against a Man for whom he was vastly an Overmatch, and that in a Cause in which to have succeeded would have been worse than to have been conquered, embarked alone for *Calais*. The Lady, who misunderstood her Husband's indefatigable Search of her, so far as to suppose it the Effect of an avowed Vengeance on herself, as well as on the Partner of her Joys, retired privately to *London*, flew to the House of a discarded Servant of Lord B---'s, and was lost to the World for three Days. Lord B— neither knew it, nor wished to know it: He had recovered, with infinite Difficulty, the Tranquility he had long lost; and continued to find in the Friendship he enjoy'd with Mr. C— a Pleasure, if not so excessive, at least much more rational, than that of a Love, too honest and general for the Subject it had been directed to.

L

CHAP.



## CHAPTER VIII.

*The Lady falls in the Way of a Military Lover.*

THE Person to whose House Lady Frail had retired on this unlucky Occasion, lived in an obscure Passage, where the only Prospect from her Window was the Back of a Stable; and where the Face of the only Creature that could give her Pleasure, mortal Man, did not appear once in a Fortnight. Wearied to Death with this Imprisonment, but dreading to set herself at Liberty, she was one Morning standing in a thoughtful Posture at the Window, when Captain \*\*\*\*, whose Horses were her Ladyship's opposite Neighbours, called at the Stable to see them. His Eye was no sooner turned towards the Lady's Window, than her Face was covered with a Glow of Pleasure and Confusion; she did not know him, nor had the Obscurity of the dirty Window suffered him to discover who she was: he only saw a genteel Figure of a Woman; and concluding such a Figure could

could be in such a Place, on no Occasion but one ; he made no Ceremony of stepping over the Way ; and as the Door had no eleganter a fastening than a Latch, from which a String hung on the Outside, he opened it without knocking, and without asking any Questions ran up Stairs.

When he entered the Room, what was his Astonishment to find who it was he had met with. *Lady Frail!* cries he, with an Amazement not to be described, what can have brought you hither ?— ; but I won't ask that ; only give me Permission to be the Means of carrying you out of so strange a Scene of Disagreeableness.

The Lady did not pretend to have so much as a Mind to refuse him : He left her for half an Hour, and at the End of that Time returned, and conducted her to some genteel Lodgings in *St. James's Street*. The Lady did nor think it proper to fright another Lover from her, by putting him in Mind of the Terrors she was in about her Husband : She never explained to him the Reason of her being where he found her. She was very happy in the Company of a gay

agreeable Fellow ; and had no more Inclination than himself to any other Pleasure for three or four Days.

At the End of this Time the Captain found it necessary to call upon some Friends at *St. James's* Coffee-house. He supposed he had been secret beyond even a Suspicion in his Retirement with Lady *Frail* ; but he found his whole Affair with her was so perfectly known to every body he met with, that it was idle to think of denying it. The Lady he found had now arrived to that Height of Reputation for Intrigue, that if a young Fellow was missed for two or three Days, and her Ladyship was not seen for the same Time, there was no doubt of their being together. Lord *Frail* had been early informed of her being with this Gentleman ; he had even been told where they lodged, and had been offered to be conducted to them ; But the Reasons of his Pursuit of her were now over : He saw she was as abandoned as ever ; that it was in vain to attempt reclaiming her ; and that he had no Way to be at Peace in his own Breast, or to avoid the Contempt of the whole

whole World, but to give her up entirely.

The Brother Officers of our Heroine's new Gallant had no Mind he should keep her to himself : they looked on her as a Kind of public Good, and thought the secreting her to private Use an unwarrantable Monopoly. They pleaded hard for his bringing her among them ; they told him her expensive Way of Living would ruin him before he knew where he was, if he gave into the Thought of supporting her alone ; but that if he would be at the Expence of her Lodgings, and give them all Leave to visit her, they would allow him a Right of Priority in all Disputes, and would ease him of any farther Trouble on her Account.

The exalted Ideas the Lover had of his Mistress's Delicacy, her Pride, and ten thousand other fine Things she was never possessed of, made him start wildly at the Proposal ; nor indeed had he had quite enough of her yet himself, to be willing to put up with the twelfth or fifteenth Share of her : He treated the Proposal with the utmost Contempt ; was not a little proud of



the Lady's particular Attachment to his Person ; and in fine carried the romantic Ideas of the Sense he had of his Connection with her to such an extravagant Height, that when one of the Company asked him if he was willing they should get her, if they could persuade her to it, he found it impossible to go back, and, with a forced Freedom, desired they would try, that they might be convinced how infinitely they were mistaken in her.

He had no Idea of their putting a thing of such Consequence upon so speedy an Issue ; nor indeed had he any Suspicion that they could have succeeded against him at any Rate. He had determined, as soon as he saw her next, to tell her how cheap she was held among them, and doubted not but he should by this rouse a Resentment in her, that would be an unsurmountable Obstacle in the Way of any Attacks on their Part. It was easy for the Party to guess his Intent by his broken Sentences about the Disdain they would meet with from him, if they pursued their Plan ; and it was as easy to obviate the unfair Means he intended to use against them. One of the Party was pitched upon to write to her

her on the Subject immediately ; and the Lover was compelled in a Manner to stay Dinner with them at the *Coffee-house*. An empty Chair was left at the Head of the Table as they sat down ; and before they were well seated, Lady *Frail* appeared to fill it.

The Lover was thunder-struck at the Sight : The Company beside were excessively happy. The Gentleman who had wrote to her, called all the People present to witness the Truth of the Account she had received from him by Letter, of her Lord's having given her intirely up ; and the Lover soon saw that she was no longer a Part of his Family. Nothing could be so happy, nor any thing indeed scarce quite so abandoned as the Life Lady *Frail* lived in for many Weeks with this jovial Party. She had never had any great Sense of what the World calls Shame, or if she had, it was now at an End, by her giving herself up, as having suffered all she could in her Reputation. She dined publickly with them every Day at the *Coffee-house* ; and the friendly Knot of Rivals always drew Lots, or threw Dice for the Determination of who should go home with her.

No

No earthly Blessing can last for ever. In the Midst of the perfect Content on all Parts, that was the Consequence of this happy Conjunction. Some troublesome People on t'other Side the Water made it necessary for our Officers to change the Scene for *Flanders*. It was with real Regret of all Sides, that they parted ; and the Lady found herself once more turned adrift to hunt her Fortune.



## CHAPTER IX.

*A Visit to a Grove.—A very unexpected Return to London.*

LADY Frail, during her frequent Visits at *St. James's* Coffee-house had often thrown a good-natured Look at Lord D—, who frequented the House. She had not missed observing, that his Lordship was not displeased with it ; and she had now long since set him down as a Man she might command, if at any time she should have Occasion for him. The Time of her late Friends embarking for *Flanders* was

was a Season when most People were out of Town: Lord *D*—— was of that Number; but nothing was so easy as to make him a Visit. She ordered her Equipage to a Grove, and sent in her Request to Lord *D*——, that they might see the House. His Lordship easily guessed the Intent of the Expedition; he invited her to dine with him; kept her till it was too late to return; and in fine, a little Persuasion served to prevail on her to lengthen her Visit.

Lady *Frail* was now arrived at such a Period of Life, at such a Turn of Disposition, and at so notorious a Reputation, that it was easier for a Lover to be tired of her Ladyship, than for her Ladyship to be tired of a Lover. Lord *D*——, after about ten Days, began to find the Symptoms of Distaste grow upon him very fast; he made many very broad Signs to put the Lady in Mind, that he had not expected so long a Visit from her; but her Ladyship was so well situated, that she did not see where she should make a Change for the better, and therefore she did not chuse to understand him. Four Days had passed with innumerable Overtures on this Matter,  
all



all disregarded ; and the Lady had at last flown to her old Resort, a pretended Increase of Fondness for his Lordship's Person ; when he found there was but one Way to get off, which he put in practice the next Morning. He set out for *London* before her Ladyship was up ; and though he left her in Possession of the House, he had taken Care to leave such Orders with the Servants as should render it not very agreeable to her. She staid about a Week after him, in spite of all the Contempt she saw she was treated with, and at the End of that Time returned to *London*.

It was not difficult for her Ladyship now to see that she was no longer that Idol of the World she had used to think herself. She made a thousand Attempts in Town to fix herself with a new Lover, but all in vain : She found every body had at length deserted her, and she determined to follow the only Party in the World that had not given her a Proof of it.

When a Woman begins to fall in the Opinion of the World, how dreadfully sudden is the whole Catastrophe ! The  
fol-

following a Camp to *Flanders* was a Step which a few Months before no body could have supposed Lady *Frail* capable of ; but alas ! what must be her Sense of her own Decline, when she found, that even under these Circumstances Men could avoid, instead of seeking her ; when she saw the Set of Officers she had once made so happy, break up their Ordinary, to be rid of her Company at it.

She returned to *England*, to *London*, to her Husband. She would neither live from him, nor submit to a Reconciliation with him. She continued to throw herself in the Way of new Lovers, and she continued to see every body avoid her. In Despair she at length fixed upon what her own Sex had before held in as high Contempt as the other now held herself ; and turned the Tables upon the World, by finding Charms in him which even the most accomplished of her former Lovers had never come up to.

F I N I S.

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TO the entertainment of my fair readers, and to recommend to them an old-fashioned virtue called prudence, I shall devote the following story. If the story I am going to tell them should deserve their approbation, they are to thank the husband and wife from whom I had it, and who are desirous, this day, of being the readers of their own adventures.

An eminent merchant in the City of London, whose real name I shall conceal under that of Wilson, was married to a lady of considerable fortune, and more merit. They lived happily together for some years, with nothing to disturb them but the want of children. The husband, who saw himself richer every day, grew impatient for an heir; and, as time rather lessened than increased the hopes of one, he became by degrees indifferent, and at last averse to his wife. Tho' this change in his affections was the heaviest affliction to her; yet she reproached him only with her tears, and seldom with those, but when upbraidings and ill-usage made her unable to restrain them.

It is a maxim with some married philosophers, that the tears of a wife are apt to wash away pity from the heart of a husband. Mr Wilson will pardon me if I rank him, at that time, among these philosophers. He had lately hired a lodging in the country, at a small distance from town, whither he usually retired in the evening, to avoid (as he called it) the persecutions of his wife.

In this cruel separation, and without complaint, she passed away a twelvemonth, seldom seeing him but when business required his attendance at home, and never sleeping with him. At the end of which time, however, his behaviour, in appearance, grew kinder; he saw her oftner, and began to speak to her with tenderness and compassion.

One morning, after he had taken an obliging leave of her, to pass the day at his country lodging, she paid a visit to a friend at the other end of the town and stopping in her way home at a thread-shop in a bye-street near St James's, she saw Mr Wilson crossing the way, and afterwards knocking at the door of a genteel house over against her, which was opened by a servant in livery, and immediately shut without a word being spoken. As the manner of his entrance, and her not knowing he had an acquaintance in the street, a little alarmed her, she inquired at the shopwoman if she knew the gentleman who lived in the opposite house. "Yon have just seen him go in, Madam?" replied the woman. "His name is Roberts, and a mighty good gentleman, they say he is. His lady"—At those words Mrs. Wilson changed colour; and interrupting her—"His lady, Madam!—I thought that—Will you give me a glass of  
" water?"

water? This walk has so tired me—Pray give me  
 “a glass of water—I am quite faint and fatigued”  
 The good woman of the shop ran herself for the  
 water, and by the additional help of some hartshorn  
 that was at hand Mrs Wilson became in appearance,  
 tolerably composed. She then looked over the threads  
 she wanted, and having desired a coach might be sent  
 for, ‘I believe’ said she, ‘you were quite frightened  
 ‘to see me look so pale; but I had walked a great  
 ‘way, and should certainly have fainted if I had not  
 ‘stepped into your shop—But you were talking of  
 ‘the gentleman over the way—I fancied I knew him;  
 ‘but his name is Roberts, you say. Is he a married  
 ‘man?’—‘The happiest in the world, Madam,’ re-  
 turned the woman; ‘he is wonderfully fond of chil-  
 ‘dren, and to his great joy his lady is now lying in  
 ‘of her first child, which is to be christened this even-  
 ‘ing; and as fine a boy, they say it is, as ever was  
 ‘seen.’ At this moment, as good fortune would  
 have it, for saving a second dose of hartshorn, the  
 coach that was sent for came to the door; into which  
 Mrs Wilson immediately stepped, after hesitating an  
 apology for the trouble she had given; and in which  
 coach we shall leave her to return home, in an agony  
 of grief which herself has told me she was never  
 able to describe.

The readers of this little history have been inform-  
 ed that Mr Wilson had a country lodging, to which  
 he was supposed to retire almost every evening since  
 his disagreement with his wife; but, in fact, it was  
 to his house near St James’s that he constantly went.  
 He had indeed hired the lodgings above mentioned,



but from another motive than merely to shun his wife. The occasion was this :

As he was sauntering one day through the Bird-  
cage Walk in the Park, he saw a young woman sitt-  
ing alone upon one of the benches, who, though plain-  
ly, was neatly dressed, and whose air and manner  
distinguished her from the lower class of women. He  
drew nearer to her without being perceived, and saw  
in her countenance, which beauty and innocence a-  
dorned, the most composed melancholy that can be  
imagined. He stood looking at her for some time;  
which she, at last, perceiving, started from her seat  
in some confusion, and endeavoured to avoid him.  
The fear of losing her gave him courage to speak to  
her. He begged pardon for disturbing her, and ex-  
cused his curiosity by her extreme beauty, and the  
melancholy that was mixed with it.

It is observed by a very wise author, whose name  
and book I forget, that a woman's heart is never so  
brim full of affliction but a little flattery will insinu-  
ate itself into a corner of it ; and as Wilson was a  
handsome fellow, with an easy address, the lady was  
soon persuaded to replace herself upon the bench,  
and to admit him at her side. Wilson, who was  
really heart-struck, made a thousand protestations of  
esteem and friendship, conjuring her to tell him if  
his fortune or services could contribute to her happi-  
ness, and vowing never to leave her till she made him  
acquainted with the cause of her concern.

Here a short pause ensued ; and after a deep sigh,  
and a stream of tears, the lady began thus :

" If, Sir, you are the gentleman your apppearance  
speaks you to be, I shall thank Heaven that I have  
found

you. I am the unfortunate widow of an officer who was killed at Dittingen. As he was only a lieutenant, and his commission all his fortune, I married him against a mother's consent, for which she has disclaimed me. How I loved him, or he me, I shall forbear to mention, though I am unable to forget. At my return to England (for I was the constant follower of his fortunes) I obtained, with some difficulty, the allowance of a subaltern's widow, and took lodgings at Chelsea.

"In this retirement I wrote to my mother, acquainting her with my loss and poverty, and desiring her forgiveness for my disobedience; but the cruel answer I received from her determined me, at all events, not to trouble her again.

"I lived upon this slender allowance with all imaginable thrift, till an old officer, a friend of my husband, discovered me at church, and made me a visit. To this gentleman's bounty I have long been indebted for an annuity of twenty pounds in quarterly payments. As he was punctual in these payments, which were always made me the morning they became due, and yesterday being quarter day, I wondered I never saw him, nor heard from him. Early this morning I walked from Chelsea to inquire for him at his lodgings in Pall Mall; but how shall I tell you, Sir, the news I learnt there?—This friend! this generous and disinterested friend! was killed yesterday in a duel in Hyde Park" She stopt here to give vent to a turrent of tears, and then proceeded: "I was so stunned at this intelligence that I knew not whether to go. Chance more than choice brought me to this place; where, if I have found a benefactor

tor—and indeed, Sir, I have need of one—I shall call it the happiest accident of my life.”

The widow ended her story; which was literally true, in so engaging and interesting a manner, that Wilton was gone an age in love in a few minutes. He thanked her for the confidence she had placed in him, and swore never to desert her. He then requested the honour of attending her home, to which she readily consented, walking with him to Buckingham Gate, where a coach was called, which conveyed them to Chelsea. Wilton dined with her that day, and took lodgings in the same house, calling himself Roberts, and a single man. These were the lodgings I have mentioned before; where, by unbounded generosity and constant assiduities, he triumphed, in a few weeks, over the honour of this fair widow.

I shall stop a moment here to caution those virtuous widows who are my readers against too hasty a disbelief of this event. If they please to consider the situation of this lady, with poverty to alarm, gratitude to incite, and a handsome fellow to inflame, they will allow that, in a world near six thousand years old, one such instance of frailty, even in a young and beautiful widow, may possibly have happened. But to go on with my story.

The effects of this intimacy were soon visible in the lady's shape; a circumstance that greatly added to the happiness of Wilton. He determined to remove her to town; and accordingly took the house near St James's, where Mrs Wilton had seen him enter, and where his Mistress, who passed in the neighbourhood for his wife, at that time lay in.

I return now to Mrs Wilton, whom we left in a hackney



hackney coach, going to her own house, in all the misery of despair and jealousy. It was happy for her that her constitution was good, and her resolution equal to it; for she has often told me, that she passed the night of that day in a condition little better than madness.

In the morning her husband returned; and, as his heart was happy, and without suspicions of a discovery, he was more than usually complaisant to her. She received his civilities with her accustomed cheerfulness; and, finding that business would detain him in the City for some hours, she determined, whatever distress it might occasion her, to pay an immediate visit to his mistress, and to wait there till she saw him. For this purpose she ordered a coach to be called, and in her handsomest undress, and with the most composed countenance, she drove directly to the house. She inquired at the door if Mr Roberts was within; and being answered no, but that he dined at home, she asked after his lady, and if she was well enough to see company; adding that, as she came a great way, and had business with Mr Roberts, she should be glad to wait for him in her lady's apartment. The servant ran immediately up stairs, and as quickly returned with a message from his mistress, that she would be glad to see her.

Mrs Wilson confesses that, at this moment, notwithstanding the resolution she had taken, her spirits totally forsook her, and that she followed the servant with her knees knocking together, and a face paler than death. She entered the room where the lady was sitting, without remembering on what errand she came; but the sight of so much beauty, and the elegance



legance that adorned it, brought every thing to her thoughts, and left her with no other power than to fling herself into a chair, from which she instantly fell to the ground in a fainting fit.

The whole house was alarmed upon this occasion, and every one busied in assisting the stranger, but most of all the mistress, who was indeed of a humane disposition, and who, perhaps, had other thoughts to disturb her than the mere feelings of humanity. In a few minutes, however, and with the proper applications, Mrs Wilson began to recover. She looked round her with amazement at first, not recollecting where she was; but seeing herself supported by her rival, to whose care she was so much obliged, and who, in the tenderest distress, was inquiring how she did, she felt herself relapsing into a second fit. It was now she exerted all the courage she was mistress of, which, together with a flood of tears that came to her relief, enabled her (when the servants were withdrawn) to begin as follows.

"I am indeed, Madam, an unfortunate woman, and subject to these fits; but will never again be the occasion of trouble in this house. You are a lovely woman, and deserve to be happy in the best of husbands. I have a husband too; but his affections are gone from me. He is not unknown to Mr Roberts, though unfortunately I am. It was for his advice and assistance that I made this visit; and not finding him at home, I begged admittance to his lady, whom I longed to see to converse with." "Me, Madam!" answered Mrs Roberts, with some emotion, "had you heard any thing of me?" "That you were such as I have found you, Madam," replied the stran-

ger-

ger, " and had made Mr Roberts happy in a fine boy. may I see him, Madam ? I shall love him for his father's sake." " His father, Madam ! " returned the mistress of the house, " his father, did you say ? I am mistaken then ; I thought you had been a stranger to him." " To his person, I own," said Mrs Wilson, but not to his character ; and therefore I shall be fond of the little creature. If it is not too much trouble, I beg to be obliged."

The importunity of this request, the fainting at first, and the settled concern of this unknown visitor, gave Mrs Roberts the most alarming fears. She had, however, the presence of mind to go herself for the child, and to watch without witnesses the behaviour of the stranger. Mrs Wilson took it in her arms, and bursting into tears, said, " 'Tis a sweet boy, Madam ; would I had such a boy ! had he been mine, I had been happy !" With these words, and in an agony of grief and tenderness, which she endeavoured to restrain, she kissed the child, and returned it to its mother.

It was happy for that lady that she had an excuse to leave the room. She had seen and heard what made her shudder for herself ; and it was not till some minutes, after having delivered the infant to its nurse, that she had resolution enough to return. They both seated themselves again, and a melancholy silence followed for some time. At last Mrs Roberts began thus.

" You are unhappy, Madam, that you have no child ; I pray Heaven that mine be not a grief to me. But I conjure you, by the goodness that appears in you, to acquaint me with your story. Perhaps it may

may concern me ; I have a prophetic heart that tells me it does, But whatever I may suffer, or whether I live or die, I will be just to you."

Mrs Wilson was so affected with this generosity, that she possibly had discovered herself, if a loud knocking at the door, and immediately after the entrance of her husband into the room ; had not prevented her. He was moving towards his mistress with the utmost cheerfulness, when the sight of her visitor fixed him to the spot, and struck him with an astonishment not to be described. The eyes of both ladies were at once riveted to his, which so increased his confusion, that Mrs Wilson, in pity to what he felt, and to relieve her companion, spoke to him as follows: "I do not wonder, Sir, that you are surprised at seeing a perfect stranger in your house ; but my business is with the master of it ; and if you will oblige me with a hearing in another room, it will add to the civilities which your lady has entertained me with."

Wilson, who expected another kind of greeting from his wife, was so revived at her prudence, that his powers of motion began to return ; and quitting the room, he conducted her to a parlour below stairs. They were no sooner entered into this parlour than the husband threw himself into a chair, fixing his eyes upon the ground, while the wife addressed him in these words.

"How I have discovered your secret, or how the discovery has tormented me I need not tell you. It is enough for you to know that I am miserable forever. My business with you is short ; I have only a question

question to ask, and to take a final leave of you in this world. Tell me truly then, as you shall answer it hereafter, if you have seduced this lady under false appearances, or have fallen into guilt by the temptations of a wanton?" "I shall answer you presently," said Wilson; "but first I have a question for you; Am I discovered to her? And does she know it is my wife I am now speaking to?" "No, upon my honour," she replied; "her looks were so amiable, and her behaviour to me so gentle, that I had no heart to distress her. If she has guessed at what I am, it was only from the concern she saw me in, which I could not hide from her." "You have acted nobly then," returned Wilson, "and have opened my eyes at last to see and to admire you. And now if you have patience to hear me, you shall know all."

He then told her of his first meeting with this lady, and of every circumstance that had happened since; concluding with his determinations to leave her, and with a thousand promises of fidelity to his wife, if she generously consented, after what had happened to receive him as a husband.—"She must consent," cried Mrs Roberts, who at that moment opened the door, and burst into the room; "she must consent. You are her husband, and may command it. For me, Madam," continued she, turning to Mrs Wilson, "he shall never see me more. I have injured you through ignorance, but will atone for it to the utmost. He is your husband, Madam, and you must receive him. I have listened to what



has passed, and am now here to join my entreaties with his, that you may be happy for ever."

To relate all that was said upon this occasion would be to extend my story to too great a length. Wilson was all submission and acknowledgement; the wife cried and doubted, and the widow vowed an eternal separation. To be as short as possible, the harmony of the married couple was fixed from that day. The widow was handsomely provided for, and her child, at the request of Mrs Wilson, taken home to her own house; where at the end of a year, she was so happy after all her distresses as to present him with a sister, with whom he is to divide his father's fortune. His mother retired into the country, and two years after was married to a gentleman of great worth; to whom, on his first proposals to her, she related every circumstance of her story. The boy pays her a visit every year, and is now with his sister upon one of these visits. Mr Wilson is perfectly happy in his wife, and has sent me, in his own hand, this moral to his story;

"That though prudence and generosity may not always be sufficient to hold the heart of a husband, yet a constant perseverance will, one time or other, most certainly regain it."



## STORY II.

**I**F I had inclination and ability to do the cruelest thing upon earth to the man I hated, I would  
lay

lay him under the necessity of borrowing money of a friend.

You are to know, Sir, that I am the curate of a parish within ten miles of Town, at forty pounds per annum; that I am five-and-thirty years old, and that I have a wife and two children. My father who was a clergyman of some note in the country, unfortunately died soon after I came from the college, and left me master of seventeen hundred pounds. With this sum, which I thought a very great one, I came up to Town, took lodgings in Liecester-Fields, put a narrow lace upon my frock, learnt to dance of Denoyer, bought my shoes of Tull, my sword of Becket, my hat of Wagner, and my snuff box of Deard. In short, I entered into the Spirit of taste, and was looked upon as a fashionable young fellow. I do not mean that I was really so, according to the town-acceptation of the term; for I had as great an aversion to infidelity, libertinism, gaming, and drunkenness, as the most unfashionable man alive. All that my enemies, or, what is more, all that my friends, can say against me is, that in my dress I rather imitated the coxcomb than the sloven; that I preferred good company to reading the Fathers; that I liked a dinner at the tavern better than one at a private house; that I was oftener at the play than at evening prayers; that I usually went from the play to the tavern again; and that in five year's time I spent every shilling of my fortune. They may also add, if they please, as the climax of my follies, that when I was worth nothing myself, I married the most amiable woman in the world, without a penny to her

fortune, only because we loved each other to distraction, and were miserable afunder.

To the whole of this charge I plead guilty ; and have most heartily repented of every article of it except the last : I am, indeed, a little apprehensive that my wife is my predominant passion, and that I shall carry it with me to the grave.

I had contracted an intimacy at college with a young fellow, whose taste, age, and inclinations, were exactly suited to my own. Nor did this intimacy end with our studies ; we renewed it in town ; and as our fortunes were pretty equal, and both of us our own masters, we lodged in the same house, dressed in the same manner, followed the same diversions, spent all we had ; and were ruined together. My friend, whose genius was more enterprising than mine, steered his course to the West Indies, while I entered into holy orders at home, and was ordained to the curacy above mentioned.

At the end of two years I married, as I told you before ; and, being a wit as well as a parson, I made a shift, by pamphlets, poems, sermons, and surplice fees, to increase my income to about a hundred a year.

I think I shall pay a compliment to my wife's economy, when I assure you that, notwithstanding the narrowness of our fortune, we did not run out above ten pounds a year : for if it be considered that we had both been used to company and good living ; that the largest part of our income was precarious, and consequently, if we starved ourselves we were not sure of laying up ; that as an author I was vain,  
and

as a parson ambitious, always imagining that my wit would introduce me to the minister, or my orthodoxy to the bishop; and, exclusive of these circumstances, if it be also considered that we were generous in our natures, and charitable to the poor it will be rather a wonder that we spent so little.

It is now five years and a quarter since our marriage, in all which time I have been running in debt without a possibility of helping it. Last Christmas I took a survey of my circumstances, and had the mortification to find that I was fifty-one pounds fifteen shillings worse than nothing. The uneasiness I felt upon this discovery determined me to sit down and write a tragedy. I soon found a fable to my mind, and was making a considerable progress in the work when I received intelligence that my old friend and companion was just returned from Jamaica, where he had married a planter's widow of immense fortune, buried her, and farmed out the estate she had left him for two thousand pounds a year upon the Exchange of London.

I rejoiced heartily at this news, and took the first opportunity of paying my congratulations upon so happy an occasion. As I was dressed for this visit in very clean canonicals, my friend, who possibly had connected the idea of a good living with a good cassock, received me with the utmost complaisance and good humour; and, after having testified his joy at seeing me, desired to be informed of my fortune and preferment. I gave him a particular account of all that had happened to me since our separation, and concluded with a very blunt request, that he would



lend me fifty guineas to pay my debts with, and to make me the happiest curate within the bills of mortality.

As there was something curious in my friend's answer to this request, I shall give it you word for word, as near as I can remember it, marking the whole speech in Italics, that my own interruptions may not be mistaken.

*FIFTY guineas! And so you have run yourself in debt fifty two pounds ten shillings! Within a very trifle, Sir. Ay, ay, I mean so. Fifty guineas is the sum you want; and, perhaps, you would think it hard if I refused lending it. I should indeed. I know you would. Let me see, (going to the escritoire), can you change me a hundred pound note? Who I, Sir? you surprize me. Here, John! (enters John) get change for a hundred pound note: I want to lend this gentleman some money——Or——no, no; I shan't want you (Exit John). I believe I have forty guineas in my pocket. You may get the other ten somewhere else. One, two, three—Ay, there are just forty guineas. And pray, Sir, when do you intend to pay me? I had rather be excused, Sir, from taking any; I did not expect to be so mortified. Extravagance, Sir, is the sure road to mortification. I must deal plainly with you. He that lends his money has a right to deal plainly. You began the world with about two thousand pounds in your pocket. Seventeen hundred, Sir. And these seventeen hundred pounds, I think, lasted you about five years. True, Sir. Five times three are fifteen—Ay, you lived at the rate of about three hundred and fifty pounds a*

*year.*

year. After this as you tell me yourself, you turned curate; and because forty pounds a-year was an immense sum, you very prudently fell in love, and married a beggar. Do you think, Sir, that if I had intended to marry a beggar I should have spent my fortune as I did? No, Sir, I married a woman of fortune, great fortune; and so might you — What hindered you? But I say nothing against your wife. I hope you are both heartily sorry that you ever saw one another's faces. Are your childrenn boys or girls? Girls, Sir. And I suppose I am to portion them? But I must tell you once for all, Sir, that this is the last sum you must expect from me. I have proportioned my expences to my estate, and will not be made uneasy by the extravagance of any man living. I have two thousand a year, and I spend two thousand. If you have but forty, I see no occasion for your spending more than forty. I have a sincere regard for you, and I think my actions have proved it: but a gentleman, who knows you very well, told me yesterday, that you were an expensive, thoughtless, extravagant young fellow.

I know not to what length my friend would have extended his harangue; but, as I had already heard enough, I laid the forty guineas upon the table, and, like Lady Townly in the play, taking a great gulp, and swallowing a wrong word or two, left the room without speaking a syllable.

I have now laid aside my tragedy, and am writing a comedy called the FRIEND. I do not know that I have wit enough for such a performance; but if it be damned, it is no more than the author, (though

a parson.), will consent to be, if ever he makes a second attempt to borrow money of a friend.

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### S T O R Y III.

*History of the Parson of South-Green and his Wife.*

IT was very well said by Montaigne, "That all external acquisitions receive taste and colour from the internal constitution; as clothes give warmth, not from their own heat, but by covering and keeping close the heat that is in ourselves."

Every man's experience will prove the truth of this observation; as it will teach him, from what he feels in himself, and observes in others, that without a disposition for happiness, the benefits and blessings of life are bestowed upon him in vain; and that with it, even a bare exemption from poverty and pain is almost happiness enough.

I am led to this thought by the following letter, which I received near two years ago from a very valuable friend. The reader will perceive that it was not written with a view of publication; but as it presents us with a natural picture of domestic happiness, and instructs us how an elegant little family may live charitably, and within bounds, upon an income of only fifty pounds a year, I shall give it to the public exactly as I received it. Those who have feeling hearts will call it an entertainment; to the rest it is not written.

DEAR

DEAR SIR,

The reason that you have not heard from me for these last five weeks is, that the people where I have been have engrossed all my time and attention. Perhaps you will be surprized to hear that I have lived a complete month with our old friend the Rector of South Green, and his honest wife.

You know with what compassion we used to think of them: that a man that had mixed a good deal with the world, and who had always entertained hopes of making a figure in it, should foolishly, and at an age when people generally grow wise, throw away his affections upon a girl worth nothing: and that she, one of the liveliest of women, as well as the finest, should refuse the many advantageous offers which were made her, and follow a poor Parson to his living of fifty pounds a year, in a remote corner of the kingdom. But I have learnt from experience that we have been pitying the happiest couple of our acquaintance. I am impatient to tell you all I know of them.

The parish of South-Green is, in my opinion, the most pleasing spot of ground in all this country. I should first have told you, that our friend, by the death of a relation, was enabled to carry his wife from London with a near two-hundred and fifty guineas in his pocket; with which sum he has converted the old parsonage house into a little palace, and fourteen acres of glebe into a farm and garden, that even a Pelham or a Southcote might look upon with pleasure.

The



The house stands upon an eminence within the bending of a river, with about half an acre of kitchen garden, fenced in with a good old wall, well planted with fruit-trees. The river that almost surrounds this little spot affords them fish at all seasons. They catch trout there, and plenty of them, from two to five pounds weight. Before the house is a little lawn, with trees planted in clumps, and behind it a yard well stocked with poultery, with a barn, cowhouse, and dairy. At the end of the garden a drawbridge leads you to a small piece of ground, where three or four pigs are kept. Here they are fattened for pork or bacon; the latter they cure for themselves; and in all my life I never ate better.

In the seven years of their retirement they have so planted their little spot, that you can hardly conceive any thing more beautiful. The fields by altogether, with pasture ground enough for two horses and as many cows, and the rest arable. Every thing thrives under their hands. The hedges, all of their own planting, are the thickest of any in the country, and within every one of them is a sand-walk between a double row of flowering shrubs, hardly ever out of blossom. The produce of these fields supplies them abundantly with the means of bread and beer, and with a surplus yearly for the poor, to whom they are the best benefactors of any in the neighbourhood. The husband brews, and the wife bakes; he manages the farm, and she the dairy; and both with such skill and industry, that you would think them educated for nothing else.

Their house consists of two parlours and a kitchen

en below, and two bedchambers and a servant's room above. Their maid is a poor woman's daughter in the parish, whom they took at eleven years old, and have made the handiest girl imaginable. She is extremely pretty, and might marry herself to advantage, but she loves her mistress so sincerely, that no temptation is strong enough to prevail upon her to leave her.

In this sweet retirement they have a boy and a girl; the boy six years old, and the girl four; both of them the prettiest little things that ever was born. The girl is the very picture of her mother, with the same softness of heart and temper. The boy is a jolly dog, and loves mischief; but if you tell him an interesting story, he will cry for an hour together. The husband and wife constantly go to bed at ten and rise at six. The business of the day is commonly finished by dinner-time; and all after is amusement and pleasure, without any set forms. They are almost worshipped by the parishioners, to whom the Doctor is not only the spiritual director, but the physician, and surgeon, the apothecary, the lawyer, the steward, the friend, and the cheerful companion. The best people in the country are fond of visiting them; they call it going to see the wonders of Yorkshire, and say that they never ate so heartily as at the Parson's bacon and greens.

I told you at the beginning of this letter, that they were the happiest couple of our acquaintance; and now I will tell you why they are so. In the first place, they love and are delighted with each other. A seven year's marriage, instead of lessening their

their affections has increased them. They wish for nothing more than what their little income affords them: and even of that little they lay up. Our friend showed me his account of expenses, or rather, his wife's account; by which it appears that they have saved yearly from fifteen shillings to a guinea exclusive of about the same sum which they distribute among the poor, besides barley, wheat, and twenty other things. Their only article of luxury is tea; but the Doctor says he would forbid that, if his wife could forget her London education. However they seldom offer it but to the best company, and less than a pound will last them a twelvemonth. Wine they have none, nor will they receive it as a present. Their constant drink is small beer and ale, both of which they brew in the highest perfection. Exercise and temperance keep them in perpetual health and good-humour. All the strife between them is who shall please most. Their favourite amusement is reading; now and then, indeed, our friend scribbles a little; but his performances reach no farther than a short sermon, or a paper of verses in praise of his wife. Every birth day is constantly celebrated in this manner; and though we do not read a Swift to his Stella, yet there is something so sincere and tender in these little pieces, that I could never read any of them without tears. In the fine afternoons and evenings they are walking arm and arm, with their boy and girl, about their their grounds; but how cheerful, how happy! is not to be told you. Their children are hardly so much children as themselves. But though they love one another even to dotage,

dotage, their fondness never appears before company. I never saw either of them so much as playing with the other's hand——I mean only when they have known I was within sight of them; I have stolen upon them unawares indeed, and have been witness to such words and looks as have quite melted me.

With this couple, and in this retirement, I have passed my time since you heard from me. How happily I need not say: come and be a judge yourself; they invite you heartily.

One thing I had forgot to tell you of them. It makes no part of their happiness that they can compare themselves with the rest of the world who want minds to enjoy themselves as they do. It rather lessens than increases it. Their own happiness is from their own hearts. They have every thing they wish for in this fifty pound a year and one another. They make no boast of themselves, nor find fault with any body. They are sorry I am not as happy as they; but are far from advising me to retire as they have done. I left a bank note of twenty pounds behind me in my room inclosed in a letter of thanks for their civilities to me; but it was returned to me this morning to York, in a manner that pleased me more than all the rest of their behaviour. Our friend thanked me for the favour I intended him; but told me I could bestow it better among the poor. That his wife and he had been looking over the family accounts of last month, and that they found me only a few shillings in their debt: that if I did not think they were a thousand times over paid by the pleasure I had given them, they would be obliged to me for a pound of

ten,



tea, and a little of Hardham's snuff, when I got to London.



## S T O R Y IV.

*An account of a trip to France by an English Gentleman and his Family.*

I AM a gentleman of a reasonable paternal estate in my county, and serve as knight of the shire for it. Having what is called a very good family-interest, my election incumbered my estate with a mortgage of only five thousand pounds; which I have not been able to clear, being obliged, by a place which I have got since, to live in Town, and in all the best company, nine months in the year. I married suitable to my circumstances. My wife wanted neither fortune, beauty, nor understanding. Discretion and good-humour on her part, joined to good nature and good manners on mine, made us live comfortably together for eighteen years. One son and one daughter were our only children. We complied with the custom in the education of both. My daughter learned some French and some dancing; and my son passed nine years at Westminster school in learning the words of two languages, long since dead, and not yet above half revived. When I took him away from school I resolved to send him directly abroad, having been at Oxford myself. My wife approved of my design, but tacked a proposal of her own to it, which she urged with some earnestness.

" My

" My dear, said she, " I think you do very right to send George abroad, for I love a foreign education, though I shall not see the poor boy a great while: but since we are to part for so long a time, why should we not take that opportunity of carrying him ourselves as far as Paris? The journey is nothing, very little farther than our own house in the north: we shall save money by it; for every thing is very cheap in France; it will form the girl, who is of a right age for it; and a couple of months with a good French and dancing master will perfect her in both, and give her an air and manner that will help her off in these days, when husbands are not plenty, especially with only five thousand pounds to her fortune. Several of my acquaintance, who have lately taken trips to Paris, have told me, that to be sure we should take this opportunity of going there. Besides, my dear, as neither you nor I have ever been abroad, this little jaunt will amuse and even improve us; for it is the easiest thing in the world to get into all the best company at Paris."

My wife had no sooner ended her speech, (which I easily perceived to be the result of meditation), than my daughter exerted all her little eloquence in seconding her mother's motion. " Ay, dear papa," said she, " let us go with brother to Paris; it will be the charmingest thing in the world; we will see all the newest fashions there; I shall learn to dance of Marseille; in short, I shall be quite another creature after it. You see how my cousin Kitty was improved by going to Paris last year; I hardly knew her again when she came back; do, dear papa, let us go."

The absurdity of the proposal struck me at first, and I foresaw a thousand inconveniencies in it though not half so many as I have since felt. However, knowing that direct contradiction, though supported by the best arguments, was not the likeliest method to convert a female disputant, I seemed a little to doubt, and contented myself with saying, "That I was not, at first sight, at least, sensible of the many advantages they had enumerated; but that, on the contrary, I apprehended a great deal of trouble in the journey, and many inconveniencies in consequence of it. That I had not observed many men of my age considerably improved by their travels; but that I had lately seen many women of her's become very ridiculous by theirs; and that for my daughter, as she had not a fine fortune, I saw no necessity of her being a fine lady." Here the girl interrupted me, with saying, "For that very reason, papa, I should be a fine lady. Being in fashion is often as good as being a fortune; and I have known air, dress, and accomplishments, stand many women instead of a fortune." "Nay, to be sure," added my wife, "the girl is in the right in that; and if, with her figure, she gets a certain air and manner, I cannot see why she may not reasonably hope to be as advantageously married as Lady Betty Townly, or the two Miss Bellairs, who had none of them such good fortunes." I found, by all this, that the attack upon me was a concerted one, and that both my wife and daughter were strongly infected with that migrating distemper which has of late been so epidemical in this kingdom, and which annually carries such numbers of our pri-  
vate

vate families to Paris, to expose themselves there as English, and here, after their return, as French; in-  
 somuch that I am assured, that the French call those  
 swarms of English which now, in a manner, over-run  
 France, a second incursion of the Goths and Vandals.

I endeavoured as well as I could to avert this im-  
 pending folly, by delays and gentle persuasions, but  
 in vain; the attacks upon me were daily repeated,  
 and, sometimes enforced by tears. At last I yielded,  
 from mere good nature, to the joint importunities of  
 a wife and daughter whom I loved; not to mention  
 the love of ease and domestic quiet, which is, much  
 oftener than we care to own, the true motive of  
 many things that we either do or omit.

My consent being thus extorted, our setting out  
 was pressed. The journey wanted no preparations;  
 we should find every thing in France. My daughter,  
 who spoke some French, and my son's governor, who  
 was a Swiss, were to be our interpreters upon the  
 road; and when we came to Paris, a French servant  
 would make all easy.

But, as if Providence had a mind to punish our  
 folly, our whole journey was a series of distresses.  
 We had not sailed a league from Dover before a  
 violent storm arose, in which we had like to have  
 been lost. Nothing could equal our fears but our  
 sickness, which, perhaps, lessened them: at last we  
 got to Calais, where the inexorable customhouse of-  
 ficers took away half the few things which we had  
 carried with us. We hired some chaises, which prov-  
 ed to be old and shattered ones, and broke down  
 at least every ten miles. Twice we were overturned,  
 and



and some of us hurt, though there are no bad roads in France. At length, the sixth day, we got to Paris where our banker had provided a very good lodging for us; that is, very good rooms, very well furnished, and very dirty. Here the great scene opened. My wife and daughter, who had been a good deal disheartened by our distresses, recovered their spirits, and grew extremely impatient for a consultation of the necessary trades people, when luckily our banker and his lady, informed of our arrival, came to make us a visit: he graciously brought me five thousand livres, which, he assured me, was not more than what would be necessary for our first setting out, as he called it; while his wife was pointing out to mine the most compendious method of spending three times as much. I told him, that I hoped, that sum would be very near sufficient for the whole time; to which he answered coolly, "No, Sir, nor six times that sum, if you propose, as to be sure you do, to appear here *bonnetement*." This, I confess, startled me a good deal; and I called out to my wife, "Do you hear that, child?" She replied, unmoved, "Yes, my dear; but now that we are here, there is no help for it; it is but once, upon an extraordinary occasion; and one would not care to appear among strangers like scrubs." I made no answer to this solid reasoning, but resolved within myself to shorten our stay, and lessen our follies, as much as I could. My banker, after having charged himself with the care of procuring me a *carrosse de remise* and a *valet de place* for the next day, which, in plain English, is a hired coach and a footman, invited us to pass all the next

day at his house, where he assured us that we should not meet with bad company. He was to carry me and my son before dinner to see the public buildings, and his lady was to call on my wife and daughter to carry them to the genteelst shops, in order to fit them out to appear *honêtement*. The next morning I amused myself very well with seeing, while my wife and daughter amused themselves still better by preparing themselves for being seen, till we met at dinner at our banker's; who, by way of sample of the excellent company to which he was to introduce us, presented us to an Irish Abbe, and an Irish captain of Claire's; two attainted Scotch fugitives, and a young Scotch surgeon who studied midwifery at the *Hôtel Dieu*. It is true, he lamented that Sir Harbottle Bumper, and Sir Clotworthy Guzzledown, with their families, whom he had invited to meet us, happened unfortunately to have been engaged to go and drink brandy at Nucilly. Though this company sounds indifferently, and tho' we should have been very sorry to have kept it in London, I can assure you, Sir, that it was the best we kept the whole time we were at Paris.

I will omit many circumstances which gave me uneasiness, tho' they would probably afford some entertainment to your readers, that I may hasten to the most material ones.

In about three days the several mechanics, who were charged with the care of disguising my wife and daughter, brought home their respective parts of this transformation, in order that they might appear *honêtement*. More than the whole morning was employed

ployed in this operation; for we did not sit down  
 to dinner till near five o'clock. When my wife and  
 daughter came at last into the eating room, where I  
 had waited for them at least two hours, I was so  
 struck with their transformation, that I could neither  
 conceal nor express my astonishment. "Now, my  
 dear," said my wife, "we can appear a little like  
 "Christians." "And strollers, too," replied I; "for  
 "such have I seen at Southwark fair; the respectable  
 "Syfigambis, and the lovely Parisatis. This cannot  
 "surely be serious!" Very serious, depend upon  
 "it, my dear," said my wife; "and pray, by the  
 "way, what may there be ridiculous in it? No  
 "such Syfigambis, neither," continued she: "Ber-  
 "ty is but sixteen, and you know I had her at four  
 "and-twenty." As I found that the name of Sys-  
 figambis, carrying an idea of age along with it, was  
 offensive to my wife, I waved the parallel; and ad-  
 dressing myself in common to my wife and daughter,  
 I told them, "I perceived that there was a painter  
 "now at Paris who coloured much higher than Ri-  
 "gault, though he did not paint near so like; for  
 "that I could hardly have guessed them to be the  
 "pictures of themselves." To this they both an-  
 swered at once, "That red was not paint; that no  
 "colour in the world was *fard* but white, of which  
 "they protested they had none." "But how do you  
 "like my *pompon*, papa?" continued my daughter;  
 "is it not a charming one? I think it is prettier  
 "than mamma's." "It may, child, for any thing  
 "that I know; because I do not know what part  
 "of all this frippery thy *pompon* is." "It is this,  
 papa,"

"papa," replied the girl, putting up her hand to her head, and showing me in the middle of her hair a complication of shreds and rags of velvets, feathers, and ribbands, stuck with false stones of a thousand colours, and placed awry. "But what hast thou done to thy hair, child!" said I; "is it blue? Is that painted too by the same eminent hand that coloured thy cheeks?" Indeed papa," answered the girl, "as I told you before, there is no painting in the case; but what gives my hair that bluish cast is the gray powder, which has always that effect upon dark coloured hair, and sets off the complexion wonderfully." "Gray powder, child!" said I, with some surprise: "Gray hairs, I knew were venerable; but till this moment I never knew that they were genteel." "Extremely so with some complexions," said my wife; "but it does not suit with mine, and I never use it." "You are much in the right, my dear," replied I, "not to play with edge tools. Leave it to the girl." This, which perhaps was too hastily said, and seemed to be a second part of the Syfigambis, was not kindly taken; my wife was silent all dinner time, and I vainly hoped, ashamed. My daughter, drunk with dress and sixteen, kept up the conversation with herself till the long-wished for moment of the opera came, which separated us, and left me time to reflect upon the extravagancies which I had already seen, and upon the still greater which I had but too much reason to dread.

From this period to the time of our return to England every day produced some new and shining folly,



folly, and some improper expense. Would to God that they had ended as they began with our journey! but unfortunately we have imported them all. I no longer understand, or am understood, in my family. I hear of nothing but *le bon ton*. A French valet de Chambre, who, I am told, is an excellent servant, and fit for every thing, is brought over to curl my wife's and my daughter's hair to *mount a deffert*, as they call it, and occasionally to *announce visits*. A very flatteringly, dirty, but, at the same time, a very genteel French maid, is appropriated to the use of my daughter. My meat, too, is as much disguised in the dressing by a French cook as my wife and my daughter are by their red, their pompons, their scraps of dirty gauze, flimsy satins, and black calicoes; not to mention their affected broken English and mangled French, which jumbled together, compose their present language. My French and English servants quarrel daily, and fight, for want of words to abuse one another. My wife is become ridiculous by being translated into French, and the version of my daughter will, I dare say, hinder many a worthy English gentleman from attempting to read her.—My expense (and consequently, my debt) increases; and I am made more unhappy by follies than most other people are by crimes.

Should you think fit to publish this my case, together with some observations of your own upon it, I hope it may prove a useful Pharos to deter private English families from the coasts of France.

I am, Sir, Your very humble servant,

R. D.

My correspondent has said enough to caution English gentlemen against carrying their wives and daughters to Paris; but I shall add a few words of my own to dissuade the ladies themselves from any inclination to such a vagary. In the first place, I assure them that of all French ragours there is none to which an Englishman has so little appetite as an English lady served up to him *a la Françoise*. Next, I beg leave to inform them, that the French taste in beauty is so different from ours, that a pretty English woman at Paris, instead of meeting with that admiration which her vanity hopes for, is considered only as a handsome corpse: and if, to put a little life into her, some of her compassionate friends there should persuade her to lay on a great deal of *rouge*, in English called paint, she must continue to wear it to extreme old age; unless she prefers a spot of real yellow (the certain consequence of paint) to an artificial one of red. And lastly, I propose it to their consideration whether the delicacy of an English lady's mind may not partake of the nature of some high flavoured wines, which will not admit of being carried abroad, though, under right management, they are admirable at home.

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## S T O R Y V.

*An account of a young Gentleman and his Governor,  
on their Travells.*

S I R,

I Troubled you some time ago with an account of my distress, arising from the female part of my

family. I told you that, by an unfortunate trip to Paris, my wife and daughter had *run stark French*; and I wish I could tell you now that I am perfectly recovered: but all I can say is, that the violence of the symptoms seems to abate, in proportion as the clothes that inflamed them wear out.

My present misfortune flows from a direct contrary cause, and affects me much more sensibly. The little whims, affectations, and delicacies, of ladies may be both ridiculous and disagreeable, especially to those who are obliged to be at once the witnesses and the martyrs of them; but they are not evils to be compared with the obstinate wrong-headedness, the idle and illiberal turn of an only son, which is unfortunately my case.

I acquainted you that, in the education of my son, I had conformed to the common custom of this country, (perhaps I conformed to it too much and too soon); and that I carried him to Paris, from whence, after six months stay, he was to go upon his travels, and take the usual tour of Italy and Germany. I thought it very necessary for a young man (though not for a young lady) to be well acquainted with the languages, the manners, the characters, and the constitutions, of other countries; the want of which I experienced and lamented in myself. In order to enable him to keep good company, I allowed him more than I could conveniently afford; and I trusted him to the care of a Swiss governor, a gentleman of some learning, good sense, good nature, and good manners. But how cruelly I am disappointed in all these hopes what follows will inform you.



During his stay at Paris he only frequented the worst English company there, with whom he was unhappily engaged in two or three scrapes, which the credit and the good nature of the English ambassador helped him out of. He hired a low Irish wench, whom he drove about in a hired chaise, to the great honour of himself, his family, and his country. He did not learn one word of French, and never spoke to Frenchman or French woman, excepting some vulgar and injurious epithets, which he bestowed upon them in very plain English. His governor very honestly informed me of this conduct, which he tried in vain to reform, and advised their removal to Italy, which accordingly I immediately ordered. His behaviour there will appear in the truest light to you by his own and his governor's last letters to me, of which I here give you faithful copies.

Rome, May 3d,

SIR,

" In the six weeks that I passed at Florence, and the week I stayed at Genoa, I never had time to write to you, being wholly taken up with seeing things, of which the most remarkable is the steeple of Pisa; it is the oddest thing I ever saw in my life; it stands all awry; I wonder it does not tumble down. I met with a great many of my countrymen, and we live together very sociably. I have been here now a month, and will give you an account of my way of life. Here are a great many very agreeable gentlemen; we are about nine or ten as smart Bucks as any in England. We constantly breakfast together,

and



and then either go and see sights, or drive about the outlets of Rome in chaises; but the horses are very bad, and the chaises do not follow well. We meet before dinner at the English coffeeshouse, where there is a very good billiard table, and very good company. From thence we go and dine together by turns at each others lodgings. Then after a cheerful glass of claret (for we have made a shift to get some here) we go to the coffeeshouse again; from thence to supper, and so to bed. I do not believe that these Romans are a bit like the old Romans; they are a parcel of thin-gutted, snivelling, cringing dogs; and I verily believe that our set could thresh forty of them. We never go among them; it would not be worth while; besides we none of us speak Italian, and none of those Signors speak English; which shows what sort of fellows they are. We saw the Pope go by t'other day in a procession; but we resolved to assert the honour of Old England; so we neither bowed nor pulled off our hats to the old rogue. Provisions and liquor are but bad here; and to say the truth, I have not had one thorough good meal's meat since I left England. No longer ago than last Sunday we wanted to have a good plumb-pudding; but we found the materials difficult to provide, and were obliged to get an English footman to make it. Pray Sir, let me come home; for I cannot find that one is a jot the better for seeing all these outlandish places and people. But if you will not let me come back, for God's sake, Sir, take away the impertinent *Mourisier* you sent with me. He is a considerable expence to you, and of no manner of service to me.

All

All the English here laugh at him, he is such a prig. He thinks himself a fine gentleman, and is always plaguing me to go into foreign companies, to learn foreign languages, and to get foreign manners; as if I were not to live and die in Old England, and as if good English acquaintances would not be much more useful to me than outlandish ones. Dear Sir, grant me this request, and you shall ever find me.

Your most dutiful son,

G. D.

The following is a very honest and sensible letter, which I received at the same time from my son's governor.

Rome, May 3d,

S I R,

" I think myself obliged in conscience to inform you, that the money you are pleased to allow me for my attendance upon your son is absolutely thrown away; since I find, by melancholy experience, that I can be of no manner of use to him. I have tried all possible methods to prevail with him to answer, in some degree at least, your good intentions in sending him abroad; but all in vain: and, in return for my endeavours, I am either laughed at or insulted. Sometimes I am called a beggarly French dog, and bid to go back to my own country and eat my frogs; and sometimes I am a *Mounseer* Ragout, and told that I think myself a very fine gentleman. I daily represent to him, that by sending him abroad you meant that he should learn the languages, the manners, and characters, of different countries, and that he should add to the classical education which

you had given him at home a knowledge of the world, and the genteel easy manners of a man of fashion, which can only be acquired by frequenting the best companies abroad. To which he only answers me with a sneer of contempt, and says, *so be-like ye hat* I would have connived at the common vices of youth, if they had been attended with the least degree of decency or refinement; but I must not conceal from you that your son's are of the lowest and most degrading kind, and avowed in the most public and indecent manner. I have never been able to persuade him to deliver the letters of recommendation which you procured him; he says he does not desire to keep such company. I advised him to take an Italian master, which he flatly refused, saying, that he should have time enough to learn Italian when he went back to England. But he has taken of himself, a music-master to teach him to play upon the German flute, upon which he throws away two or three hours every day. We spend a great deal of money, without doing you or ourselves any honour by it; though your son like the generality of his countrymen, values himself upon the expense, and looks upon all foreigners who are not able to make so considerable a one as a parcel of beggars and scoundrels; speaks of them, and if he spoke to them, would treat them, as such.

If I might presume to advise you, Sir, it should be to order us home forthwith. I can assure you that your son's morals and manners will be in much less danger under your own inspection at home than they can be under mine abroad; and I defy him to keep

keep worse English company in England than he now keeps here. But whatever you may think fit to determine concerning him, I must humbly insist upon my own dismissal, and upon leave to assure you in person of the respect with which I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Your, &c."

I have complied with my son's request, in consequence of his governor's advice, and have ordered him to come home immediately. But what shall I do with him here, where he is but too likely to be encouraged and countenanced in these illiberal and ungentleman-like manners? My case is surely most singularly unfortunate; to be plagued on one side by the polite and elegant foreign follies of my wife and daughter, and on the other by the unconforming obstinacy, the low vulgar excesses, and the porter-like manners of my son.

Perhaps my misfortune may suggest to you some thoughts on the methods of education in general, which conveyed to the public through your paper, may prove of public use. It is in that view singly that you have had this second trouble from, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

and constant reader,

R. D.

## STORY VI.

*History of Nic. Limbertongue.*

SIR,

**T**HAT you may know who it is that offers you his correspondence, and how qualified I am to



make a figure in the world, I shall let you into the secret of my birth and history.

I have the honour to be descended from the ancient family of the Limbertongues in Staffordshire. My grandfather was of the cabinet with Oliver Cromwell; but unfortunately happening to whisper a secret of some importance to his wife, the affair unaccountably became public, and sentence of dismissal was immediately passed upon him. My father was decipherer to King William. It was by his diligence and address that the assassination plot, and some other combinations in that reign, werebrought to light. But being somewhat too officious in his zeal, he was suspected of betraying the secrets of his office, (the better as is supposed, to insinuate himself into those of the opposition,) and was discarded with disgrace. With a fortune barely sufficient for support, he retired to his native village in Staffordshire; and soon after marrying the daughter of an unbeneficed clergyman in the neighbourhood, he had issue male, the writer of this letter.

My earliest infancy gave indications of an inquisitive mind; and it was my father's care to implant in me, with the first knowledge of words, an insatiable desire to communicate. At twelve years old I discovered the frailty of a maiden aunt, and brought the curate of the parish into disgrace. A young lady of uncommon discretion, who boarded in the family, was so delighted with the story, that she made me a party in all her visits, to give me new occasions of relating it: but happening one evening to steal a little abruptly upon the retirement of this lady, I  
discovered

discovered her in the prettiest familiarity imaginable with the harlequin of a strolling company.

It was about this time that a fever carried my mother to her grave. My father for some weeks, was inconsolable; but making an acquaintance with an innkeeper's daughter in the village, and marrying her soon after, he became the gayest man alive. By the direction of my new mother, who for unknown reasons, grew uneasy at my prying disposition, I was sentenced to a grammar school at fifty miles distance. Mortified as I was at first, I began early to relish this change of life. A new world was opened to me for discovery; I wormed myself into the secrets of every boy, and made immediate information to the master. Many were the whippings upon these occasions; but as my heart always felt for the mischiefs of my tongue, I was the first to condole with the sufferer, and escaped suspicion by my humanity. But all human enjoyments are transitory. It happened in the course of my discoveries, that by a perverse boy's denying the fact he was charged with, I was unfortunately, called up to give evidence against him; and though I delivered it with the strictest regard to truth, I found the whole school in combination against me, and every one branding me with the name of Tell tale.

From this unlucky accident hardly a day passed but I was called upon to answer facts which I never committed, and was as certainly punished for denying them. I was buffeted and abused by every body, and then whipt for quarreling; or if any thing was missing in the school, it was constantly found in one of

of my coat pockets, or locked up safely in my trunk. During this continued state of persecution I wrote repeatedly to my father for leave to return home; but the government of that family was transferred and admittance to it, at common vacation times, denied me; at the end of five years, however, and, as you will soon be informed, to my utter disgrace, I obtained the favour of passing the Christmas holidays at home.

The morning after my arrival I perceived at breakfast, by the demure looks of the maid, and now and then a side wink at her mistress, that there were secrets in the family. It was not long before I discovered some particular familiarities between my mother-in-law and a spruce exciseman in the neighbourhood. The room I lay in was the next to her's; but unadvisedly attempting a small peep hole in the wainscot, I unluckily bored through the face of my father's picture, which hung on the other side; by which misfortune I underwent the mortification of a discovery, and the severest discipline I ever felt. Stung with the reproaches I met with from this adventure, I doubled my assiduities, and had the satisfaction of finding one afternoon, in the garden, that the exciseman and my mother were made of the very same flesh and blood with the curate and my aunt. My father happening to be engaged at the next village, I had time to go from house to house to inform the parish of his disgrace; but how great was my surprise when at my return home, instead of gaining credit to my story, my mother had art enough to

turn

turn the mischief upon myself, and to get me driven out of doors as the most wicked of incendiaries!

Enraged as I was at my father's inhumanity, I fell upon my knees in the street, and made a solemn oath never to enter his doors again, whatever misery might be the consequence. With this resolution, and somewhat more than a guinea in my pocket, (which I had saved from the benefactions of some particular friends at my return from school,) I took the road by moonlight for London. Nothing remarkable occurred to me on the way till the last mile of my journey; when joining company with a very civil gentleman, who was kind enough to conduct me over the fields from Islington, and giving him a history of my life, I found this humane gentleman so touched with my misfortunes as to offer me a bed at his own house, and a supply of whatever money I wanted, till provision could be made for me. Such unexpected generosity drew tears from me. I thanked him for his goodness; and showing him my guinea, which was yet unbroken, I told him the favour of his house would be sufficient obligation. I was indeed a little surprised to find at that very instant my benefactors pistol at my breast, and a menace of immediate death if I refused to deliver: but you will imagine, Mr Fitz Adam, that I could withhold nothing from so kind a friend: and obligations being thus mutual between us, he left me to pursue my way with a few halfpence in my pocket.

To particularize my distresses on my first arrival in town would be to write a volume instead of a letter.



ter. In a short time my inquisitive talents were taken notice of, and I commenced business in the post of retainer to a bailiff's follower; but forgetting that secrecy was necessary to my commission, I communicated my errand wherever I was sent upon the look-out, and gave many a fine gentleman time to escape. This employment tho' of short duration, got me a natural interest among the lawyers; and, by the merit of scholarship, as well as writing a tolerable good hand, I succeeded in time to the smart post of clerk to a solicitor. But here, too, it was my misfortune to be a little too unguarded in my discoveries: for happening to be sent abroad with bills of cost for business never done, and fees never paid, I found it impossible to conceal any thing from the clients, and was discarded as a betrayer of my master's secrets. In the course of a few years I was obliged to combat necessity in the various characters of a poet, a ballad-singer, a soldier, a tooth-drawer, a mountebank, an actor, and a travelling tutor to a Buck. In this last post I might have lived with ease and profit if I could have concealed from my pupil that he was the plague of every country he came to, and the disgrace of his own. By gradual progression, and having acquired some knowledge of French, I rose in time to be assistant secretary to an envoy abroad. Here it was that my inquiring mind began to be of service to me; but happening in a few months to make a discovery of certain transactions not much to the honour of my master, and being detected in transmitting them to my friends in England, I was discarded from my office with contempt and beggary.

beggary. Upon this occasion my necessities hurried me to an act of guilt that my conscience will for ever upbraid me with ; for being thus deserted in a country where charity was unfashionable, and reduced to the very point of starving, I renounced my religion for bread, and became a brother of the Mendicants of St. Francis. Under the sanctity of this habit, and from the example of the brotherhood, I led a life of profligacy and wantonness. But though my conscience was subdued, my tongue retained its freedom ; for it was my misfortune one day, through ignorance of my company, to betray the secrets of a lady's confession to her own husband. The story began to spread; and it was by a sort of miracle that I found the means of escaping with life.

At my return into England I made a solemn renunciation of my apostacy; and by the favour of a certain great man became of consequence enough for the service of a ministerial writer. My performances for some time were highly applauded: but being a little fond of communicating objections, for the sake of answering them, I was accused of weakening the cause, and ordered to look out for other employment. Enraged at the injustice of this treatment, I devoted my pen to the service of patriotism; but being somewhat indiscreet in my zeal, and occasionally hinting to the world that my employers were only contending for power, I had the sentence of dismission passed upon me for inadvertency.

Being thus driven from all employment, and neither inclined nor able to conquer the bent of my mind,

mind, I began seriously to consider how I might turn this very disposition to advantage. In the midst of these reflections it occurred to me that the ladies were naturally openhearted like myself, and that if I tendered them my services, and supplied them with scandal upon all their acquaintance, I might find my account in it. But as wicked as this town is thought to be, and as knowing as I was in what was doing in it, I soon found that the real occurrences of life were too insipid for the attention of these fair ones, and that I must add invention to facts, or be looked upon as a trifler. I accordingly laid about me with all my might, and by a judicious mixture of truth and lies, succeeded so well, that in less than two months I carried off a dowager of quality, and am at present a very resigned widower, with a handsome fortune.

This Sir, is my history; and as I cannot keep any thing that I know, and as I know almost every thing that people would wish to keep, I intend myself the honour of corresponding with you often; I am,

S I R, Your most humble servant,

NIC. LIMBERTONGUE.

## S T O R Y VII.

### *History of Mrs. Trueman.*

S I R,

**I** am the widow of a merchant, with whom I lived happily and in affluence for many years. We had no children, and when he died he left me all he had: but his affairs were so involved, that the balance



balance which I received, after having gone through much expence and trouble, was no more than one thousand pounds. This sum I placed in the hands of a friend of my husband's, who was reckoned a good man in the city, and who allowed me an interest of four per cent. for my capital; and with this forty pounds a year I retired, and boarded in a village about an hundred miles from London.

There was an old lady of great fortune in that neighbourhood, who visited often at the house where I lodged; she pretended after a short acquaintance, to take a great liking for me: she professed a friendship for me, and at length persuaded me to come and live with her.

Between the time of taking this my resolution and putting it into execution, I was informed that this lady, whom I shall call Lady Mary, was very unequal in her humours, and treated her inferiors and dependents with that insolence which she imagined her superior fortune gave her right to make use of.

But as I was neither her relation nor dependent, and all that I desired from her was common civility, I thought that whenever her Ladyship or her house became disagreeable to me, I could retire to my old quarters, and live in the same manner as I did before I came acquainted with her; and upon the strength of this reasoning, I packed up my cloths, paid off my lodgings, and was conveyed by my Lady Mary in her own coach to the mansionhouse.

For the first year she treated me with civility and

E

confidence;



confidence; but in that time I could not help observing that she had no affection for any body. I found out that she did not love her nearest relations, who were highly esteemed by all the rest of the neighbourhood; and therefore I gave but little credit to all the protestations of friendship which she was continually making to me.

She told me all that she knew, and more than she knew; and insinuated to me, that I was to look upon the trust she reposed in me as the strongest proof of the highest friendship. But these insinuations lost their effect; for I know by experience, that there are many people, of which number her Ladyship was one, that often have need to unbosom themselves, who must have some body to impart their secrets to, and who when they know any thing that ought not to be told, are never at ease till they tell it.

But to proceed in my story. One day when her Ladyship had treated me with uncommon kindness, for my having taken her part in a dispute with one of her relations, I received a letter from London to inform me, that the person in whose hands I had placed my fortune, and who till that time, had paid my interest money very exactly, was broke and had fled the kingdom.

Lady Mary in her fits of friendship, had offered me presents, and perhaps the oftner, because I always refused them. She had sometimes told me how desirous she was to do me good in any thing that lay within her power. But in those days I had the inexpressible happiness of having no wish or view beyond

yond what my little fortune could afford me; and I was truly sensible of and blessed in the heart-felt satisfaction of independence. Imagine then Sir, what I felt at the receipt of the above-mentioned letter. All that I shall say to you about what it produced is, that I took my resolution immediately: I carried the letter in my hand to Lady Mary; but before I gave it to her, I told her that I had never doubted the sincerity of her friendship, and that I was thoroughly sensible of the kindness with which she treated me. I put her in mind of the presents which she had offered me, and added that while I was not in want of her assistance, I thought it wrong to accept of them; but that the time was now come when her friendship was likely to become my only support; that it would be unjust in me to suspect that I should not receive it; and that the letter I then gave her would tell her all, and spare my tears.

Her Ladyship immediately read it over with more attention than emotion: but after returning it to me, she embraced me, and assured me, in a condoling voice, that however great my misfortunes might be, she could not help feeling some satisfaction in thinking that it was in her power to alleviate them, by giving me proofs of her unalterable friendship; that her house, her table, her servants, should always continue to be mine; that we should never part while we lived, and that I should feel no change in my condition from this unhappy alteration of my circumstances.

To any body that knew her Ladyship less than I did,

did, these words would have afforded matter of great consolation ; but when I retired to my chamber, and reflected upon my past and present situation, I saw that I had every thing to regret in the one, and very little to hope for from the other ; and the following day convinced me of the manner in which I was to lead my future life.

Whenever Lady Mary spoke to me, she had hitherto called me Mrs Truman ; but the very next morning at breakfast she left out Mrs and upon no greater provocation than breaking a tea cup, she made me thoroughly sensible of her superiority and my dependence. " Lord Truman, you are so awkward! pray be more careful for the future, or we shall not live long together. Do you think I can afford to have my china broke at this rate, and maintain you into the bargain?"

From this moment I was obliged to drop the name and character of friend, which I had hitherto maintained with a little dignity, and to take up that which the French call *complaisante*, and the English humble companion. But it did not stop here ; for in a week I was reduced to be as miserable a Toad-eater as any in Great Britain, which in the strictest sense of the word is a servant; except that the Toad-eater has the honour of dining with my Lady, and the misfortune of receiving no wages.

The beginning of my servitude was being employed in small business in her Ladyship's own presence. Truman fetch this, Truman carry that, Truman ring the bell, Truman fill up the pot, Truman pour out



out the coffee, Truman stir the fire, Truman call a servant, Truman get me a glass of water, and put me in mind to take my drops.

The second part of my service was harder, I was a good housewife; I understood preserving, pickling, and pastry perfectly well; I was no bad milliner, and I was very well skilled in the management of a dairy. All these little talents I had frequently produced sometimes for my own amusement, and sometimes to make my court to my Lady. But now what had been my diversion became my employment: my Lady could touch no sweetmeat, pickle, tart, or cheesecake, but what was the work of my hands. I made up all her linen, I mended and sometimes washed her lace, the butter she eats every morning is all of my churning, and I make every slipcoat cheese that is brought to her table: and if any of these my various works miscarry, I am scolded or pouted at as much as if I was hired and paid for every branch of the different employments to which I am put.

This degradation of mine has not escaped the eyes of the quicksighted servants. The change in my situation has produced a total one in their behaviour. There is hardly a chambermaid that will bring me up a bottle of water into my room, or a footman that will give me a glass of small beer at dinner.

I must now give you an account of certain regulations which I am enjoined to observe at table. I am absolutely forbid to taste any dish that is eatable cold as well as hot, or that may be hashed for sup-



per. By this I am prevented from eating of most dishes that come before us. I must never taste boiled or roasted beef; and ham and venison pasty are equally contraband. Fowls, chicken, and all sorts of game, come under the article of prohibited goods: and though I see brawn and sturgeon served up every day during the whole winter, I am no more the better for them than Tantalus was for his apples; and really sometimes I eat as little as those who dine with Duke Humphry, or as Sancho did when he was made governor of Barataria. To this I may add, that I have not tasted a glass of wine in our house for some years, and that punch, bishop, cool tankard, and negus, are equally denied me; and I never must touch any fruit unless when I am to preserve it.

The rewards I receive for the service I do, and the restraint which I submit to, consist in having the enjoyment of the mere necessities of life, provided you exclude money out of the number. I am clothed out of Lady Mary's wardrobe; and I have offended Mrs Pinup, her Ladyship's woman, past all forgiveness, because her Ladyship chuses that I should not go naked about the house.

Not being much used to a coach, I am generally sick with sitting backwards in one. This my Lady knows perfectly well; but since I entered into my state of dependence. I am constantly obliged to let her sit forwards alone, in the daily airings that we take upon the adjacent common.

You have already seen Sir, that I do the work of most of the servants in the house; but I must now descend

descend a little lower, and acquaint you with some abject employments which I am forced to submit to.

I have already hinted to you, that my Lady has no real friendship for either man or woman. Her affections are settled upon the brute creation, for whom she expresses incredible tenderness. You would take her monkey to be her eldest son, by the care she shows of him; and she could not be more indulgent to her favourite daughter than she is to her lap-dog; she has a real friendship for her parrot; and the other day she expressed much more joy at the safe delivery of a beloved cat than she had done, some months before, at the birth of her grandson.

It is my province to tend, wait upon, and serve, this favourite part of the family. I am made answerable for all their faults; and if any of them are sick, it is I that am to blame. It was through my negligence that Pug broke my lady's finest set of china; and my forgetting to give Veny her dinner was the occasion of the dear creature's illness. Poll's silence is often attributed to my ill usage; and the murder of two or three kittens has been most unjustly laid to my charge.

I now come to some grievances of another kind, which I am almost ashamed to own, but which are necessary to be told.

My Lady has, for the humour in her eyes, (by the by, I make all her eye-water,) three issues; one in each arm, and one on her back. Now it happened that her own woman, being one day confined to her bed, I was desired to perform the operation of dressing

dressing them in her stead; and unfortunately I acquitted myself of the task so much to my Lady's satisfaction, that Mrs Pinup has been turned out of that office which is given to me, and I am afraid it is a place for life.

There was another thing happened to me last year, which deserves to be inserted in this letter, and which though it made me cry, will I am afraid make other people laugh.

Lady Mary out of the few teeth she has left, had one that had the impudence to ake, and keep her ladyship awake for two nights together; upon this Mr Mercy the surgeon was sent for, who upon viewing the affected part, declared immediately for extraction. This put my lady into a terrible agony: she declared she never had a tooth drawn in her life, and that she could never be brought to undergo it, unless she saw the same operation performed upon some body else in her presence. Upon this all the servants were summoned, and she endeavoured to persuade them, one after another, to have a tooth drawn for her service: but they all refused, and chose rather to lose their places than their teeth. Lady Mary addressed herself to me, and conjured me, by the long friendship that had subsisted between us, and by all the obligations I had already to her, and those she was determined to confer upon me, to grant her this request. I blush to tell you that I yielded, and parted with a fine white sound tooth: but what will you say when I also tell you, that after I had lost mine, Mr Mercy was at last sent away without drawing her Ladyship's.



Lady Mary takes great quantities of physic, and part of my business is to prepare and make up the doses; but what is still worse, her Ladyship will swallow nothing till I have tasted it in her presence. I also make and administer all the water gruel that she drinks with her physic, and am forced to attend her with camomile tea when she takes a vomit. This last is hard duty, as it not only makes me constantly sick, but as often stains my only gown and apron.

I have now Sir, done with all my bodily hardships, and shall proceed to a grievance which lyes heavier on me than all I have already mentioned; I mean that perpetual sacrifice of truth which I am forced to make for Ladyship's service.

Lady Mary is about sixty five, and labours under a vice which sometimes persons of the same sex and age are subject to; I mean that of telling long and improbable stories. She has a fine invention, which often carries her beyond the bounds even of possibility. She deals largely in the marvellous, and whenever she perceives that she has made the company stare a little too much, she constantly appeals to me for the truth of a fact which I never heard before, but of which I am declared to have been an eye-witness.

Another grievance is, that my Lady, being much the richest person in the neighbourhood, is thoroughly convinced that no body of an inferior fortune can ever be in the right in any dispute which may happen between them; and as her Ladyship's argu-

ments



ments are generally very weak, so her passions are very strong; and what she wants in reason she makes up in anger, which sometimes rises to abuse: and in all these disputes she never fails to appeal to me, as an equitable judge for my decision of the contest; which appeal being accompanied with one of Colonel Hernando's looks, sentence is immediately pronounced in her favour; for what can reason or argument do against fear and poverty? These unjust judgments have made all the neighbours my enemies, who imagine also that, by his behaviour of mine, I must be highly in my Lady's good graces; so that they hate what they ought to compassionate, and envy what they should rather pity. It is the same case in every quarrel that happens between her Ladyship and her own relations. I am made the witness and judge in every cause; and I own very freely that my testimony is generally false, and my judgment partial: so that upon the whole, my neighbours hate me, the family detest me, and my Lady herself does not love, and cannot esteem me.

You are now Sir, fully informed of the wretched life I lead; and as I dare say that there are many who pass their days exactly in the same manner, you will do them and me a singular service by printing this letter. My Lady takes in your paper, and lends it about to all the neighbours: and there are some features of my condition too strongly drawn to be mistaken by any of my acquaintance. A common likeness would not have been sufficient: but such a caricature as I have printed must strike, and

be

be known at first sight, and perhaps, may contribute to change my scene for a better. But one thing I am sure of which is, that no alteration that can happen to me from the publishing this paper can be for the worse.

I am Sir,

Your most obedient,  
humble servant

MARY TRUMAN.

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## STORY VIII.

### *An Ironical account of Marriage.*

OF all the eastern stories that have hitherto made their appearance in English, there is not one that conveys so perfect and beautiful a moral as that of the Prince Ruzvanschad and the Princess Checheristany, in the first volume of the Persian Tales. Ruzvanschad was King of China, and Checheristany, Princess of an island of Genii. They fell desperately in love with each other; and after the usual delays, were married in due form in the island of Checheristian where the lady was Queen. But before the solemnization of this marriage, the Princess of the Genii addressed the King of China in the following manner: "I am not going," said she, "to make your Majesty any unreasonable request, though the power I have over you, and the superiority of my nature, claim obedience in all things; I shall only demand

demand a promise from you, that for the honour of your Queen, and for our mutual happiness, you will blindly comply with me in every thing I have a mind to do. The Genii are never in the wrong; if, therefore, at any time my actions should happen to appear unaccountable and extravagant say within yourself, my wife has reason for what she does; for it is impossible that we should live together in love and harmony unless you implicitly believe that I am always in the right." The King, accordingly to the universal custom of lovers, promised very readily to think in all things as his Princess would have him; and the marriage was celebrated with all imaginable splendour.

The sequel of the story informs us, that his Majesty of China did not absolutely keep his royal promise; for that upon certain trifling occasions, such for instance, as the Queen's flinging her son into the fire, giving her daughter to be devoured by a wild beast, destroying the provisions of his whole army, and the like, (which are only allegorical expressions, signifying a mamma's giving up her son to the fire of his passions, carrying her daughter to the masquerade, and consuming the substance of her husband,) he not only thought her in the wrong, but had the rashness to tell her so. Here begins the misery of this royal and once happy couple; the Queen separates herself from her husband, and at the end of ten whole years, consents to cohabitation upon no other terms than a renewal of the old promise, ratified by an oath. The story adds that the King of China, having



having seen his error, never failed to acknowledge the wisdom of his Queen in all she did, and that they lived to an extreme old age, the happiest monarchs of the east.

If every husband in England was to read this story night and morning, till he had got it by heart; and in imitation of the King of China, if he would consider himself as a mere son of Adam, and his wife of the superior nature of the Genii, the happiness of his life would in all probability be secured; for I am fully persuaded that all the infelicities of the married state are occasioned by men's finding fault with the conduct of their wives, and imagining themselves to be fitter for government than for obedience.

For my own part, I have always looked upon the husband to be the head of the wife, just in the same manner as a fountain is the head of a stream, which only finds supplies for its wanderings, without directing the current which way it shall flow. It may possibly be objected that wives are commanded in a certain book, called the Bible, to be obedient to their husbands; but a lady of my acquaintance, who is a great casuist in divinity, seems to have set this matter in a true light, by observing, that as most of the commentators upon the New Testament have agreed that some of its particular commands and prohibitions are merely local and temporary, and intended only as cautions to the christians against giving scandal to the Jews and Heathens among whom they lived, she makes no manner of doubt that obedience to husbands was among the number of these commands, and that it



might be right to observe it in the infancy of Christianity but not now.

Many persons, as well Christians as others, are of opinion, that to command is neither the province of the wife nor the husband, and that to advise or intreat is all that either has a right to; but this I take to be wrong policy; for as every private family is a little state within itself, there should be a superior and laws, or all will be anarchy and confusion; and as it is indisputable that the wife knows more of family-affairs than the husband, there is no reason in the world for taking the command out of her hands.

Every body sees that when men keep mistresses they commence subjects under an absolute tyranny: and that a wife should have less authority is, in my own private opinion a very bad case; especially if it be considered that she is not only one flesh with her husband, but as the universal phrase is, his better part. Every body knows too, that good-humour in a wife is the most necessary of all the virtues to secure the happiness of a husband; and how is her good-humour to be preserved, if she is to be under perpetual controul; it is no new discovery that the first wish of a woman is power; if therefore, you give the sceptre into her hand, and intreat her to say and to do according to her own good pleasure, it will be almost impossible for her to be always out of temper.

But the subordination of husbands will appear to be of greater necessity, if it be considered how unfit almost every man is to govern himself. I have known  
 husbands

husbands of hopeful dispositions, who from being left entirely to their own management, have run into every excess of riot and debauchery; when it has been obvious, that had their wives exerted the proper authority over them, they would have made the soberest and meekest men alive. How thankful therefore, ought we to be, that our wives are inclined to take upon themselves the troublesome office of government, and to leave to their husbands the easy duty of obedience, which a child of six years old is as capable of performing as his father of forty!

I have indeed, heard it objected, that all women are not sufficiently qualified for the government of their husbands. But by whom is this objection made? By some obstinate old Bachelor, who for want of conversing with the sex, has formed very erroneous opinions of their dignity and abilities. To decide this question, I would only appeal to those husbands who have lived in a constant state of subjection to their wives; and if any one of them dare tell me that he has once wished to be his own master, I will be a bachelor in unbelief. It has also been objected, that the tyranny of a wife may sometimes be a little more absolute than the husband may wish it to be; but it has always been a maxim, that an absolute monarchy is the best, provided that we know, and have a right of chusing our ruler: the husband therefore, should be satisfied with a small extension of the prerogative, whose monarch is not only of his own chusing, but one whom he has courted to reign over him.

It is matter of no small satisfaction to me that, by  
vindicating

windicating the sovereignty of the ladies, I am doing service to my king and country; for while men are kept under a continued state of subjection at home, they will submit with more alacrity to the laws, and feel a deficiency of those spirits which, for want of proper controul, might lead them into riots, insurrections, and rebellions. It were to be wished, indeed, that the ladies would drop the study of national politics, and confine themselves to family government only; for while a husband is no other than the vassal of his wife, a female Jacobite (unless she should happen to be ugly, or an old maid), may be a dangerous creature. I shall therefore conclude this paper by recommending it to the Administration to have a particular eye to those seminaries of female learning known by the name of Boarding-schools. It might not be improper if the oaths of Allegiance and Abjuration were to be administered to the superiors and mademoiselles of such colleges, or if the head of his present Majesty King George was to be worked by every pretty Miss at the bottom of her sampler.



## S T O R Y IX.

### *Account of a Polite Duel.*

**I** am the widow of Mr Solomon Muzzy; I am the daughter of Ralph Pumpkin, Esq. and I am the grand-daughter of Sir Josiah Pumpkin of Pumpnik hall in South Wales. I was educated, with my

two elder sisters, under the care and tuition of my honoured grandfather and grandmother, at the Hall-house of our ancestors. It was the constant custom of my grandfather, when he was tolerably free from the gout, to summon his three grand daughters to his bedside, and amuse us with the most important transactions of his life. I took particular delight in hearing the good old man illustrate his own character, which he did, perhaps not without some degree of vanity but always with a strict adherence to truth. He told us he hoped we would have children, to whom some of his adventures might prove useful and important.

Sir Josiah was scarce nineteen years old when he was introduced at the Court of Charles II. by his uncle Sir Simon Sparrowgrass, who was at that time Lancaster herald at arms, and in great favour at Whitehall. As soon as he kissed the King's hand he was presented to the Duke of York, and immediately afterwards to the ministers and the mistresses. His fortune, which was considerable, and his manners which were extremely elegant, made him so very acceptable in all companies, that he had the honour to be plunged at once into every polite party of wit, pleasure, and expense, that the courtiers could possibly display. He danced with the ladies; he drank with the gentlemen: he sang loyal catches, and broke bottles and glasses, in every tavern throughout London: but still he was by no means a perfect fine gentleman; he had not fought a Duel. He was so extremely unfortunate as never to have had even the happiness of a rencounter. The want of opportunity,



opportunity, not of courage, had occasioned this inglorious chasm in his character. He appeared not only to the whole Court, but even in his own eye, an unworthy and degenerate Pumpkin, till he had shown himself as expert in opening a vein with a sword as any surgeon in England could do with a lancet. Things remained in this unhappy situation till he was near two-and-twenty years of age. At length his better stars prevailed, and he received a most egregious affront from Mr Cucumber, one of the gentlemen ushers of the privy chamber, Cucumber, who was in waiting at court, spit inadvertently into the chimney, and as he stood next to Sir Josiah Pumpkin, part of the spittle rested upon Sir Josiah's shoe. It was then that the true Pumpkin honour arose in blushes upon his cheeks. He turned upon his heel, went home immediately, and sent Mr Cucumber a challenge. Captain Daisy, a friend to each party, not only carried the challenge, but adjusted the preliminaries. The heroes were to fight in Moorfields, and to bring fifteen seconds on a side. Punctuality is a strong instance of valour upon these occasions. The clock of St Paul's struck seven just when the combatants were marking out their ground, and each of the two-and-thirty gentlemen was adjusting himself into a posture of defence against his adversary. It happened to be the hour for breakfast in the hospital of Bedlam. A small bell had rung to summon the Bedlamites into the great gallery. The keepers had already unlocked the cells, and were bringing forth their mad folks, when the porter of Bedlam, Owen Macduffy, standing at the iron gate,

and

and beholding such a number of armed men in the midst of the fields, immediately roared out, " Fire, murder, swords, daggers, bloodshed ! " Owen's voice was always remarkably loud, but his fears had rendered it still louder and more tremendous. His words struck a panic into the keepers; they lost all their presence of mind, they forgot their prisoners; and hastened most precipitately down stairs to the scene of action. At the sight of naked swords their fears increased, and at once they stood openmouthed and motionless. Not so the lunatics: freedom to madmen, and light to the blind, are equally rapturous. Ralph Rogers the tinker began the alarm. His brains had been turned with joy at the Restoration, and the poor wretch imagined that this glorious set of combatants were Roundheads and Fanatics, and accordingly he cried out, " Liberty and property, my boys ! down with the Rump ! Cromwell and Ireton are come from hell to destroy us. Come, my Cavalier lads follow me, and let us knock out their brains." The Bedlamites immediately obeyed, and with the tinker at their head, leaped over the balustrades of the staircase, and ran wildly into the fields. In their way they picked up some staves and cudgels, which the porters and the keepers had inadvertently left behind, and rushing forward with amazing fury, they forced themselves outrageously into the midst of the combatants, and in one unlucky moment destroyed all the decency and order with which this most illustrious duel had begun.

It seemed according to my grandfather's observation, a very untoward fate, that two and-thirty gentlemen

lemen of courage, honour, fortune, and quality, should meet together in hopes of killing each other, with all that resolution and politeness which belonged to their stations and should at once be routed dispersed, and even wounded, by a set of madmen, without sword, pistol, or any other more honourable weapon than a cudgel.

The madmen were not only superior in strength but numbers. Sir Josiah Pumpkin and Mr Cucumber stood their ground as long as possible, and they both endeavoured to make the lunatics the sole objects of their mutual revenge; but the two friends were soon overpowered, and no person daring to come to their assistance; each of them made as proper a retreat as the place and circumstances would admit.

Many of the other gentlemen were knocked down, and trampled under foot. Some of them, whom my grandfather's generosity would never name, betook themselves to flight in a very inglorious manner. An earl's son was spied clinging submissively round the feet of mad Rockington the tailor. A young baronet although naturally intrepid, was obliged to conceal himself at the bottom of Pip-pin Kate's apple stall. A Shropshire squire of three thousand pounds a-year was discovered chin-deep, and almost stifled in Fleet-ditch. Even Captain Daisy himself was found in a milk-cellar with visible marks of fear and consternation. Thus ended this inauspicious day. But the madmen continued their outrages many days after. It was near a week before they were all retaken and chained down in their cells.

cells. During that interval of liberty they committed many offensive pranks throughout the cities of London and Westminster, and my grandfather himself had the misfortune to see mad Rogers come into the Queen's drawingroom, and spit in a Duchess's face.

Such unforeseen disasters occasioned some prudent regulations in the laws of honour. It was enacted that from that time, six combatants (three on a side) might be allowed and acknowledged to contain such a quantity of blood in their veins as should be sufficient to satisfy the highest affront that could be offered.

Afterwards, upon the maturest deliberation, as my grandfather assured me, the number six was reduced to four, two principals and two seconds; each second was to be the truest and best beloved friend that his principal had in the world: and these seconds were to fight, provided they declared upon oath that they had no manner of quarrel to each other; for the canons of honour ordained, that in case the two seconds had the least heat or animosity one against the other, they must naturally become principals, and therefore ought to seek out for seconds to themselves.

Having told you a very remarkable event in my grandfather's life almost in his own words, and finding that the story has carried me perhaps into too great a length of letter, I shall now mention some curious facts relating to my father, and to poor dear Mr Solomon Muzzy, of whom I am the unfortunate



unfortunate and mournful relict. But I have at least the honour and consolation to be,

Sir,

Your constant reader, and  
most humble servant,  
MARY MUZZY.

## STORY X.

### *History of Amanda.*

**I** HAVE been betrayed and ruined by the basest of mankind. My father was a merchant of considerable note in this town; but, by unavoidable losses and misfortunes, he died two years ago, broken-hearted and insolvent. I was his only child, and the delight of his life. My education, my dress, and manner of living, were such as would hardly have discredited a young woman of fashion. Alas! the dear parent, to whose fondness I was indebted for every advantage and enjoyment intended to have given me a considerable fortune; but he died, as I have told you, and has left me to lament that I was not a beggar from my cradle.

I was ignorant of his circumstances, and therefore felt not my misfortune in its full force till a month after his death; at which time his creditors entered upon his house, sold all his furniture and effects, and left me nothing but my clothes and trinkets, which they had no right to take from me.

In the days of my prosperity I had a maid servant of whom I was extremely fond, and to whom upon her marriage with a reputable tradesman, I gave a  
little

little portion of seventy pounds, which were left me by a relation. This young woman was lately become a widow; and being left in but indifferent circumstances, she hired a large house near the Exchange, and let lodgings for her support. It was to this woman that I flew for shelter, being no more than eighteen years of age, and as my father used often to tell me, too handsome to have friends.

I do not mention this circumstance, indeed I do not, as any thing to be vain of; Heaven knows that I am humbled by it to the very dust: I only introduced it as the best excuse I could think of for the unkindness of my acquaintance.

I was received by this favourite servant with great appearance of gratitude and esteem. She seemed to pity my misfortunes, and to take every opportunity of comforting and obliging me.

Among the gentlemen that lodged at her house, there was one whom she used to talk of with great pleasure. One day after I had lived with her about a week, she told me that this gentleman had a great inclination to be known to me, and that if I had no objection to company, he would drink tea with me that afternoon. She had hardly done speaking, when the gentleman entered the room. I was angry in my heart at this freedom; but his genteel appearance and behaviour soon got the better of my resentment, and made me listen to his conversation with more than common attention. To be as short as I can, this first visit made me desirous of a second, that second of a third, and the third of a thousand more;

all of which he seemed as eager to pay as I was willing to receive.

The house was so crowded with lodgers, that the mistress of it had only one parlour for herself and me; and as she had almost constant employment at home, my lover had very few opportunities of entertaining me alone. But the presence of a third person did not hinder him from declaring the most tender and unalterable love to me nor did it awe me from discovering how pleased and happy I was at the conquest I had made.

In this delightful situation near a twelvemonth passed away; during which time he would often lament his dependence upon an old uncle, who, he said, would most assuredly disinherit him if he married a woman without a fortune.

I wanted no better reason for this delay; and was waiting for an event that promised me the possession of all I wished for, when my happiness was interrupted by the most villanous contrivance that ever was heard of.

I had walked out one morning to buy some shades of silk, in order to finish the covering of a settee which I was working for my benefactress, and was returning home through a by court, when to my inexpressible surprise, I found myself stopt by two men, who producing what they called a writ against me, hurried me into a coach, and conveyed me half dead with terror, to a wretched house, whose windows were guarded with bars.

As soon as I had power to speak, I desired to know by whom and for what crime, I was thus cruelly

ely insulted. They showed me, without hesitation, their authority : by which it appeared that the woman with whom I lived had ordered me to be arrested for a debt of thirty pounds, which she had sworn I owed her for board and lodgings. " It is impossible !" cried I; she cannot have served me so! there must be some mistake in this! Send for her this moment! I am sure it is a mistake !" " Very possible, madam," answered one of the fellows with a smile ; " but if you would take my advice, it should be to send for a gentleman instead of the plaintiff. A young lady like you madam, need not stay here for a debt of thirty pounds." " Go where I send you, Sir," said I; tell her what has happened to me, and bid her hasten to me, if she would save my life." The fellow shook his head as he went out, but promised to do as I directed. His companion asked me what I pleased to call for, and explained his meaning by telling me I was in a public house. I bid him call for what he liked and charge it to me; he thanked me very civilly, and locking the door after him, left me to myself.

I had now a little leisure to reflect upon this adventure ; but the more I thought of it the greater was my perplexity. I remained in this uncomfortable suspense for near an hour, when I heard the door open with some precipitation, and saw my lover enter the room with an astonishment not to be imagined. " Good God !" " said he, snatching me to his arms, " is this an apartment for my charmer ? That inhuman woman ?"——" What woman ?" said I, interrupting him; " can it be possible?" She



owns it herself," answered he; " this professing friend, this grateful servant, owns that she has arrested you." I was ready to faint at what I heard; but recovering myself as well as I could, I inquired into the motives of this woman's cruelty. " Her motive" he replied, " was avarice; I had some words with her two days ago, and threatened her in jest that I would leave her lodgings. She thought me in earnest; and believing I was soon to marry the angel whom I doated on, she determined to make what money she could of me, by arresting my sweet girl. She was not mistaken when she guessed with what haste I should discharge the debt. Here Sir, continued he, turning to the bailiff, " is the full sum, and a gratuity for yourself. Come madam, let us exchange this detested place for apartments more worthy of you."

The coach that brought him to my prison was at the door. He immediately put me into it, and conducted me to a lace shop upon Ludgate-hill. I remained in the coach while he stepped into the shop, and continued for a minute or two in conversation with the mistress of it; when returning to me with great cheerfulness, he gave me joy of his success, and handed me up stairs into pleasant and convenient apartments. The exact order in which I found every thing in these apartments put me upon observing that the owner of them was a prophetess, and knew that I should have need of them that very morning. My lover made no answer to my remark. but straining me in his arms, and almost pressing me to death, he called them my bridal apartments, and gave me welcome to them as such. He then went down

to order dinner, and a bottle of champagne from the tavern, and returned to me with so much love and joy in his looks, that I was charmed with him beyond expression. When dinner was removed, and the servant who attended us withdrawn, he said and looked so many fond and endearing things, and mingled such caresses with his words and looks, forcing upon me at the same time three or four glasses of a wine I was not used to, that my heart, warm as it was before with love and gratitude, consented to his desires, and in one fatal moment betrayed me to a villain.

I lived in this guilty commerce till the effects of it made me apprehensive of being a mother in a few weeks. I had often pressed him for the performance of his promises, and was now resolved to be more particularly urgent with him upon that subject; but instead of listening to me, as I hoped he would, he called hastily for his sword, and took leave of me till the evening.

I expected his return with the utmost impatience. The evening came: another, and another after that; but I neither saw him nor heard from him. Upon the fourth day of his leaving me I received a visit from the mistress of the house, who to my great astonishment, addressed me in these words:

“ I thought Madam, at your entrance into this house, that you were a married woman. The lady who hired the lodgings for you two days before gave me assurance that you are married.” “ What lady!” cried I. “ You amaze me! I heard not of these lodgings till I had taken possession of them. Be quick and tell me who was this lady.” “ Alas!”

answered my visitor, " I knew not till this morning that you were fallen into the snares of the worst of women, and the most artful of men." She saw my amazement; but desiring my attention, proceeded thus: As for the gentleman, (if he deserves the name of one,) you will never see him more!" — " How madam! never see him more!" interrupted I. My voice failed me as I uttered these words: and leaning backwards in my chair, I fainted away. She recovered me from my swoon, and then went on. " He has just now sent his servant to discharge the lodgings; of whom, when I inquired how you were to be taken care of in your approaching hour, his answer was, that he had not commission to speak to such questions. Pray madam," continued she, " is it true that you were arrested in the street the morning of your entrance into these lodgings?" I told her Yes. " The servant then is honest," she replied; he has given me your whole history. The contrivers of that arrest were the woman where you lodged and the villain whom you trusted. Their design was to fling you entirely into his power, that he might use it to your destruction. But do not despair, madam," added she, seeing me in the utmost affliction; " all women are not monsters. I have compassion upon your youth, and will assist you in your distresses. These apartments are yours till you desire to resign them: nor shall any thing be wanting that your situation shall require, or that a lady in happier circumstances would wish to be provided with. And hereafter, if you should chuse to continue with me, and assist me in my business,

Business, I will look upon you as my daughter, and forget every thing which has befallen you."

Oppressed as I was with grief and shame, my heart bounded at this proposal. I fell upon the neck of my benefactress, and bedewed it with my tears; telling her, as well as those tears would permit me, that I was bound to her for ever, and would wish for no other happiness than to love and please her.

Three months are past since I have been the mother of a sweet boy; in all which time I have never seen, (and I pray heartily that I never may see) his inhuman father. The generous woman, who supports me, is even kinder to me than her promise. She pays herself she says, in the comfortable thought that she has been an instrument in the hand of Heaven to save me from destruction. She told me yesterday, that the stratagem by which this monster got me into his power, with every particular of his behaviour to me before and after it, is his favourite subject in all companies. To deprive him, therefore, of his principal pleasure, I have thought proper to take the story out of his hands, by telling it myself,

I am Sir,

Your most humble servant,

AMANDA

## STORY X.

### *Story of a Welch Hearer.*

I was born and brought up in the principality of Wales, which from time immemorial, must have



been productive of the most thorough bred, seasoned, and staunch hearers, since every gentleman of that country holds and asserts his right to be a talker by privilege of birth. I would not have you conclude, from what I have said above, that I am not as good a gentleman as the best, (I mean of as good a family,) though poverty and ill fortune have doomed me to be for ever a hearer.

I was left an orphan in my earliest years; but I am not going to trouble you with the many misfortunes which constantly attended me to the age of forty; at which time I was a schoolmaster without boys to teach, or bread to eat. At this period of my life I was advised by the parson of our parish to go and enter myself in some large and wealthy family to be an Uncle; which is a known and a common term in Wales, of like signification with hearer in England; the duties and requisite qualifications being nearly the same, as will appear from the following short instructions given me by my adviser, viz. Never to open my lips except for the well timed utterance of, Indeed! Surprising! Prodigious! Most amazing! but these only to be used at the proper intervals of the Talker's fetching his breath, coughing, or at other pauses; and the length of the admiration to be always adapted to, and, particularly, never to exceed, the aforesaid intervals.

But, in order to explain the method he took to qualify me still farther, and inure me to patience, I must give you a short history of this worthy parson. He was truly what he was called, a good sort of a man, if charity, friendship, and good humour can entitle

entitle a man to that character. I must not conceal the meanness of his education, in which he discovered, however as great a genius as could possibly arise out of a stable and a kennel. He was a thorough sportsman, and so good a shot, that the late Squire took a fancy to him, made him his constant companion, and gave him the living. But, that he might not be lost in study and sermon-making, he contrived to marry him to the daughter of the late incumbent, who had been taught by her father Latin and metaphysics, and exercised from twelve years old to forty, in making themes and sermons. As she was by nature meagre and deformed, by constitution fretful and complaining, by education conceited and disputations, by study pale and blear eyed, and by habit talkative and loud, the friendship of the good parson suggested her as the fittest person in the world to exercise my patience for a few months, and inure me to the discipline of my future function. In this station I made a vast progress in a little time; for I not only heard above a thousand sermons, but the strict observance of my vow of attention having made me a favourite, I was complained to whenever any thing went amiss in the family, and often scolded at for the husband, whose office grew into a sinecure; inasmuch, that if I had not known the sincerity and uprightness of his heart, I should have suspected him of bringing me into his house to supply for him all those duties which he wanted to be eased of. But he had no such interested views; for as soon as he found his helpmate had transfused into me a necessary portion of patience and long suffering, he recommended

commended me to my fortune, giving me, generous man! a coat and wig, which formerly himself, and before him the Squire, had worn for many years upon extraordinary days. Having thus equipt me, he resumed the duties of his family, where he officiates to this day with true Christian resignation.

My first reception was at the house of a gentleman, who in the early part of his life, had followed the study of botany. Nature and truth are so pleasing to the mind of man that they never sariate.— Alas! he happened one day to taste, by mistake, a root that had been sent him from the Indies: it was a most subtle poison, to which his experience in British simples knew no antidote. Immediately upon his death, a neighbouring gentleman, who had his eye upon me some time, sent me an invitation. His discourse was upon husbandry: and as he never deceived me in any thing but where he deceived himself, I heard him also with pleasure.

These were therefore my halcyon days, on which I always reflect with regret and tears. How different were the succeeding ones, in which I have listened to the tales of old maids running over an endless list of lovers they never had; of old beaux who boasted of favours from ladies they never saw; of senators who narrated the eloquence they never spoke! giving me such a disgust and nausea to lies, that at length my ears, which were at that time much too quick for my office, grew unable to bear them. But prudently considering that I must either hear or starve, I invented the following expedient for qualifying a lie. While I assented by some gesticulation

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on, or motion of the head, eyes, or muscles of the face, I resolved to have in reserve some inward expression of dissent. Of these I had various; but for the sake of brevity, I shall only trouble you with one.

A younger brother, who had served abroad all his life, as he would frequently tell us, and who came unexpectedly to the estate and castle, where he found me with a good character, took so kindly to me, that he seemed to desire no other companion; and as a proof of it never sent to invite or add to our company any one of the numerous friends he so often talked of, of great rank, bravery, and honour, who would have gone to the end of the world to have served him. I could have loved him too, but for one fault. He would lie without measure or disguise. His usual exaggeration was, and more. As thus, "At the siege of Monticelli," (a town in Italy, as he told us) "I received in several parts of my body three and twenty shot and more. At the battle of Caratha," (in Turkey) "I rode to death eighteen horses and more." With Lodamio, the Bavarian general, I drank hand to fist six dozen of hock and more." Upon all such occasions I inwardly anticipated him, by substituting, in the place of his last two words, the two following, or less. But it so happened one unfortunate evening, as he was in the midst of the sharpest engagement ever heard of, in which, with his single broad sword, he had killed five hundred and more, that I kept my time more precisely than silence, for unhappily the qualifying, or less, which should have been tacitly swallowed



lowed for the quieting my own spirit, was so audibly articulated to the inflaming of his, that the moment he heard subjoined to his five hundred, or less, the fury of his resentment descended on my ear with a violent blow of his fist. By this slip of my tongue I lost my post in that family, and the hearing of my left ear.

The consequences of this accident gave me great apprehensions for a considerable time; for the slightest cold affecting the other ear, I was frequently rebuked for misplacing my marks of approbation. But I soon discovered that it was no real misfortune; for experience convinced me, that absolute silence was of greater estimation than the best timed syllable of interruption. It is to this experience that I shall refer you, after having recounted the last memorable adventure of my unfortunate history.

The last family that received me was so numerous in relations and visitors that I found I should be very little regarded when I had worn off the character of Stranger; though as such, I was as earnestly applied to as any high court of appeals. For as the force of liquor co-operated with the force of blood, they one and all, addressed themselves to me to settle the antiquity of their families; vociferating, at one and the same time, above a score of genealogies. This was a harder service than any I had ever been used to; and the whole weight of the clamour falling on my only surviving ear, unhappily overpowered it, and I became from that instant totally deaf.

Had this accident happened a few years sooner it would

would have driven me to despair ; but my experience assuring me that I am now much better qualified than ever, gives me an expectation of making my fortune: therefore I apply to you to recommend me for a hearer in a country where there is better encouragement, and where I doubt not of giving satisfaction.

I shall not trouble you with enumerating the advantages attending a deaf hearer : it will be enough for me to say, that as such, I am no longer subject to the danger of an irresistible smile; nor will my squeamish dislike to lies bring me again into disgrace. I shall now be exempt from the many misfortunes which my ungovernable ears have formerly led me into. What reproving looks have I had for turning my eyes when I have heard a bird fly against the window, or the dog and cat quarrelling in a corner of the room? How have I been reprimanded when detected in dividing my attention between the stories of my patron and the brawls of his family? " What had I to do with the quarrels of his family ?" I own the reproof was just ; but I appeal to you whether any man who has his ears can restrain them, when a quarrel is to be heard, from making it the chief object of his attention ;

To conclude. If you observe a talker in a large company, you never see him examining the state of a man's ear, his whole observation is upon the eye ; and if he meets with the wandering or the vacant eye, he turns away, and instantly addresses himself to another. My eyes were always good ; but as it is notorious that the privation of some parts adds  
strength

strength and perfection to others, I may boast that, since the loss of my ears, I found my eyes (which are confessedly the principal organs of attention) so strong, quick, and vigilant, that I can without vanity offer myself for as good a hearer as any in England.

Yours, &c.

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## S T O R Y - XI.

### *History of a young Lady.*

I am the daughter (I will not say of a gentleman, but) of one who, by a constant attention to gain and many lucky circumstances in life, from a very mean condition, arrived at the highest character of gentility amongst his neighbours, in a part of this island where farmers are almost the only, and without dispute, the proudest gentry. Being tolerably handsome, and a favourite child, I was sent very early to a country boarding school, and was allowed to bring from it some tendencies to elegance and politeness, rather exceeding those that are generally acquired in such places; and which for want of a better name, I shall call a kind of half good breeding.

Thus accomplished, you may imagine I soon had many admirers; but being young and unexperienced, I prudently left the choice of the happy man to my father's decision; which choice after due caution, he made; but though exceeding notable himself, yet happening to engage with an old gentleman more notable it is said, and I believe with truth that he

he was outwitted. In the holy state of matrimony I lived a few years, without any thing to relieve the dulness and insipidity of a husband's conversation, but now and then a visit from his relations, and a game at cards.

When my widowhood commenced, then opened the scene; and though my jointure was not equal to the fortune my father had paid, yet having many good prospects, the value of which I had learnt to calculate with great accuracy, I resolved to regulate my conduct accordingly.

And now it was that I engaged in the strangest project that ever entered a whimsical woman's head. It was this; to collect all the most haughty and insolent forms that I had ever heard to have been practised in the rejection of lovers, to enter those forms in my pocketbook, to get them by heart, and to use them occasionally as circumstances would admit; arguing with myself, that I should hasten the succession of lovers in proportion to the number of pretenders I baffled and discarded.

The first who offered me his addresses in my new situation was Mr Twist the mercer. He made his visit in about two months after my husband's decease; and upon being shown into my parlour, really surprised me with so strange and ridiculous a figure of a man, that it was not without the utmost difficulty I was able to preserve any composure of countenance. Pale, trembling, looking askance, and out of breath, he muttered over something in broken words, and half sentences, about "cruel delays, decencies, boldness, and" at last, "his ambition of being admitted

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my most humble servant." Fixing my eyes full upon him, I answered, that I was very sorry he should come at so unseasonable a time, for that I had no thoughts of parting with my footman; but if he should be out of place when I had a vacancy, and would call again, I might perhaps, prefer him to my service." The poor man unable to bear such a shock, fell into the most violent distortions of face, and left me, with precipitation, to enjoy my triumph alone.

The next who honoured me with an application of the same kind, but without the same dismal and rueful grimaces, was Mr Frankly, an under officer in his Majesty's customs. He approached me with a pretty good air, and with an easy unconstrained utterance declared, " That he had long been charmed with the agreeableness of my person and behaviour; that they had made the deepest impressions on his heart; and that he did not despair of finding in my fair bosom, something susceptible of the same tender and elegant sentiments." Piqued and amazed at the confidence of the man, my memory and presence of mind had almost failed me; but recovering in an instant, I made him a court'sy, and assured him, " That though he knew it not, I was really the mistress of that house; but that my maid Mary was in the kitchen, who would no doubt be highly pleased with so fine a speech, which I hoped he had got by heart, and would be as capable of repeating to his mistress as he had been to me." I looked to see if my gentleman was not sinking into the floor; but to my utter confusion, he made a low bow, and with a most significant glance, protested,

" That

" That he was become perfectly sensible of his mistake, and that his next visit should be to my maid; for that it was impossible for Mrs Mary to return an answer to any thing he might say to her so utterly destitute of good sense and good manners." As soon as he was gone I had recourse to my pocketbook, crossed out my two first common places, and wrote in the margin, " N. B. Too much alike, and not to use either of them again on any account whatsoever."

My third inamorato was Mr Smart, a young attorney, very spruce, and very much a coxcomb. As he lived in the neighbourhood, we had a slight acquaintance. One evening he came to my house, stayed supper, and after drinking a glass or two of wine, began a rhapsody of nonsense about flames, darts, killing eyes, wounds, and death. It is enough that I was able to comprehend his meaning; and, therefore, putting on an air of seriousness and concern, I assured him, " That I was most prodigiously sorry to see him so flustered; I supposed that he had been drinking before he came to my house, for otherwise it was impossible he should be disguised to such a degree; I hoped it was only an accidental thing, and that he would take care not to contract habits so extremely prejudicial to his character and complexion." He looked so tame and foolish, that for the life of me I could not forbear pursuing my blow; and therefore ordering my servant to light him home, I recommended strongly to him to clear his stomach with a quart or two of warm water before he went to rest; and in the morning I sent a

card with compliments and inquiries after his health; hoping he was as well as could be expected after his last night's irregularity. He kept my man two hours, and then returned me the following answer, fairly engrossed upon a clean Queen of Hearts.

" Mr Smart's compliments to Mrs G——, and thanks her for her kind message. He shall not contend that he is in his sober wits: no, he is proud to own himself drunk with the large draughts of love he has drawn from her bright eyes."

This I thought was pretty enough; I therefore put the card between the proper pages in my book, and under the common place to which it related, wrote Memorandum, a good thing, and may do again with a little variation."

My fourth humble servant was Doctor Scarfe, the minister of the parish. He was really a good sort of a gentleman; and to say the truth, I had for a long time played my artillery directly at him, as I imagined without success, but not without a most vexatious chagrin at his seeming insensibility. However, when I least expected any such thing, I perceived I had conquered his stubborn heart; and then I resolved to take some revenge for the trouble it had cost me. His advice and assistance, which were useful to me in the management of my affairs, gave him a claim to a more frequent and familiar reception than I vouchsafed to any other male visitant. — One day, upon my thanking him, in civil terms, for a considerable service he had done me, he hastily interrupted me with " Madam, you are too obliging: I beg you to say nothing more upon the subject; 'tis I am  
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the indebted person, indebted for the favour of your esteem and confidence: I wish I could merit them: to be able to give you the least satisfaction is the highest pleasure of my life. You know in what manner I have transacted these little matters; put my zeal and sincerity to a nobler test: allow me not casual but continual occasions of expressing, in a tender way, my regard to your interests, my affection to your person, which is dearer to me than all the interest upon earth." "Why now, Doctor," says I, "what I have long dreaded is, I find, come to pass. I have often desired you to use more exercise, and not to sit perpetually poring upon books: the intensesness of your studies has impaired your understanding; and all I can do at present is to advise you to go directly home and take a little something for your head. If you neglect your disorder, you will soon be subject to more violent ravings." Madam," he replied, "I see you are disposed to make merry with my pain: I did not expect such treatment at your hands; but I heartily wish you a good night." The deliberation with which he spoke fully convinced me that I had lost both a lover and a friend, and the reflection on my folly filled me with shame. However, I concealed it as well as I could and wrote in my pocket-book, under this commonplace. "N. B. Not to be repeated."

It would make a history, instead of a letter, to relate all my achievements in this way. In short, my character became, in time, so extraordinary and formidable, that I remember to have seen but three lovers in the last seven years, and two of the three were gentlemen from Ireland.



It is owing to this timidity in the men that I trouble you with this letter, and desire its publication. They have no doubt, imagined from my behaviour, that I have made a vow against marriage; but whatever my intentions may be, I can assure them I have made no such vow : and if any gentleman under forty. But I am not advertising for a husband neither ; yet for fear you should think so, it is high time to take my leave, by subscribing myself, Sir,

Your most humble servant, A. G.

I have complied with this Lady's request in publishing her letter, and shall recommend to her perusal the following song, which I received a few days ago from an unknown correspondent.

### S O N G.

#### I.

A nymph there lives, whom many a swain  
Has sigh'd for oft, but sigh'd in vain,  
And borne the insults and disdain  
Of proud but handsome Molly.  
Around her throng'd the wits and beaux,  
With cringes, compliments, and bows,  
And drest, and oaths, and lies, and vows,  
And strove for lovely Molly.

#### II.

The charms that deck'd this fav'rite maid  
In verse and prose were sung and said :  
(For wits will write, and beaux may read)  
O happy, happy Molly !

But

But see triumphant Beauty's pride!  
 In vain was wit and nonsense try'd,  
 Beaus, fops, nay flatt'ers, were deny'd  
 By haughty, haughty Molly.

## III.

Too long coquetted the vain fair:  
 Time, that even Beauty scorns to spare,  
 Stole o'er the eyes, the cheeks, the hair,  
 Of silly, heedless Molly.

Paint, powder, patches, are apply'd  
 No arts the sad disgrace can hide;  
 The fops forsake, the wits deride,  
 Their once-lov'd charming Molly.

## IV.

Unheeded now at ball or play,  
 She hates the pretty, blames the gay  
 Ah! who one tender thing will say  
 To poor deserted Molly?  
 Yet still she, ling'ring, haunts the scene  
 Where once she acted Beauty's queen,  
 And every simple heart had been  
 The slave of tyrant Molly.

## V.

At length, with fruitless hope worn out,  
 She quits the giddy youthful rout,  
 And turns so monstrously devout,  
 No saint was e'er like Molly.  
 Yet while this solemn garb she wears,  
 Each world by turns employs her cares,  
 And slander, sermons, cards, and prayers  
 Divide still wretched Molly.

## S T O R Y    X I.

*History of an unfortunate young Lady.*

**I** am the daughter of very honest and reputable parents in the north of England ; but as an account of my family does no way relate to my story, I shall avoid troubling you with any farther particulars on that head. At the age of seventeen I had leave from my father and mother to accompany a neighbouring family of some distinction to town, having lived in the strictest intimacy with the young ladies of that family ever since I was a child.

At our arrival in town we were visited by a great deal of company, and among the rest, by a young gentleman of fortune, who seldom passed a day without seeing us. As this gentleman's family and that of my friend's had been long acquainted, his admission to us was without the least ceremony ; and indeed he was looked upon by the young ladies and myself rather as a brother than a visitor. I had often observed, and I confess with a secret satisfaction, that his behaviour to me, especially when alone, was somewhat more particular than to any of my companions. and I could not help placing it to his favourable opinion of me that he was continually contriving parties abroad to amuse and entertain me.

One afternoon, having been troubled with the headach in the morning, and having therefore excused myself from dining and supping out with the family where I lived, he called, as he had many times done, to ask us to the play. I expressed my concern

at the ladies' being from home, but foolishly suffered myself to be persuaded to go along with him into the gallery, after having been laughed at for my objections, and told that I ought to have a better opinion of him, than to think him capable of asking me to do any improper thing.

When the play was over we took coach to return home ; but the coachman, having no doubt received his lesson, stopped just at the door of a tavern, telling us that one of the traces was broke, and that he could go no farther. I suffered myself to be handed into the tavern while another coach was called, which not being immediately to be had, my companion observed to me, smiling, that it was a happy accident, and as the family I lived with would not sup at home, I should be his guest that evening; and without waiting for a reply, ordered supper and a bottle of champaign. It was in vain that I remonstrated against this proposal ; he knew, he said, that my friends would not return till twelve ; and there could be no kind of harm in eating a bit of chicken and drinking a glass of wine, where we were. I was frightened at the thoughts of what I was doing, but was indiscreet enough to consent. His behaviour to me all the time was the most respectful in the world. He took care to engage my attention by some interesting discourse, assuring me, as often as I attempted to move, that it was quite early, and that till a coach could be had it was to no purpose to attempt going.

I freely confess that, being extremely heated at the playhouse, I was tempted to drink a glass or two



of the wine more than I was accustomed to, which hurried me a good deal; and as my heart was by no means indifferent to him who was entertainiag me, the time passed away almost imperceptibly. However, recollecting myself at last, I insisted peremptorily upon going; when, seeing me in earnest, he pulled out his watch, and as if violently surprised, declared it was past two o'clock; adding, in the greatest seeming consternation, that it would be impossible for me to go home that night, and cursing his own folly for the mischief he had brought upon me.

I will not attempt, to describe the confusion I was in; yet still I insisted upon going home, which he endeavoured to dissuade me from, by saying, that he too well knew the temper of the gentleman at whose house I lived to think of carrying me thither at so late an hour; that he would conduct me to a lady of his acquaintance, who should wait on me home in the morning, and make an excuse for my lying out. I answered him, that I would ly no where but at home; that I detested myself for going out with him, and that I would return immediately, let the hour be what it would. "Let us go first of all," replied he, "to the lady's, where I will leave you but for a moment, and see if the family are sitting up for you; for to knock at the door, and be refused admittance, would ruin your reputation in the opinion of all the neighbourhood." I still insisted upon going home; and a coach was accordingly called and procured; but instead of carrying me to my friends it stoped at a house in another street. Here I was forced against my will to alight. The  
mistress

mistress of it was up; a circumstance which I would have wondered at, if I had not been frightened almost to death, and incapable of thinking, speaking, or knowing what I did.

The wretch, after having apologized to the lady for the distress he had brought me into, left me in great haste, to bring me intelligence of what was doing at home. He returned in a short time, and with the greatest seeming concern in his countenance told me, that he had learnt from one of the servants, that the family had supped at home; that they were exasperated against me beyond forgiveness; that they concluded me undone; and that they had sworn never to admit me into their doors again.

I was quite thunderstruck at this intelligence, and accused the wretch who brought it me as the vilest of men. He fell upon his knees, conjuring me not to think him capable of any design in what was done, and vowing to sacrifice his life and fortune to reinstate me in the good opinion of my friends. I was obliged now to put myself under his protection: but refused going to bed, though pressed to it by the lady of the house, who called herself his relation.—Early in the morning, taking the lady along with him, he pretended to go again to my friends; but returned to me with an account that they were quite outrageous against me, and absolutely determined never to see me again. I wrote to them in the most moving manner that my heart could indite and gave, the letter to the care of this false friend. I wrote also to my parents letter after letter, but without receiving a syllable from them in return, so that I now looked upon myself as completely undone. The

anxiety I suffered threw me into a fever, during which time the wretch hardly ever stirred from my bed-side, vowing that his life depended upon my recovery. I was soon, indeed, restored to my health, but never to my peace. My betrayer now began to talk to me of love ; and I began foolishly to regard him as one that had suffered too much for what I could not impute to him as a crime. He saw, and took care hourly to improve, my too favourable opinion of him ; and at length, (for why should I dwell minutely on what I wish for ever to forget?) by a thousand stratagems on his side, and by fatal inclination on my own, irrecoverably undid me.

From that very day his affection began to cool : and, (will it be believed when I tell it ?) grew in a very little time to hate me to that degree, that in order to get rid of me, and to make our separation my own act, he confessed to me the whole scheme he had laid to get me ; showed me advertisements in the papers from my friends and parents offering rewards for my discovery ; and returned me the letters I had written to them, every one of which he had detained.

I stood astonished at his villany and abhorred him in my soul. But, alas ! it was now too late for me to apply to friends. Ruminating one afternoon on my deplorable condition, I was surprised at seeing an elderly lady enter my chamber. She made me an apology for her visit, and very frankly told me, that from distant hints which she had that day received from the mistress of the house, she apprehended I

was



was fallen into bad hands ; which, if true, she would be glad to assist me to the utmost of her power. She spoke this with so much affection and good-nature, that I made no scruple of telling her my whole story, which so extremely affected her, that she shed tears while I spoke, and often interrupted me with her exclamations against the villany of men. At the conclusion she offered that moment to take me away, assuring me that her house, her purse, and her sincerest friendship, should always be mine. I would have fallen on my knees to thank her, but she prevented me; and, ordering a coach to be called, she conveyed me that very evening to her country house.

I stayed there a week, and met with the most kind and tender treatment from her. She compelled me to accept of some changes of clothes and linen, and then brought me to her house in Town ; where in less than four and-twenty hours she told me, without the least ceremony, that I no doubt knew for what purpose she had taken me, and that as I could have no pretensions to modesty, she hoped my behaviour would be such as should give her no occasion to repent of her kindness to me. I desired to understand her, and was informed (though not in plain words), that my benefactress was a bawd, and that she had taken me into her family for the most infamous of purposes. I trembled with amazement, and insisted on leaving the house that instant. She told me, I was at full liberty to do so ; but that first I must pay her for my lodging and clothes. She spoke this with great ease and carelessness, and then left me to myself. I ran down stairs with great precipitation, but, alas ! scarce was I out



of the street before I was stoppt and brought back by a bailiff who had a writ against me. I requested that I might have leave to write to the gentleman from whom I had been taken: for bad as he was I said he would not utterly desert me. I was permitted to write as I desired; and the wretch indeed answered my letter; but it was only to tell me, that as I had thought proper to run away from him, he should have nothing farther to say to me; and that, in short I must either submit to conditions, or go immediately with the bailiff. Frightened at the horrors of a prison, and hoping that my story might move compassion in those to whom I was to be introduced, I consented to do as they would have me; but alas, Sir! I was mistaken; they listened indeed to my story, but, instead of melting at my misfortunes, they adored me, they said, for my invention. At length, having led the life of a prostitute for more than a month, I attempted to make a second escape, and to fly to the hands of Justice for protection: but I was again caught, and carried to a spunging-house, where, after remaining two days, a gentleman, who had been admitted to me at that vile woman's, came to see me in my confinement, paid off the debt for which I was arrested and took me to be his mistress.

But though the life I now lead is, in some degree more supportable than that which I have escaped from, yet to one who hopes that she has still some remains of principle left it is terrible and shocking. My friends know what I am, and what I have been, but they reject and hate me; and I have not the least glimmering of hope ever to recover from the situation I am in, unless

unless my story should merit the compassion of him to whom I now send it, and find a place in the world. Vile as I am, I would be otherwise if I might, I am not old in wickedness, though I have gone such lengths in it; being now really and truly but just turned of eighteen, and having left my father's house no more than fifteen months ago, two of which months I have lived in innocence and reputation with the most worthy of families. As to him who has brought upon me all this weight of misery, and who serenely and unconcernedly can reflect upon what he has done, (for so I am sure he does), I have nothing to fear and nothing to hope. I can, therefore, have but one inducement to desire your publication of this letter; which is, that my friends may know that I have gained that credit with a stranger which they have refused to give me; and that I am really and truly an object of compassion.

I am, Sir, (though loss to myself)

Your most faithful humble servant,



## STORY XII.

*Account of a modern Courtship.*

SIR,

IT is with great pleasure that I see you frequently doing justice to the age you live in, and not running into that vulgar and ill-natured prejudice that the present times are worse than our forefathers; and it is right we should be told so, to encourage us in our progress towards the summit of perfection. I could

give a thousand instances of the virtues of these times; but shall at present content myself with one which I do not remember that you have hitherto so much as touched upon. It is the extreme constancy and disinterestedness of the men in affairs of love and marriage.

I am a woman, Mr Fitz-Adam, and have lately experienced this truth in a degree that would bring upon me the imputation of ingratitude; if I neglected to do this public justice to the most constant and generous of all lovers.

It is now upwards of a year since I received the addresses of this gentleman. He is a man of fortune and family; perfectly agreeable in his person; witty and engaging in his conversation, with a heart the most tender, and manners the most soft and amiable that can be imagined. Such as I have described him, you will not wonder that I gave him my whole heart, and waited with the utmost impatience to be united to him for ever.

I will not give him a merit which he does not want that of intending my happiness only, and of raising me to a rank, which neither my person nor fortune gave me any pretensions to; on the contrary, I was young and handsome, and, in the opinion of the world, one whose alliance could bring on reflection on mine. Nor indeed did I ever wish that there should be such obligation on either side; having generally observed that the most equal matches are the most productive of happiness. But I only mention this circumstance, as it may serve to do honour to his behaviour since.

The time was now approaching, which was to make us inseparably one. What his sentiments were upon

the occasion may be seen by the following letter, which, among a thousand of the same kind, I shall here transcribe.

' It is as impossible for me to rise and not write  
' to my angel as to ly down and not think of her. I  
' am too happy. Pray use me a little ill, that I may come  
' to a right state of mind; for at present I can nei-  
' ther eat nor sleep: yet I am more good-humoured  
' than all the world; and then so compassionate, that  
' I pity every man I see. My dearest loves only me,  
' and all other men must be miserable, I wonder that  
' any body can laugh besides myself: if it be a man, he  
' makes me jealous; I fancy that he entertains hopes  
' of my charmer; for the world has nothing else in it  
' to make him cheerful.

' And now, my life! I have done with all my  
' doubts; the time approaches that will change them  
' into happiness. I know of nothing (sickness and  
' death excepted) that can possibly prevent it. Our  
' pleasures will ly in so narrow a compass that we  
' shall always be within reach of them. To oblige and  
' be obliged will be all we want; and how sweet it is  
' to think that the business of our lives, and the de-  
' light of our hearts, will be the same thing! I mean,  
' the making each other happy! But I am doomed  
' to be more obliged than I have power to oblige.—  
' What a wife am I to have! Indeed, my love. I  
' shall think myself the worst if I am not the very  
' best of all husbands. Adieu!

Upon my making a visit of a few days to a friend



near Town, where I desired him not to come, he wrote me as follows.

‘ This lazy penny post how I hate it ! It is two tedious days that I must wait for an answer to what I write. I will set up a post of my own, that shall go and come every two hours; and then, upon condition that I hear from you by return of it, I will obey your commands; and I not think of seeing you. I wonder you have not taken it into your head to bid me live without breathing. But take care, my love, that you never give up the power you have over me : for if ever it comes to my turn to reign, I will be revenged on you without mercy. I will load you so with love and kind offices, that your little heart shall almost break in struggling how to be grateful. I will prevent your very wishes. Even the poor comfort of hope shall be denied you ; for you shall know that none of your to-morrows shall be happier to you than your yesterdays. Your pride, too shall be mortified; for I will out love you, and be kinder to you than you can possibly be to me. All these miseries you shall suffer, and yet never be able to wish for death to avoid my cruelties : resolve not to marry me for I am a tyrant in my nature, and will execute all I have threatened.’

How tender and obliging were these expressions ! I own to you, Mr Fitz-Adam, that I answered them all in an equal strain of fondness. But in the midst of this sweet intercourse he was unhappily taken ill of the small pox. The moment he was sensible of his distemper he conjured me, in a letter, not to come near him lest his apprehensions for me (as I had never had

had it) should prove more fatal to him than the disease. It was indeed of the most dangerous kind: but how was it possible for me to keep from him? I flew to him when he was at the worst, and would not leave him till they took me away by force; the consequence of this visit was, that I caught the infection, and sickened next day. My distemper was of the confluent sort, and much worse than my lover's, who in less than three weeks was in a condition to return my visit. He had sent almost every hour in the day to inquire how I did; and when he saw me out of danger (tho' totally altered from my former self) his transports were not to be told or imagined. I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing the letter that he sent me at his return home that evening,

What language shall I invent to tell the charmer of my soul how happy this visit has made me! To see you restored to health was my heart's only wish: nor can my eyes behold a change in that face (if they can be sensible of any change) that will not endear it to me beyond the power of Beauty. Every trace of that cruel distemper will be considered by me as a love mark. that will for ever revive in my soul the ideas of that kindness by which it came. Lament not a change then, that makes you lovelier to me than ever: for till your soul changes (which can never happen) I will be only

Yours.

This letter, and a thousand repetitions of the same engaging language, made me look upon the loss of my beauty

beauty as a trivial loss. But the time was not yet come that was to show me this disinterested lover in the most amiable of all lights. My father, whose only child I was, and who had engaged to give me a large fortune at my marriage, and the whole of his estate at his death, fell ill soon after; and, to the surprise of all the world, died greatly involved, and left me without a shilling to my portion.

My lover was in the country, when I acquainted him with this fatal news. Indeed I had no doubt of his generosity; but how like a divinity he appeared to me, when, by the return of the post, he sent me the following letter!

‘Think not, my soul! that any external accident  
 ‘can occasion the least change in my affections. I rather rejoice that an opportunity is at last given me  
 ‘of proving to my dearest creature that I loved her  
 ‘only for herself. I have fortune enough for both;  
 ‘or if I had not, love would be sufficient to supply  
 ‘all our wants. This cruel business, how angry it  
 ‘makes me! But a very few days, my life shall bring  
 ‘me to your arms. O! how I love you! Those are  
 ‘my favourite words, and I am sure I shall die with  
 ‘them; or if I should have the misery to outlive you,  
 ‘they will be only changed to—O! how I loved her!  
 ‘But the How, my dear, is not to be told; your  
 ‘own heart must teach it you. When is it that I  
 ‘shall love you best of all? Why, the last day of my  
 ‘life, after having lived many many years

‘Your obliged,

‘and happy husband.’

How

How truly noble was this letter! But you will think me dwelling too long upon my own happiness ; I shall therefore only add, that it is now a week since he wrote it: and that yesterday I received the undoubted intelligence that my lover was married the very day to a fat widow of five-and-fifty, with a large jointure, a fine house; and a fortune of twenty thousand pounds at her own disposal.

I am, Sir,

**THE END.**



THE  
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*The Adventures of a Clergyman and his friend.*

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